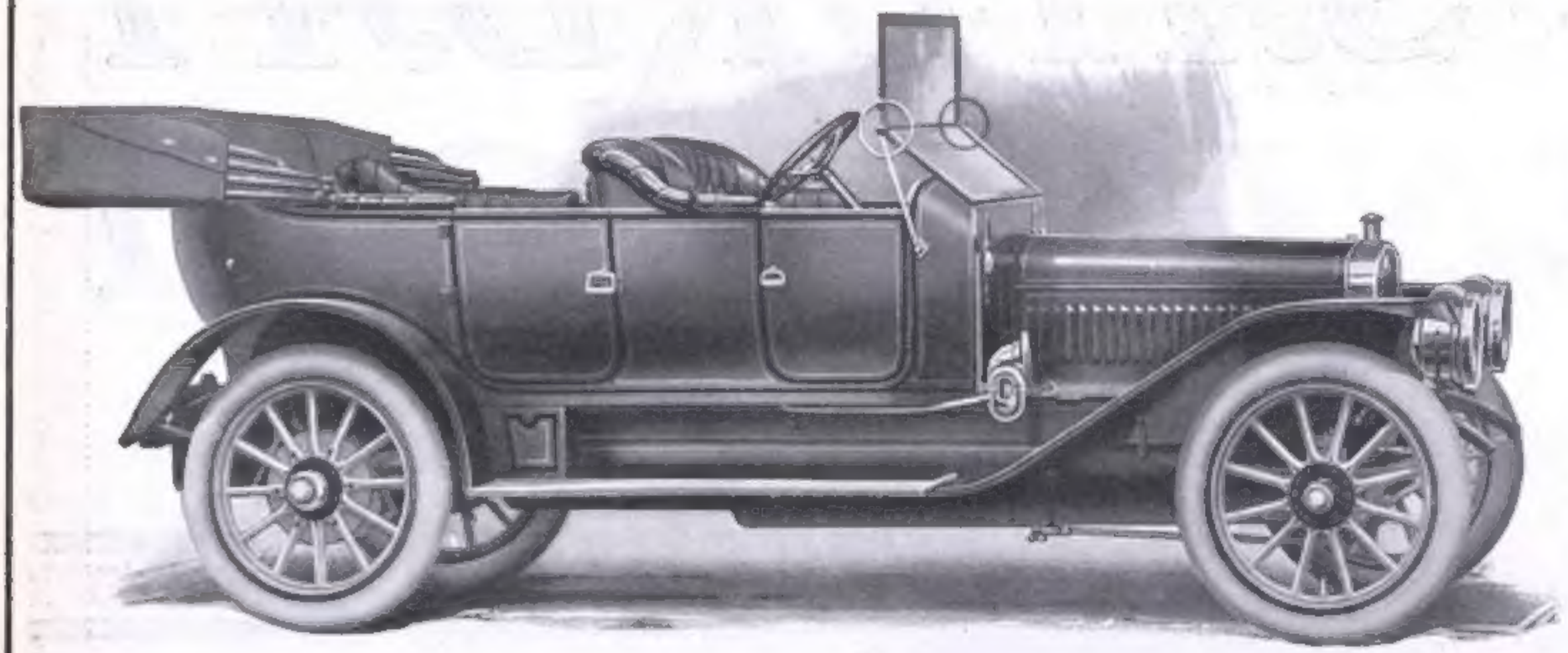
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Fou[illegible] Aº Dº 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

MARCH 9, 1912 — 5cts. THE COPY

MORE THAN A MILLION AND THREE-QUARTERS CIRCULATION WEEKLY



The Winton Co. guarantees every statement made in

WINTON SIX

advertising to be true without qualification.

The $3000 Winton Six has a 48 H. P. self-cranking motor (fifth year of success), 130-inch wheel base, spacious and comfortable *four*-door body with operating levers *inside*, electric dash and tail lights, Booth Demountable rims, and 36 x 4½ inch tires all around. Complete specifications upon request.

The only car in the world that has not had to undergo a single radical change in more than four years is the Winton Six.

PIONEER Six-Cylinder Specialists. We make six-cylinder cars *exclusively*, and have been six-cylinder specialists since June, 1907—longer than any other maker here or abroad. Yet even by concentrating exclusively on sixes and thereby gaining every advantage of experience that comes from doing *just one* thing, we have been unable to find need for any but minor improvements, such as in body designs and details, in the Winton Six.

First Self-Cranking Motor. From the beginning in June, 1907 (long before any other self starter was manufactured) every Winton Six has *cranked itself*. Winton Six owners have had four years of freedom from cranking, and the Winton Six self-cranking system is today the only one that has been so exhaustively proved in the use of thousands of car owners.

Only Sworn Upkeep Car. For four years we have gathered monthly statements of mileage and repair expense from individual owners of Winton Six cars. *Sworn* statements from 170 owners, covering four years of travel over more than 1,800,000 miles of American roads, show Repair Expense of less than *one-eighth of one cent per mile*. We claim this to be the World's Record. But we have no comparative figures, for no other manufacturer has ever published a thorough statement of the repair expenses of his cars supported by the sworn statements of the individual car owners.

Quality Up: Price Down. The Winton Six acknowledges no superior in quality at any price. We invite the closest comparison with cars selling at the highest prices, because we are sure of our ground and because we have confidence in your judgment of plain facts. We do not claim for our cars a mysterious social influence, and charge an extra $2000 for the mystery. What we sell you is an ideal, proved, standard, dependable six-cylinder car, capable of doing more and better work than most cars, and excelled by no other. We can sell this car at $3000, give you the fullest of motor car satisfaction and efficiency, and make a reasonable profit for ourselves.

After You Purchase. Best of all is the hand-in-hand relationship we enjoy with the men and women who buy Winton Six cars. Proud of their patronage and eager to have them proud of their Winton Sixes, we hold ourselves responsible for the *service* these cars deliver to their owners. This means that we maintain a thorough and efficient Service Department, whose duty it is to coöperate heartily with Winton Six owners (without charge) to the end that every single Winton Six *in use* may prove itself, in every sense and detail, to be the superior, satisfactory and delightful car we said it was *before the sale*.

We have some literature you ought to read. Our Catalog is filled with rock-bottom facts. Our Upkeep Book gives an abundance of *sworn* statements from Winton Six owners. "Do Stunts Impress You?" is an expose of automobile fallacies. If you will send the coupon, we shall be glad to send you the books.

Send books mentioned in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

_____

_____

_____

_____

To The Winton Motor Car. Co.
Cleveland, Ohio

THE WINTON MOTOR CAR. CO.

The World's First Makers of Sixes Exclusively

CLEVELAND—Sixth City

Winton Branch Houses

NEW YORK	Broadway at 70th Street
CHICAGO	Michigan Avenue at 13th Street
BOSTON	674 Commonwealth Avenue
PHILADELPHIA	246-248 N. Broad Street
BALTIMORE	Mt. Royal at North Avenue
PITTSBURGH	Baum at Beatty Street
CLEVELAND	1228 Huron Road
DETROIT	998 Woodward Avenue
KANSAS CITY	3328-3330 Main Street
MILWAUKEE	82-86 Farwell Avenue
MINNEAPOLIS	16-22 Eighth Street N.
SAN FRANCISCO	300 Van Ness Avenue
SEATTLE	1000-1006 Pike Street

"This Is the Way to Buy a Suit of Clothes"

Most any suit of clothes may "look good" on paper. But, when you stand before a mirror with the suit on your own figure—that's quite another story.

Society Brand Clothes are better than the pictures, better than the printed descriptions, better than the dealer's praise; yet you need not take any of these for granted.

You need not buy Society Brand Clothes on anyone's say-so, nor on anyone's recommendation. There is the evidence, right on your own figure, in front of a mirror.

There are 25 distinct points of advantage in Society Brand Clothes which no other clothes have.

Locate the Society Brand Clothes dealer in your city—he is a good man to know. Ask him to point out these 25 features. Ask him what part each plays in giving Society Brand Clothes their superb lines and their fine, artistic effect.

Then—try on a suit, or a dozen suits, till you find the one that pleases you.

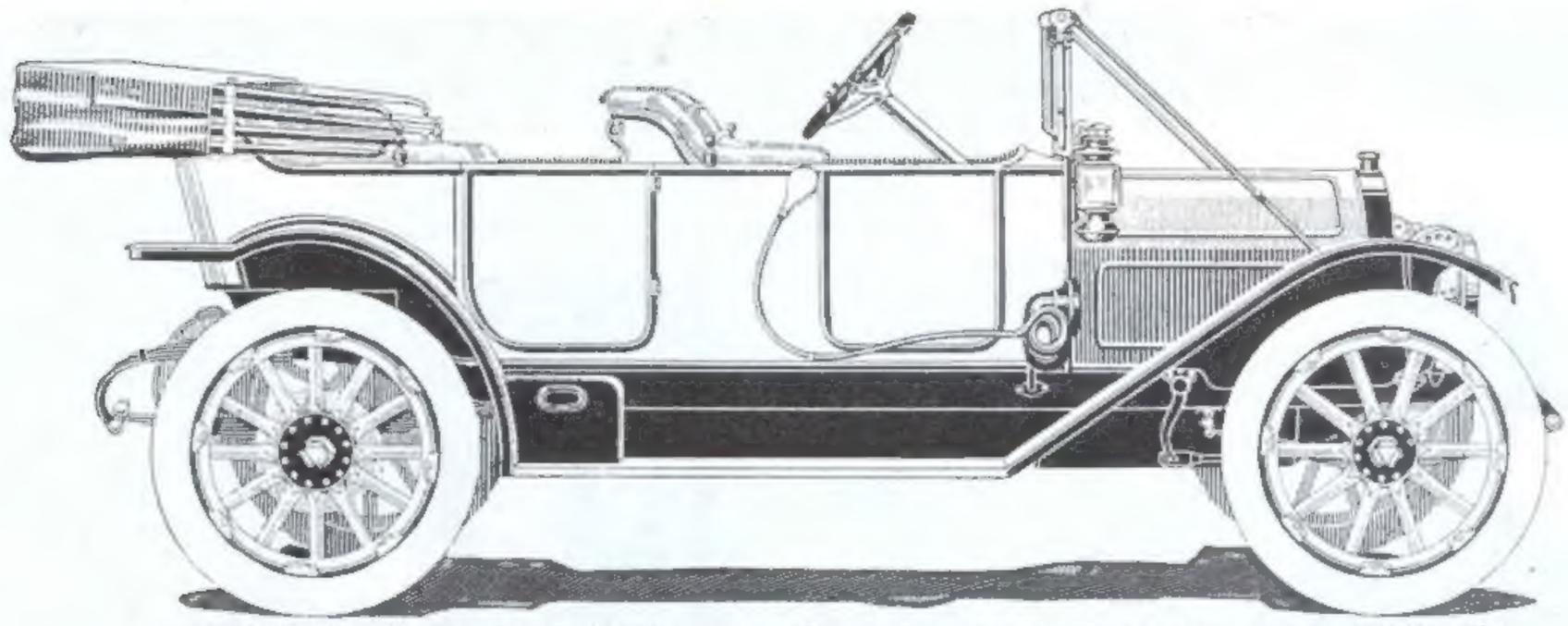
Society Brand Clothes

Ready-to-Wear For Young Men And Men Who Stay Young *$20 to $40*

MADE IN CHICAGO BY ALFRED DECKER & COHN

SPRING FASHION PANELS FOUR CENTS IN STAMPS

Copyright 1912 Alfred Decker & Cohn



The price for either of three models—Touring, five-passenger; Torpedo, four-passenger; or Roadster, two-passenger—is $1600. Not a cent more is needed to equip either car before it is ready for use, for top, Disco Self-Starter, Demountable rims, BIG tires, windshield, large gas tank, magneto—dual ignition system—and all things usually listed as extras are included. Canadian price, F. O. B. Detroit, duty paid, $2150. Write for illustrations showing how the *New* Self-Starting HUDSON "33" is simpler than any other car.

Beware of *Un*safe Motor Car Purchases

Don't buy an automobile that has been forced out-of-date by the advances of engineering progress. Such depreciation amounts to much more than does the effect of wear and service.

Cars not strictly up-to-the-minute in design and equipment lose value more rapidly because of that fact than from any other cause.

The one notable exception to the average car, in the matter of simplicity, for instance, is Howard E. Coffin's latest automobile—the

New Self-Starting HUDSON "33"

It has such advanced features that you will find them in combination on no other automobiles.

It has approximately 1000 fewer parts than has the average car.

It is a quiet automobile. Every moving part is thoroughly dust proof.

It has a Self-Starter that in thousands of tests proved to be 98% efficient and which, for simplicity and efficiency, is typical of the rest of the car.

The starter weighs but 4½ pounds and has but 12 parts.

There is nothing complicated. There is no great weight to tax the motor's power, to weight the tires and to invite the troubles that are found in some other starters.

There are no check valves to leak.

You won't find as simple a car anywhere as is the HUDSON "33." All parts are instantly accessible.

When attention is required by any part of the car, it can be given without delay, extra cost or inconvenience.

Every detail of equipment is complete.

Easy riding springs, soft cushions, high grade upholstering, and lines which make the car as graceful as a yacht.

All Mr. Coffin's earlier cars—there have been five and all famous too—have served as models for other makes.

If you are thinking of some other car, the chances are it is modeled after one of Mr. Coffin's earlier designs. His cars have always set the pace.

Think what you lose when, next year, the then current model of the car you now think well of is made to conform to the principles that are introduced in the HUDSON "33."

Same Price to All—Everywhere

An important reason why you should prefer the Self-Starting HUDSON "33" is that it is not a "discount car."

Its price everywhere is the same price to everyone. The only difference in the price you pay and what is paid in Europe—hundreds are sold there—is the difference in the duty and the greater freight rate from Detroit.

Dealers are not permitted to cut prices. They forfeit their right to sell HUDSON cars if they do. This means that your neighbor cannot buy for less than you can. It means that if you wish to sell after the car has given long service, and you want a new car, you can get a larger proportion of what you paid, because no one else has a car which cost him less.

By maintaining the price everywhere, dealers can give a real service to their customers, impossible when a car is sold at a cut price.

Think over this phase of the cut-price business before you buy. You will see the advantage of buying a car that is sold to all on exactly the same basis.

Send for our big book "HOW TO CHOOSE A MOTOR CAR." It will help you to know values. It's free.

"See the Triangle on the Radiator"

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 7305 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

122

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square
Philadelphia

London: 5, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1912,
by The Curtis Publishing Company in
the United States and Great Britain

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office
as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the
Post-Office Department
Ottawa, Canada

Volume 184 PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 9, 1912 Number 37

The Achievements of Dollar Diplomacy

By PHILANDER C. KNOX
Secretary of State

THE diplomacy of the Taft Administration, when not directed toward the reconciliation of the turbulent elements warring or threatening war in some of the smaller and weaker southern republics or otherwise largely occupied in conducting our foreign relations with the nations of the earth and in endeavoring to establish peace among mankind, has found opportunity to advance the commercial interests of the American people in foreign markets, to encourage the use of our abundant means in assisting less forward countries to develop their resources and to advance reforms necessary to national stability and progress in regions aspiring toward a higher civilization. These latter phases of the activities of the Department of State have been called "Dollar Diplomacy," in honor of the instrumentality employed for so much that is good; and, in view of the many disparaging things that have been said about the American dollar—especially at home—there should be a general sense of satisfaction with its present honorable association with the good work that is being done abroad.

The achievements of dollar diplomacy have been conspicuous in the acquisition of American dollars by the expansion of American trade, and in the use, for example, of American dollars by assisting to rehabilitate the weaker American republics and in advancing reforms in China. To speak first of the commercial side, the promotion of American commerce is one of the first duties of American diplomacy. There has never been a time in our history when so much attention has been given as at present to the promotion of the foreign trade of the United States.

In the tariff negotiations of 1910, which were carried on with many foreign countries for the purpose of adjusting their tariff laws and regulations so as to meet the requirements of the maximum and minimum provisions of the Payne-Aldrich Law, the Department's commercial diplomacy accomplished far-reaching and enduring results in aid of American commerce. Substantially adopting the principle of minimum for minimum as the basis of adjustment with the various countries having a dual tariff system, the Department took advanced ground in the interest of equality of commercial treatment in foreign markets for the products of the United States with the like products of competing countries. This principle of settlement was so generally recognized that at the close of the negotiations in question there remained no instance of "undue discrimination" on the part of any foreign country against American commerce.

Important Contracts Secured for American Manufacturers

THE occasions for the exercise of the same practical diplomacy by the Department of State are numerous and unending. Every time the customs officers at some foreign port so change the tariff classification of American goods as to involve the application of increased rates, the Department of State is likely to be appealed to by the American manufacturer or exporter concerned; and often the matter thus becomes the subject of diplomatic activities, provided, of course, that the complaint appears well founded. In a large majority of these instances the diplomatic interposition of the United States has been effective in obtaining prompt remedial action by foreign authorities.

It is not only by commercial diplomacy, however, that the Department of State has been able to render valuable service to American commercial interests. Both branches of the foreign service, as well as the departmental system of administration, have been organized and improved with the primary purpose in view of rendering more effective aid to American trade expansion. Every effort has been exerted to obtain from the consular and diplomatic agents of the United States reliable information of practical value in regard to commercial and industrial conditions and opportunities for American trade development abroad. The quality of these trade reports has improved, according to the testimony of the business interests of the United States for which they are intended, and the intelligent system provided by our Government is utilized and appreciated to an extent hitherto unknown.

Aside from the influence of the Department exerted in special instances for obtaining, in behalf of American citizens, foreign concessions and contracts—estimated to have aggregated over $100,000,000 in the past two years—attention properly may be directed to the remarkable expansion of our export trade in crude and manufactured goods. Such commerce, once established, grows through force of merit and through the individual enterprise of those directly interested. Its expansion through State Department aid is fully justified, because there are opened new and permanent opportunities equally and directly helpful to American labor and capital employed in factories, forests, farms and mines. It is, perhaps, sufficient comment to point to the increase of our exports for the calendar year 1911, which, as compared with those of 1910, exceed the latter by the vast sum of $230,000,000. They exceed the exports of 1907, the year of greatest previous record, by over $163,000,000. Manufactured products for 1911 make an astonishing showing. They exceed $1,275,000,000, being in excess of similar exports for 1910 by $191,000,000, and exceeding the same class of exports for 1907 by $166,000,000. The excess of total exports over imports in 1911 was above $525,000,000. This was in excess of the showing for 1910 by $259,000,000. The balance of trade for 1911 exceeded that in 1909 by over $300,000,000, and was greater than the excess of 1907 by over $53,000,000. Domestic exports in 1911 were $2,058,413,224.

The Work of the Bureau of Trade Relations

THE activities of the Department through its Bureau of Trade Relations and its diplomatic and consular service constantly and consistently have been shaped for the promotion of such foreign trade as gave best promise of permanency. Notable among the recent accomplishments of the Department, whereby the growth of American export trade has been materially promoted, may be mentioned the following instances:

There has been obtained the recognition on the part of all importing nations of the food certificates of the United States Department of Agriculture as evidence of the purity of the products so certified under the provisions of the Pure Food and Drugs Act of June 30, 1906. Such recognition has operated to remove restrictions that previously had barred American pork products from several countries and had embarrassed our meat and lard trade in others. The gain in exports of these commodities in 1911 over 1910 exceeded $25,000,000. Our total foreign sales of pork products for 1911 amounted to over $125,000,000.

There has been brought about the adoption by various governments of regulations adequate for the improvement of sanitary and other conditions connected with the preparation and export of fruits and other vegetable products shipped to the United States. These precautionary measures are in the interest of the health of the American people.

Measures have been taken which have led to the modification on the part of various European governments of regulations and tariff measures restrictive of the importation and use of refined cotton-seed oil. This is a product almost exclusively of American origin.

The ground taken by the Department that American cottonseed oil, by reason of its excellence and purity, was entitled to the same tariff and administrative treatment as that accorded to competing edible vegetable oils, has met with recognition on the part of nearly all important importing countries.

Various suggestions offered by the Department have been adopted by foreign governments for the improvement of the international parcels-post service from the United States, and measures for the further betterment of this service are under consideration. This is obviously beneficial to American mail-order houses, to all exporters of small-package goods, and aids in the distribution of samples of merchandise.

The Department properly has encouraged enterprises looking to the establishment of direct steamship transportation service between American ports and numerous foreign ports, to the end that trans-shipment at intermediate ports may be avoided and thus the time of transit may be reduced to between fifteen and twenty days, as against the transit time of thirty to one hundred and twenty days where goods are trans-shipped en route.

There have been accomplished various instances of modifications in foreign consular regulations with respect to fees and other details which the experience of American shippers had demonstrated to be restrictive of or embarrassing to exports from the United States.

Modifications have been obtained in foreign regulations respecting Merchandise Marks Acts, which, because of their susceptibility to technical construction in certain countries, were found to be unfavorable to American exporters.

In some instances materially enlarged foreign markets have been opened to American trade by the granting, at the suggestion of the Department, of preferential duty rates applicable to considerable and important lines of American-made commodities.

Official Services to American Exporters

THE aid and influence of the Department have been extended for the inauguration of the exportation of American coal, following development work through specially detailed consular activity where markets were thought to be available.

Actual and important trade thus has been secured where little or none heretofore existed.

American diplomatic and consular officers throughout the world are responding faithfully and actively to the demands upon them—in the interest of trade extension—in the way of valuable advice and personal effort, whenever their services are sought by American exporters, whether directly or through the Department of State.

That perhaps our competitors appreciate better than we ourselves do the impetus now sought to be given our foreign trade may be illustrated by the following comment by a writer in the English Quarterly Review:

> The methods of the Foreign Office [British] in this and other respects may profitably be compared with those in practice in the United States, in order to judge how far we lag behind our cousins in such matters. Although, as has been shown, the United States Government expends less upon its consular service than the British government, it employs a far larger staff; and it secures a surprisingly beneficial result in the form of reports, general information and estimates. . . . There is in force a complete system of intelligence relating to trade matters in the United States, by means of which information is published in the form of daily reports and circulated broadcast.

The experience and observation of the Department have convinced me that we now have reached a point where Section 2 of the Tariff Act of August 5, 1909, should be so modified as to meet the contingencies that have arisen, where discrimination in tariff or administrative treatment in the minor relations of commerce and not undue as to the whole commerce of this country may be met and overcome by an application of special duty rates elastic enough to meet each case as it arises, by opening a way for fair mutual adjustment.

So frequently has the attention of the Department been directed to the unsatisfactory condition in which American cotton arrives at foreign ports and the losses incident to insufficient covering and improper baling, that a careful investigation was instituted as to the causes responsible for this condition, recognized generally as being an unfortunate one. Commercial and legislative bodies in the South have represented to the Department that the loss incident to present baling methods amounts to an exceedingly large sum, variously estimated at from twelve to twenty million dollars annually. It is thought that to a large extent this loss ultimately must fall upon the American producer. Investigations abroad have been conducted and reported upon by American consular officers in all important cotton-importing ports. These reports and the recommendations of the Department have been placed before Congress and, at the instance of the Honorable W. G. Brantley, of Georgia, a concurrent resolution has been introduced and passed by the House that will insure the wide distribution of the Department's findings throughout the cotton-producing states. I have recommended identical legislation in the interested states both for the standardization of the cotton bale as to the size and weight and for the standardization of the tare, or the weight and kind of bands and covering. Such standardization, in my opinion, would increase the relative value of American cotton and would eliminate the present losses.

Then there is this matter of Latin American trade, and in particular South American trade, in which I always have felt a special interest. I don't think our people yet appreciate our progress there. We are making headway, too, in the face of adverse conditions. Few of our people look at the map often enough to know that geographically we have no advantage over Europe on the east coast of South America, where the bulk of the trade and of the population of that continent is, and that through its subsidized ocean steamship lines Europe is far better off than we are. England was a century ahead of us in going after that trade, and Germany a quarter of a century. I don't believe in scolding our own people too severely for neglecting South American trade, because until a few years ago they felt they had a wide enough field for their energies here at home.

When they did wake up to the importance of that market they found the tremendous advantage European competitors have over us in the way of banking and transportation facilities, the ownership of railway lines and banks, the larger number of their people resident in those countries, and the value of the financial relations thus established. There was also the influence of the newspaper press. Leading European journals were known and quoted in South America, and European countries have local organs or special editions for South America. South American newspapers gave much space to European news and very intelligent editorial discussion of European affairs. Naturally all this helped to create trade currents both ways.

Now we in the United States are coming into our own. Latin America is better understood here and we are getting to be better understood there. Our commercial diplomacy has been coördinated with our national policy in reference to Latin America, which has been a policy of mutual helpfulness, sympathy and peaceful progress through the encouragement of commerce and industry.

Our total trade with South America—that is, imports and exports—last year was $291,518,644, as against $154,767,537 ten years ago. Our exports were $108,894,894, an increase of $64,494,699 in ten years. That is making some headway. We shall continue to make headway both in the east coast countries, with their great internal development, and on the west coast with the results that will come from the Panama Canal.

Let me illustrate, with a few specific instances, what dollar diplomacy has done for our export trade:

As a result of the efforts of this Department the Brazilian Budget Law, in effect during the fiscal year 1911, was extended for 1912. Flour had been given a preferential duty reduction of thirty per cent, and a considerable number of other American products have now been granted a reduction of twenty per cent from the regular duty rates.

Large purchases of arms and military supplies have been made by Cuba under a special arrangement with this Government.

As is already well known, the Argentine government placed contracts for the construction in the United States of two battleships to cost more than $20,000,000, and these contracts were closely followed by others through which that government will fill its requirements for powder and other explosives almost exclusively from the United States. Purchases of $1,000,000 worth of American-made ordnance for equipping other vessels have been made by the Argentine government. Our legation at Buenos Aires was influential in obtaining for American paper manufacturers the contract to supply annually $200,000 worth of print paper for a leading publication there. The Argentine general post-office placed an order in the United States for 120,000,000 postage stamps. The Argentine State Railroad placed orders with American firms for material exceeding $1,600,000 in value.

Salvador granted a reduction of twenty-five per cent of the duty rate on American flour, and a fifty per cent reduction in the duty on cement.

Turkish manufacturers in Smyrna have bought largely of American machinery and equipment.

Our Growing Trade With the Orient

OUR exports to Japan, which in 1910 were $26,500,000, increased to $44,100,000 in 1911. The treaty recently negotiated with Japan accords the United States favored-nation treatment, and as a result American imports will enjoy the benefits of any reduction from the statutory tariff which Japan may grant to other powers.

American trade with Manchuria in tobacco and oil shows material growth.

Mining companies in Korea are importing American mining machinery on an extensive scale.

Our merchants are doing a greatly increased business with far-off India in flour and various manufactures of paper.

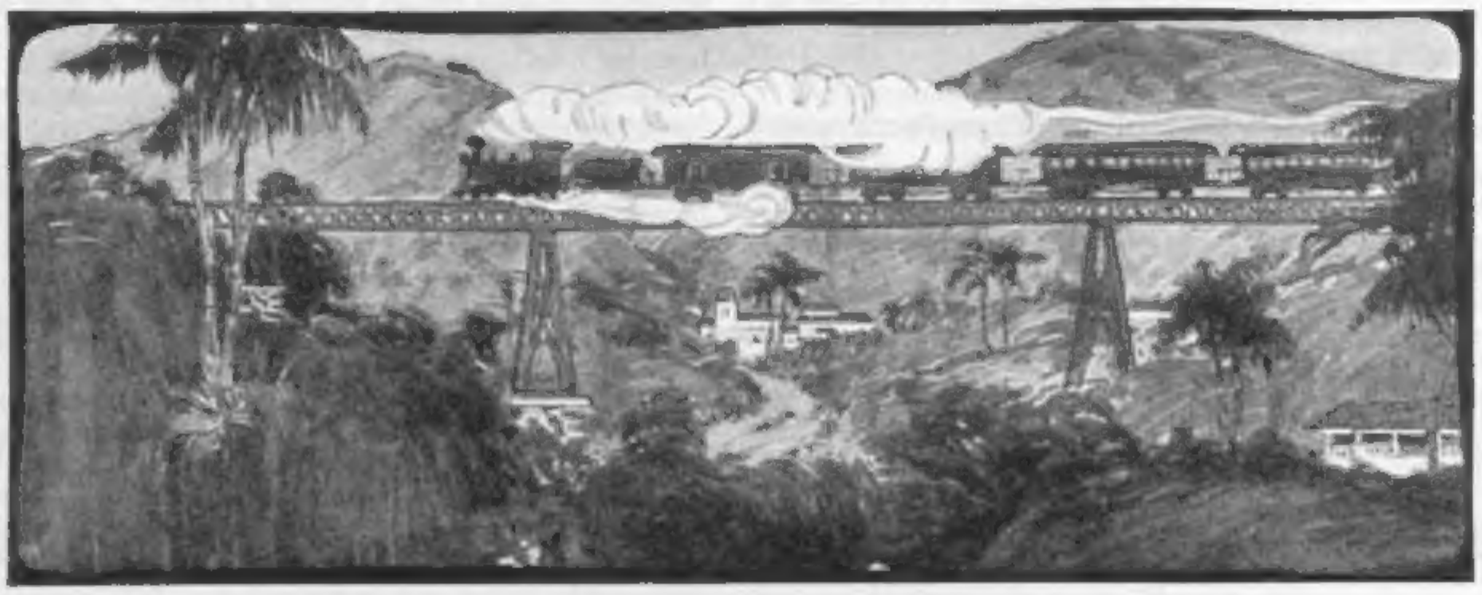
The $50,000,000 railway loan, recently negotiated with China by American and European financiers, will be expended largely for materials, American materials having equal preference with those of the other three countries interested in the loan. As the contract likewise provides for branches and extensions subsequently to be built on the same terms, the opportunities for American materials will reach a very considerable figure.

The loan of $50,000,000 for currency reform and industrial improvement, which has also been signed, will greatly improve the conditions upon which trade is conducted in China; and an opportunity has been created for American materials in connection with the plans of the industrial developments in Manchuria, with a prospect of larger opportunities in the future as the work of development is extended.

There are dozens of instances of orders for American goods placed as the direct result of the activities of the foreign service, which in themselves may seem insignificant, but when it is considered that three hundred consulates all over the world and fifty diplomatic missions are doing this kind of work, the aggregate of business thus obtained goes far toward accounting for the gratifying increase in our exports.

Let me now speak of dollar diplomacy as illustrated by our relations with South and Central America. The meaning of the phrase, "dollar diplomacy," has been admirably stated as follows: "It means

(Continued on Page 42)



ON MAIN STREET

The Bogus Badness of New York

DECORATION BY JAMES M. PRESTON

CONSERVATIVE dressers wear those stop-look-and-listen waistcoats and words-and-music shirt patterns when going somewhere on railroad trains. Persons who are ordinarily included among the total abstainers put quart flasks into their valises before starting on a trip, not necessarily for imbibing purposes but as an evidence of good faith when delving after a clean collar in the sleeping-car washroom the next morning.

Gentlemen who rarely touch a drop where they live become arid, avid and ardent for the clandestine cocktail on being marooned over Sunday in a dry town. The writer once knew a man so precise he would let his dinner get cold while he corrected typographical errors in his alphabet consommé, and so polite he had been known to remove his hat and bow on passing a washline containing articles of feminine wearing apparel; but when he came East to buy fall goods the stunned and startled folks back home would be hearing Things about him for weeks.

In short, it would appear that travel begets a broad and tolerant—not to say a devil-may-carish—aspect of life in general upon the part of the traveler. And so it is, therefore, that dear little old New York—friendly little old, hospitable little old New York—with its motto of "He was a stranger and we took him in good and plenty"—good little old New York, I repeat, whither every day seventy thousand visitors repair, all greatly desiring to be shown—New York, the aforesaid, has seen fit to provide custom-made wickedness for the out-of-town trade.

Its champions are given to calling New York the most moral great city in the world. Its defamers are wont to say New York has Sodom and Gomorrah looking like twin flag stations up a branch line in a strict prohibition district. Both are perhaps right and both are undoubtedly wrong. New York, being pretty well policed and fairly well lighted after dark, is probably no better and no worse than any other great cosmopolitan community.

When Your Country Cousin Comes to Town

"WHAT," asks the returned penitent—who has been to New York and has looked it over and has then gone back to the place whence he came—"What of the haunts of sin and the dens of vice and the cesspools of corruption and the rumholes that are so thickly studded along the main streets and the contiguous thoroughfares of that city—not to mention those crime-waves that the papers tell about?" It is time, high time, that these inquiring ones should know the truth, which is that most of the show-places of wickedness in New York, if not all of them, are absolutely bogus. They are shiny counterfeits, expressly designed, organized and maintained for the benefit of those who come from elsewhere, seeking, as the cant phrase goes, to see the town.

Mind you, I'm not saying that New York isn't sufficiently and enthusiastically wicked; but the real wickedness of New York, as is ever the way with wickedness wheresoever found, keeps as much under cover as possible, or else it goes disguised as virtue; and often it takes a mighty wily witch-finder to smell it out. It's there, but you don't see it unless you know where to look for it, and how. However, the places which advertise their wickedness, so to speak—the places which are famous from coast to coast as making a specialty of toughness—are, with hardly a single exception, cheap and gaudy imitations, that are got up and kept up for the express benefit of slumming parties of natives and of sightseers from out-of-town.

It is part of the pose of the dweller in New York—and he is generally quite a busy little plastic poser and every move is a picture—to pretend a deep and thorough acquaintance with the underworld when he is away from New York. The chances greatly are that he lives the life of the average self-respecting New Yorker, which is to say that he wags back and forth between his place of residence and his place of business, with occasional excursions to the theater, and once in a while to a café for dinner. He has a wink, however, which says as plain as words that he knows every chorus girl in town by her first name, and that all the stage doorkeepers and all the barkeepers and all the all-night cabdrivers are just the same to him as lodge-brothers. He invites an admiring circle of Country Mice to come to New York to see him any old time—vaguely, like that—and promises, when they do, he will personally pry the lid off and give them a look at the real saucy doings. Some day one of the fellows from back home packs his grip and comes up to New York, and then it devolves upon the New Yorker to make good and produce the materials.

It is customary to begin a night of pleasure by going to a regular dance-hall. There are perhaps a dozen of these establishments scattered along the skirts of the Tenderloin and all of them are patterned after one model. No matter which one you may select, you will find the same set of props and the same kind of performers. There will be on the wall certain oil paintings done by artists of the circus-wagon school of applied design. There will be beer-slopped tables, and an orchestra blaring, and waiters in greasy uniforms circulating freely and urging the reluctant to drink up and have a good time. The women present will be dressed more modestly and painted less gaudily than many of the women one sees in a New York theater audience. On a creaky dancing-floor a few couples are dancing in a fashion that seems commonplace after one has been witnessing the dances that are so popular this season on the musical-comedy stage. The air is sure to be thick and hot and full of smoke and ropy with variegated smells, and there is no ventilation to speak of. Until recently women were not allowed to smoke cigarettes openly in these dance-halls. There is a story told of two women who lit cigarettes in one, whereupon the gentlemanly bouncer approached and said, "Hey! Cut that out! Where do you two think you are, anyhow—in the Blitz-Barkington?" naming a big and fashionable hotel, newly opened, where it had been announced women could smoke publicly.

It is all very cheap and very tawdry, and very dreary and very weary; and the whole thing is especially devised for exhibition purposes; but the visitor, gazing owl-eyed upon the scene, somehow is convinced that he is seeing New York, with the top thrown back.

"Look out for knock-out drops in your drink—they'll do anything to a greenhorn in this place!" tensely whispers his guide, remembering that he had read somewhere how victims are drugged and robbed; and the countryman, with fascinating little tremors permeating his being, sups suspiciously at the very small glass of beer the waiter has just deposited at his elbow—beer which is nine-tenths foam and one-tenth a mild domestic brew, but charged for at imported prices.

Up to the Standard of Edgar Allan Poe

IF HE only stopped to think, Mr. Out-of-Towner would know that in his home city, wherever it may be, there are probably just such places as this—places of which he heard all his life, but which he would never think of patronizing. If he only opened his ears and his eyes he would sense the hollow, artificial bogusness of the whole plant—the tired eyes and stupid, bleak faces; the sad blaring of the music and dragging feet of the dancers. He doesn't, however, because that would spoil everything. He is in New York, taking in the town; and the town is wide open and he is in peril any minute of being doped and robbed; and this is the Big Night, and there is a glamour of adventure and danger over everything—and altogether he feels that at last he is looking upon and actually taking a part in the gay night life of the Paris of America. Gay night life? Wow! Paris of America? Zowie!

Having seen enough of this place our two bold adventurers next go to another that is exactly like the first, and to a third exactly like the second. There is just one New York dance-hall that differs in any essential respects from all the other New York dance-halls. It was opened up a few months ago by a crafty campaigner who knew exactly how to stage-manage the production so as to produce the most thrills. He has a sense of melodramatic proportion that would make Lincoln J. Carter look like a beginner. His place is down a side street, a block or two west of where the yellow streak called Broadway burns a long, lurid hole in the night. The front is a hooded, blinded house, all dark and deserted-looking. You cannot get in that way—no, indeed!—that seemingly empty house, with its boarded-up windows, is there to fool the police. Sh-h-h—careful now! You go to a small side entrance opening into a dimly lighted alleyway and you rap in a guarded manner upon a door that is locked and barred. It's all too Edgar Allan Poeish for words—not to say Anna Katharine Greenish!

As above stated, you knock. A bolt slides back, grating harshly in the customary manner, and a husky voice wants to know what you want. You crave to enter and so announce. "Sorry, gents," says the unseen guardian; "but you can't git in without yous are members and has your admission cards. This here is a strictly private club!"

If you grow discouraged at this and turn to go away he calls you back, and if you keep on going it practically

spoils the whole evening for him; but as a general proposition you do not go away. You slip a dollar bill into his palm and beg him to use his personal influence with the manager to procure admission for self and friend to the mysterious precincts of this most delectable and exclusive of resorts. He promises to do his best, bars the door again and departs, leaving you outside.

There follows now a stage wait, dramatically spaced and well-devised. Then the boss comes—a hoarse person in a dress suit, with an under jaw like a street-car fender and a voice full of iron rust; and the boss, after looking you over carefully, decides to let you in—you look like nice "quiet gents wot won't tip the joint off to the bulls"—and he opens the door just far enough to admit your grateful forms, he meanwhile standing vigilant and ready, in case the entire detective staff of the Central Office should take advantage of this golden opportunity and come swooping round the nearest corner with drawn revolvers.

Once inside, you follow him, tiptoeing back through a maze of dim and narrow hallways to a dance-hall at the extreme rear. Except that it is feebly lighted instead of blazing with electrics, as the others are, this dance-hall is just like the rest—just as smelly, just as dirty and just as sad. There isn't the slightest prospect, moreover, of its being raided. Every policeman in the precinct knows where it is and what it is. It is a part of the stagecraft, however, for some one to be constantly warning you that this is altogether a most desperate and secret enterprise, and that it behooves you to be careful, quiet and confidential. You are urged, no matter what happens, to keep your voice down—the waiters are able to hear the slightest whisper, anyhow—and you mustn't start anything; and, of course, you will never divulge the true nature of the orgies you have this night witnessed.

Then they add an artistic, really an almost exquisite touch. The waiter taps you on the shoulder and, bending over you, whispers in a voice not any louder than his own breath that the man sitting at the second table to the left—"no, don't look yit, boss, he might ketch on"—that that man yonder is one of the most "desprit" characters in New York, the toughest guy on the whole West Side and the head of the "turrible" Hell's Kitchen gang.

"The cops is after him now for bumpin' off a guy!" confides the waiter. "See how he sets with his back to the wall and his face to the door, ready to die fightin'!"

Whereupon the self-made mankiller, who is on duty afternoons and evenings, except on his Sundays out, tries to look a little more ferocious and only succeeds in looking a little slinkier; but the stranger is thereby hypnotized into paying twice as much for beer as any of the other dance-halls in the neighborhood charges. And when finally, with more mummery and mystery, he is ushered out into the night, he comes forth convinced he has been rubbing shoulders with death and sitting face to face with violent destruction.

At about this stage of the night's unbridled dissipations it is customary for the Town Mouse to take his country cousin to a Chinese restaurant, on the principle that no evening is complete without a hearty bait of the enlivening chop-suey. So they climb the stairs to a Chinese restaurant that is located over a bird-and-animal store and next door to a place where they cure hides and pelts; and there, amid quaint oriental decorations, manufactured in Jersey City, they partake sparingly of a guessing contest in a small blue crock.

"Very interesting place, isn't it?" says the New Yorker. "Famous resort, you know! All the Bohemian set—artists and poets and writers, and everything like that—come here to eat and get inspiration and local color. It's really just the same as being in China," he adds, raising his voice above the roar of a Sixth Avenue Elevated train that is whizzing by about a foot and a half from the front window. "Isn't it?"

The visitor agrees that it is and gazes about him at the assembled Bohemians—ninety per cent of them being sightseers like himself—and sniffs appreciatively at the true Bohemian atmosphere of the establishment. It may jar him for the moment to observe a large colored person shoveling in chow-main at the next table, but he remembers that art knows not color or race. How should he know that negroes are the most constant and consistent patrons of Chinese restaurants in New York, finding in the food, which is mostly pork and chicken, something which particularly appeals to the Afro-American palate? And how should he know that chop-suey isn't a real Chinese dish at all, but an Americanized product that came originally from San Francisco, where a Mexican is said to have invented it and a Chinaman to have improved on it?

After this trip to the haunt of the real Bohemian set comes the climax of this eventful and adventurous incursion into wickedness—the host suggests that they go uptown to a certain restaurant and see the college boys fight with the waiters. The visitor assents joyously. He has heard of this restaurant. He has read of it in all the stories of gay New York life, written by persons residing at South Bend, and points West; and so they hail a half-shell hansom or a taxicab with a feverish meter that seems to give an excitable throb and jump ten cents every ten seconds, and in state they are conveyed to the establishment where the half-shot halfbacks will hurl the half portion.

What they find is a large and carefully run place, where the food is slightly better and slightly cheaper than in the average New York restaurant; where the waiters are perfectly ordinary waiters and the patrons perfectly ordinary patrons. Some of these last have come because they like the cookery, and some because it is an all-night place and they can stay as late as they please so long as they behave themselves; and some, like Mr. Country Mouse, because they have heard those tales of the nightly battles of the collegians and wish to round out the evening with a few exciting chapters of unrestrained carnage. Oh, yes; the college students are there too—we mustn't forget them—brawny, hardy college students, fresh from the business college and just bubbling up and overflowing with the real college spirit.

Once upon a time, far back in the dim and misty past, it is reported that a flying wedge of waiters did throw a son of Yale or Harvard or Elmira out of this establishment on his head. Nobody remembers just when this happened or why it happened, and further details of it are wrapped impenetrably in the enshrouding mists of antiquity; but from so slender a foundation has grown up the pleasing tradition that it occurs all over again every night. And so every night the strangers come piling in, to be present when the clubbed ketchup bottle begins to splinter upon the reënforced undergraduate skull and tables are overturned and blood is spilt, and women scream in the well-known and popular manner known as piercing.

As a matter of cold and sober fact, nothing happens here that doesn't happen in any other large all-night restaurant; in fact, rather less happens, because this particular restaurant is managed by warworn veterans of the restaurant business who, by reason of long experience, know exactly how to temper justice with mercy and mercy with the calming word and the soothing admonition. Once in a while some gentleman goes to sleep in his lobster salad

(Continued on Page 46)

THE FEATHERS OF THE SUN

By JACK LONDON

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

IT WAS the island of Fitu-Iva—the last independent Polynesian stronghold in the South Seas. Three factors conduced to Fitu-Iva's independence. The first and second were its isolation and the warlikeness of its population; but these would not have saved it in the end, had it not been for the fact that Japan, France, Great Britain, Germany and the United States discovered its desirableness simultaneously. It was like gamins scrambling for a penny. They got in one another's way. The war vessels of the five Powers cluttered Fitu-Iva's one small harbor. There were rumors of war and threats of war. Over its morning toast, all the world read columns about Fitu-Iva. As a Yankee bluejacket epitomized it at the time, they all got their feet in the trough at once.

So it was that Fitu-Iva escaped even a joint protectorate; and King Tulifau, otherwise Tui Tulifau, continued to dispense the high justice and the low in the frame-house palace built for him by a Sydney trader out of California redwood. Not only was Tui Tulifau every inch a king but he was every second a king. When he had ruled fifty-eight years and five months he was only fifty-eight years and three months old—that is to say, he had ruled over five million seconds more than he had breathed, having been crowned two months before he was born.

He was a kingly king, a royal figure of a man, standing six feet and a half high, and, without being excessively fat, weighed three hundred and twenty pounds; but this was not unusual for Polynesian "chief stock." Sepeli, his queen, was six feet three inches and weighed two hundred and sixty; while her brother, Uiliami, who commanded the army in the intervals of resignation from the premiership, topped her by an inch and notched her an even half-hundredweight. Tui Tulifau was a merry soul, a great feaster and drinker. So were all his people merry souls, save in anger, when, on occasion, they could be guilty even of throwing dead pigs at those who made them wroth. Nevertheless, on occasion, they could fight like Maoris, as piratical sandalwood traders and blackbirders in the old days learned to their cost.

"Me He Fined Two Pounds and Five Pigs"

II

GRIEF'S schooner, the Cantani, had passed the Pillar Rocks at the entrance two hours before and crept up the harbor to the whispering flutters of a breeze that could not make up its mind to blow. It was a cool, starlight evening, and they lolled about the poop waiting until their snail's pace should bring them to the anchorage. Willie Smee, the supercargo, emerged from the cabin, conspicuous in his shore clothes. The mate glanced at Willie's shirt—of the finest and whitest silk—and giggled significantly.

"Dance tonight, I suppose?" Grief observed.

"No," said the mate. "It's Taitua. Willie's stuck on her."

"Catch me!" the supercargo disclaimed.

"Then she's stuck on you, and it's all the same," the mate went on. "You won't be ashore half an hour before you'll have a flower behind your ear, a wreath on your head and your arm around Taitua."

"Simple jealousy," Willie Smee sniffed. "You'd like to have her yourself—only you can't."

"I can't find shirts like that—that's why. I'll bet you half a crown you won't sail from Fitu-Iva with that shirt."

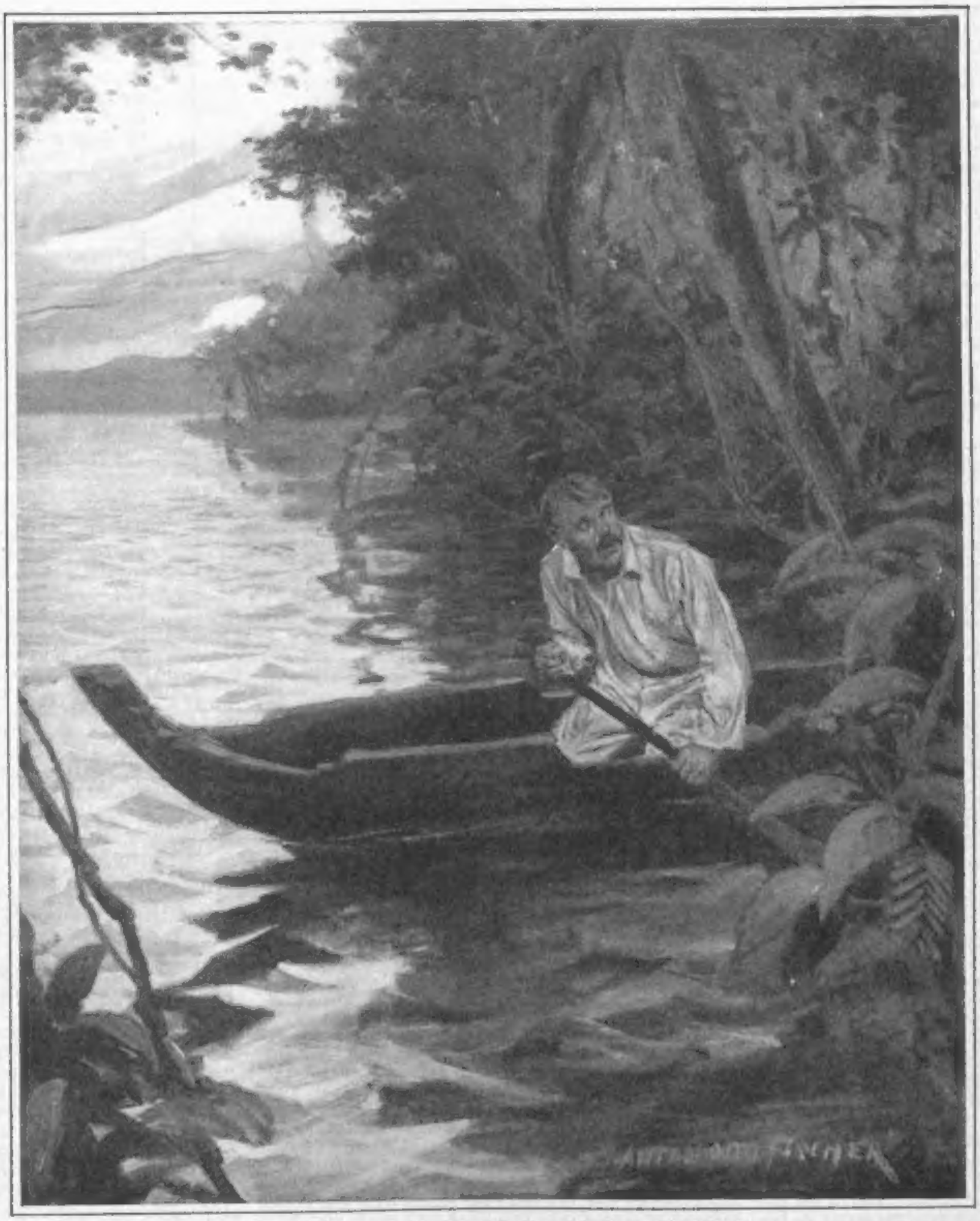
"And, if Taitua doesn't get it, it's an even break Tui Tulifau does," Grief warned. "Better not let him spot that shirt or it's all day with it."

"That's right," Captain Boig agreed, turning his head from watching the houselights on the shore. "Last voyage he fined one of my Kanakas out of a fancy belt and sheath-knife." He turned to the mate. "You can let go any time, Mr. Marsh. Don't give too much slack. There's no sign of wind and in the morning we may shift around."

A moment later the anchor rumbled down. The whale-boat, already hoisted out, lay alongside

and the shore-going party dropped into it. Save for the Kanakas, who were all bent for shore, only Grief and the supercargo were in the boat. At the head of the little coral-stone pier, Willie Smee, with an apologetic gurgle, separated from his employer and disappeared down an avenue of palms. Grief turned in the opposite direction past the front of the old mission church. Here, among the graves on the beach, lightly clad in *ahus* and *lava-lavas*, flower-crowned and garlanded, with great phosphorescent hibiscus blossoms in their hair, youths and maidens were dancing. Farther on, Grief passed the long, grass-built, *himine* house, where a few scores of the elders sat in long rows chanting the old hymns taught them by forgotten missionaries. He passed also the palace of Tui Tulifau, where, by the lights and sounds, he knew the customary revelry was going on—for, of the happy South Sea Isles, Fitu-Iva was the happiest. They feasted and frolicked at births and deaths, and the dead and the unborn were likewise feasted.

Grief held steadily along the Broom Road, which curved and twisted through a lush growth of flowers and fernlike algarobas. The warm air was rich with perfume, and overhead, outlined against the stars, were fruit-burdened mangoes, stately avocado trees and slender, tufted palms. Every here and there were grass houses. Voices and laughter rippled through the darkness. Out on the water, flickering lights and soft-voiced choruses marked the fishers returning from the reef.



It Was a Leaky and Abandoned Dugout, and He Paddled Slowly

At last Grief stepped aside from the road, stumbling over a pig that grunted indignantly. Looking through an open door, he saw a native sitting on a heap of mats a dozen deep. He wore glasses and was reading methodically in what Grief knew to be an English Bible; for this was Ieremia his trader—so named from the Prophet Jeremiah.

Ieremia was lighter-skinned than the Fitu-Ivans, as was natural in a full-blooded Samoan. Educated by the missionaries as a lay teacher, he had served their cause well over in the cannibal atolls to the westward. As a reward, he had been sent to the paradise of Fitu-Iva, where all were or had been good converts, to gather in the backsliders. Unfortunately Ieremia had become too well educated. A stray volume of Darwin, a nagging wife and a pretty Fitu-Ivan widow had driven him into the ranks of the backsliders. It was not a case of apostasy. The effect of Darwin had been one of intellectual fatigue. What was the use of trying to understand this vastly complicated and enigmatical world?—especially when one was married to a nagging woman! As Ieremia slackened in his labors, the mission board threatened louder and louder to send him back to the atolls, while his wife's tongue grew correspondingly sharper.

Tui Tulifau was a sympathetic monarch, whose queen, on occasions when he was particularly drunk, was known to beat him. For political reasons—the queen belonging to as royal stock as himself and her brother commanding the army—Tui Tulifau could not divorce her, but he could and did divorce Ieremia, who promptly took up with commercial life and the lady of his choice. As an independent trader he had failed—chiefly because of the disastrous patronage of Tui Tulifau. To refuse credit to that merry monarch was to invite confiscation; to grant him credit was certain bankruptcy. After a year's idleness on the beach, Ieremia had become David Grief's trader, and for a dozen years his service had been honorable and efficient—for Grief had proved the first man who successfully refused credit to the king or who collected when it had been accorded.

Ieremia looked gravely over the rims of his glasses when his employer entered, gravely marked the place in the Bible and set it aside, and gravely shook hands.

"I am glad you came in person," he said.

"How else could I come?" Grief laughed.

Ieremia had no sense of humor and he ignored the remark.

"The commercial situation on the island is damn bad," he said with great solemnity and an unctuous mouthing of the many-syllabled words. "My ledger account is shocking!"

"Trade bad?"

"On the contrary. It has been excellent. The shelves are empty—exceedingly empty. But"—his eyes glistened proudly—"But there are many goods remaining in the storehouse. I have kept it carefully locked."

"Been allowing Tui Tulifau too much credit?"

"On the contrary. There has been no credit at all and every old account has been settled up."

"I don't follow you, Ieremia," Grief confessed. "What's the joke? Shelves empty, no credit, old accounts all square, storehouse carefully locked! What's the answer?"

Ieremia did not reply immediately. Reaching under the rear corner of the mats, he drew forth a large cashbox. Grief noted and wondered that it was not locked. The Samoan had always been fastidiously cautious in guarding cash. The box seemed filled with paper money. He skinned off the top note and passed it over.

"There is the answer."

Grief glanced at a fairly well-executed banknote. "The First Royal Bank of Fitu-Iva will pay to bearer on demand one pound sterling," he read. In the center was the smudged likeness of a native face. At the bottom was the signature of Tui Tulifau and the signature of Fulualea, with the printed information appended: "Chancellor of the Exchequer."

"Who the deuce is Fulualea?" Grief demanded of his employee. "It's Fijian, isn't it?—meaning the feathers of the sun?"

"Just so. It means the feathers of the sun. Thus does this base interloper caption himself. He has come up from Fiji to turn Fitu-Iva upside down—that is, commercially."

"Some one of those smart Levuka boys, I suppose?"

Ieremia shook his head sadly.

"No; this low fellow is a white man and a scoundrel. He has taken a noble and high-sounding Fijian name and dragged it in the dirt to suit his nefarious purposes. He has made Tui Tulifau drunk. He has made him very drunk. He has kept him very drunk all the time. In return, he has been made Chancellor of the Exchequer and other things. He has issued this false paper and compelled the people to receive it. He has levied a store tax, a copra tax and a tobacco tax. There are harbor dues and regulations, and other taxes; but the people are not taxed—only the traders. When the copra tax was levied I lowered the purchasing price accordingly. Then the people began to grumble; and Feathers of the Sun passed a new law, setting the old price back and forbidding any man to lower it. Me he fined two pounds and five pigs, it being well known that I possessed five pigs. You will find them entered in the ledger. Hawkins, who is trader for the Fulcrum Company, was fined—first pigs, then gin; and, because he continued to make loud conversation, the army came and burned his store. When I declined to sell, this Feathers of the Sun fined me once more and promised to burn the store if again I offended. So I sold all that was on the shelves—and there is the boxful of worthless paper. I shall be chagrined if you pay me my salary in paper; but it would be just—no more than just. Now what is to be done?"

Grief shrugged his shoulders. "I must first see this Feathers of the Sun and size up the situation."

"Then you must see him soon," Ieremia advised. "Else he will have an accumulation of many fines against you. Thus does he absorb all the coin of the realm. He has it all now, save what has been buried in the ground."

III

ON HIS way back along the Broom Road, under the lighted lamps that marked the entrance to the palace grounds, Grief encountered a short, rotund gentleman of florid complexion, in unstarched ducks, who was just emerging. Something about his tentative, saturated gait was familiar. Grief knew it on the instant. On the beaches of a dozen South Sea ports had he seen it before.

"Of all men, Cornelius Deasy!" he cried.

"If it ain't Grief himself, the old devil!" was the return greeting as they shook hands.

"If you'll come on board I've some choice smoky Irish," Grief invited.

Cornelius Deasy threw back his shoulders proudly and stiffened.

"Nothin' doin', Mr. Grief. 'Tis Fulualea I am now. No blarneyin' of old times for me. Also, and by the leave of His Gracious Majesty, King Tulifau, 'tis Chancellor of the

Exchequer I am; an' Chief Justice I am, save in moments of royal sport when the king himself chooses to toy with the wheels of justice."

Grief whistled his amazement. "So you're Feathers of the Sun!"

"I prefer the native idiom," was the correction. "Fulualea, an' it please you. Not forgettin' old times, Mr. Grief, it sorrows the heart of me to break you the news. You'll have to pay your legitimate import duties same as any other trader with mind intent on robbin' the gentle Polynesian savage on coral isles implanted. . . . Where was I? Ah! I remember. You've violated the regulations. With malice intent have you entered the port of Fitu-Iva after sunset without sidelights burnin'. Don't interrupt! With my own eyes did I see you. For which offense are you fined the sum of five pounds. Have you any gin? 'Tis a serious offense. Not lightly are the lives of the mariners of our commodious port to be risked for the savin' of a penny-'orth of oil. Did I ask—have you any gin? 'Tis the Harbor Master that asks."

"You've taken a lot on your shoulders," Grief grinned.

"'Tis the white man's burden. These rapscallion traders have been puttin' it all over poor Tui Tulifau, the best-hearted old monarch that ever sat a South Sea throne an' mopped grog-root from the imperial calabash. 'Tis I, Cornelius—Fulualea, rather—that am here to see justice done. Much as I dislike the doin' of it, as Harbor Master 'tis my duty to find you guilty of breach of quarantine."

"Quarantine!"

"'Tis the rulin' of the Port Doctor. No intercourse with the shore till the ship is passed. What dire calamity to the confidin' native if chicken-pox or whoopin'-cough was aboard of you! Who is there to protect the gentle, confidin' Polynesian? I, Fulualea—the Feathers of the Sun—on my high mission."

"And who is the Port Doctor?" Grief queried.

"'Tis me—Fulualea. Your offense is serious. Consider yourself fined five cases of first-quality Holland gin."

Grief laughed heartily.

"We'll compromise, Cornelius. Come aboard and have a drink."

Feathers of the Sun waved the proffer aside grandly.

"'Tis bribery! I'll have none of it—me, faithful to my salt! And wherefore did you not present your ship's papers? As Chief of the Custom-House, you are fined five pounds and two more cases of gin."

"Look here, Cornelius. A joke's a joke, but this one has gone far enough. This is not Levuka. I've half a mind to pull your nose for you. You can't buck me."

Feathers of the Sun retreated unsteadily and in alarm.

"Lay no violence on me!" he threatened. "You're right. This is not Levuka. And by the same token, with Tui Tulifau and the royal army behind me, buck you is just the thing I can and will. You'll pay them fines promptly or I'll confiscate your vessel. You're not the first. What does that Chink pearlbuyer, Peter Gee, do but slip into harbor, violatin' all regulations an' makin' rough-house for the matter of a few paltry fines! No; he wouldn't pay 'em—and he's somewhere on the beach now, thinkin' it over."

"You don't mean to say ——"

"Sure an' I do! In the high exercise of office I seized his schooner. A fifth of the loyal army is now in charge on board of her. She'll be sold this day week. Some ten tons of shell is in the hold and I'm wonderin' if I can trade it to you for gin. I can promise you a rare bargain. How much gin did you say you had?"

"Still more gin, eh?"

"An' why not? 'Tis a royal souse is Tui Tulifau! Sure, it keeps my wits workin' overtime to supply him, he's that amazin' liberal with it. The whole gang of hanger-on chiefs is perpetually loaded to the guards. It's disgraceful! Are you goin' to pay them fines, Mr. Grief, or is it to harsher measures I'll be forced?"

Grief turned impatiently on his heel.

"Cornelius, you're drunk! Think it over and come to your senses. The old rollicking South Sea days are gone. You can't play tricks like that now."

"If you think you're goin' on board, Mr. Grief, I'll save you the trouble. I know your kind. I foresaw your stiff-necked stubbornness. An' it's forestalled you are. 'Tis on the beach you'll find your crew. The vessel's already seized."

Grief turned back on him in the half-belief still that he was joking. Fulualea again retreated in alarm. The form of a large man loomed beside him in the darkness.

"Is it you, Uiliami?" Fulualea crooned. "Here is another sea-pirate. Stand by me with the strength of thy arm, O herculean brother!"

"Greeting, Uiliami," Grief said. "Since when has Fitu-Iva come to be run by a Levuka beachcomber? He says my schooner has been seized. Is it true?"

Grief Reached Out an Angry Hand for Cornelius

"It is true," Uiliami boomed from his deep chest. "Have you any more silk shirts like Willie Smee's? Tui Tulifau would like such a shirt. He has heard of it."

"'Tis all the same," Fulualea interrupted. "Shirts or schooners, the king shall have them!"

"Rather high-handed, Cornelius," Grief murmured. "It's rank piracy. You seized my vessel without giving me a chance."

"A chance, is it? As we stood here, not five minutes gone, didn't you refuse to pay your fines?"

"But she was already seized!"

"Sure, an' why not? Didn't I know you'd refuse? 'Tis all fair, an' no injustice done—Justice, the bright, particular star, at whose shining altar Cornelius Deasy—or Fulualea, 'tis the same thing—ever worships! Get thee gone, Mr. Trader, or I'll set the palace guards on you! Uiliami, 'tis a desperate character, this trader man. Call the guards!"

Uiliami blew the whistle suspended on his broad, bare chest by a cord of cocoanut sennit. Grief reached out an angry hand for Cornelius, who titubated into safety behind Uiliami's massive bulk. A dozen strapping Polynesians, not one under six feet, ran down the palace walk and ranged themselves behind their commander.

"Get thee gone, Mr. Trader!" Cornelius ordered. "The interview is terminated. We'll try your several cases in the mornin'. Appear promptly at the palace at ten o'clock to answer to the followin' charges, to wit: breach of the peace; seditious and treasonable utterance; violent assault on the Chief Magistrate, with intent to cut, wound, maim an' bruise; breach of quarantine; violation of harbor regulations; an' gross breakage of custom-house rules. In the mornin', fellow—in the mornin'! Justice shall be done. And the Lord have mercy on your soul!"

IV

BEFORE the hour set for the trial, Grief, accompanied by Peter Gee, won access to Tui Tulifau. The king, surrounded by half a dozen chiefs, lay on mats under the shade of the avocados in the palace compound. Early as was the hour, palace maids were industriously serving squarefaces of gin. The king was glad to see his old friend, Davida, and regretful that he had run foul of the new regulations. Beyond that he steadfastly avoided discussion of the matter in hand. All protests of the expropriated traders were washed away in proffers of gin. "Have a drink," was his invariable reply, though once he unbosomed himself enough to say that Feathers of the Sun was a wonderful man. Never had palace affairs been so prosperous. Never had there been so much money in the treasury or so much gin in circulation. "Well pleased am I with Fulualea," he concluded. "Have a drink."

"We've got to get out of this pronto," Grief whispered to Peter Gee a few minutes later, "or we'll be a pair of boiled owls! Also, I am to be tried for arson, or heresy, or leprosy—or something—in a few minutes; and I must control my wits."

As they withdrew from the royal presence, Grief caught a glimpse of Sepeli, the queen. She was peering out at her royal spouse and his fellow tipplers, and the frown on her face gave Grief his cue. Whatever was to be accomplished must be done through her.

In another shady corner of the big compound Cornelius was holding court. He had been at it early, for when Grief arrived the case of Willie Smee was being settled. The entire royal army, save that portion in charge of the seized vessels, was in attendance.

"Let the defendant stand up," said Cornelius, "and receive the just and merciful sentence of the court for licentious and disgraceful conduct unbecomin' a supercargo. The defendant says he has no money. Very well. The court regrets it has no calaboose. In lieu thereof, and in view of the impoverished condition of the defendant, the court fines said defendant one white silk shirt of the same kind, make and quality at present worn by defendant."

Cornelius nodded to several of the soldiers, who led the supercargo away behind an avocado tree. A minute later he emerged, minus the garment in question, and sat down beside Grief.

"What have you been up to?" Grief asked.

"Blessed if I know! What crimes have you committed?"

"Next case," said Cornelius in his most extra-legal tones. "David Grief, defendant, stand up. The court has considered the evidence in the case, or cases, and renders the following judgment, to wit: —— Shut up!" he thundered at Grief, who had attempted to interrupt. "I tell you the evidence has been considered—deeply considered. It is no wish of the court to lay additional hardship on the defendant, and the court takes this opportunity to warn the defendant that he is liable to contempt. For open and wanton violation of harbor rules and regulations, breach of quarantine and disregard of shipping laws, his schooner, the Cantani, is hereby declared confiscate to the Government of Fitu-Iva, to be sold at public auction ten days from date, with all appurtenances, fittings and cargo thereunto pertaining. For the personal crimes of the defendant, consisting of violent and turbulent conduct and notorious disregard of the laws of the realm, he is fined in the sum of one hundred pounds sterling and fifteen cases of gin. I will not ask you if you have anything to say. But will you pay? That is the question."

Grief shook his head.

"Meantime," Cornelius went on, "consider yourself a prisoner at large. There is no calaboose in which to confine you. And finally, it has come to the knowledge of the court that at an early hour of this morning the defendant did willfully and deliberately send Kanakas in his employ out on the reef to catch fish for breakfast. This is distinctly an infringement of the rights of the fisherfolk of Fitu-Iva. Home industries must be protected. This conduct of the defendant is severely reprehended by the court; and on any repetition of the offense the offender and offenders, all and sundry, shall be immediately put to hard labor on the improvement of the Broom Road. The court is dismissed."

As they left the compound, Peter Gee nudged Grief to look where Tui Tulifau reclined. The supercargo's shirt, stretched and bulged, already encased the royal fat.

V

"THE thing is clear," said Peter Gee at a conference in Ieremia's house. "Deasy has gathered in about all the coin. Meantime he keeps the king going on the gin he's captured on our vessels. As soon as he can maneuver it he'll take the cash and skin out on your craft or mine."

"He is a low fellow," Ieremia declared, pausing in the polishing of his spectacles. "He is a scoundrel and a blackguard. He should be struck by a dead pig—by a particularly dead pig!"

"The very thing!" said Grief. "He shall be struck by a dead pig. Ieremia, I should not be surprised if you were the man to strike him with the dead pig. Be sure and select a particularly dead one! Tui Tulifau is down at the boathouse broaching a case of my Scotch. I'm going up to the palace to work kitchen politics with the queen. Meantime you get a few things on your shelves from the storeroom. I'll lend you some, Hawkins. And you, Peter, see the German store. Start in, all of you, selling for paper. Remember, I'll back the losses. If I'm not mistaken, in three days we'll have a national council or a revolution. You, Ieremia, start messengers around the island to the fishers and farmers—everywhere, even to the mountain goat-hunters. Tell them to assemble at the palace three days from now."

"But the soldiers!" Ieremia objected.

"I'll take care of them. They haven't been paid for two months. Besides, Uiliami is the queen's brother. Don't have too much on your shelves at a time. As soon as the soldiers show up with paper, stop selling."

"Then will they burn the stores," said Ieremia.

"Let them. King Tulifau will pay for it if they do."

"Will he pay for my shirt?" Willie Smee demanded.

"That is purely a personal and private matter between you and Tui Tulifau," Grief answered.

"It's beginning to split up the back," the supercargo lamented. "I noticed that much this morning when he hadn't had it on ten minutes. It cost me thirty shillings and I only wore it once!"

"Where shall I get a dead pig?" Ieremia asked.

"Kill one, of course," said Grief. "Kill a small one."

"A small one is worth ten shillings."

"Then enter it in your ledger under operating expenses." Grief paused a moment. "If you want it particularly dead it would be well to kill it at once."

VI

"YOU have spoken well, Davida," said Queen Sepeli. "This Fulualea has brought a madness with him and Tui Tulifau is drowned in gin. If he does not grant the big council I shall give him a beating. He is easy to beat when he is in drink."

She doubled up her fist, and such were her Amazonian proportions and the determination in her face that Grief knew the council would be called. So akin was the Fitu-Ivan tongue to the Samoan that he spoke it like a native.

"And you, Uiliami," he said, "have pointed out that the soldiers have demanded coin and refused the paper Fulualea has offered them. Tell them to take the paper and see that they be paid tomorrow."

"Why trouble?" Uiliami objected. "The king remains happily drunk. There is much money in the treasury. And I am content. In my house are two cases of gin and much goods from Hawkins' store."

"Excellent pig, O my brother!" Sepeli erupted. "Has not Davida spoken? Have you no ears? When the gin and the goods in your house are gone, and no more traders come with gin and goods, and Feathers of the Sun has run away to Levuka with all the cash money of Fitu-Iva what then will you do? Cash money is silver and gold, but paper is only paper. I tell you the people are grumbling. There is no fish in the palace. Yams and sweet potatoes seem to have fled from the soil, for they come not. The mountain-dwellers have sent no wild goats in a week. Though Feathers of the Sun compels the traders to buy copra at the old price, the people sell not, for they will have none of the paper money. Only today have I sent messengers to twenty houses. There are no eggs. Has Feathers of the Sun put a blight upon the hens? I do not know. All I know is that there are no eggs. Well it is that those who drink much eat little, else would there be a palace famine. Tell your soldiers to receive their pay. Let it be in his paper money."

"And remember," Grief warned, "though there be selling in the stores, when the soldiers come with their paper it will be refused. And in three days will be the council—and Feathers of the Sun will be as dead as a dead pig."

VII

THE day of the council found the population of the island crowded into the capital. By canoe and whaleboat, on foot and donkeyback, the five thousand inhabitants of Fitu-Iva had trooped in. The three intervening days had had their share of excitement. At first there had been much selling from the sparse shelves of the traders; but when the soldiers appeared their patronage was declined and they were told to go to Fulualea for coin.

"Says it not so on the face of the paper," the traders demanded, "that for the asking the coin will be given in exchange?"

Only the strong authority of Uiliami had prevented the burning of the traders' houses. As it was, one of Grief's copra-sheds went up in smoke and was duly charged by Ieremia to the king's account. Ieremia himself had been abused and mocked and his spectacles broken. The skin was off Willie Smee's knuckles. This had been caused by three boisterous soldiers who violently struck their jaws thereon in quick succession. Captain Boig was similarly injured. Peter Gee had come off undamaged, because it chanced that it was breadbaskets and not jaws that struck him on the fists.

Tui Tulifau, with Sepeli at his side and surrounded by his convivial chiefs, sat at the head of the council in the big compound. His right eye and jaw were swollen as if he, too, had engaged in assaulting somebody's fist. It was palace gossip that morning that Sepeli had administered a conjugal beating. At any rate, her spouse was sober and his fat bulged spiritlessly through the rips in Willie Smee's silk shirt. His thirst was prodigious and he was continually served with young drinking nuts. Outside the compound, held back by the army, was the mass of the common people. Only the lesser chiefs, village maids, village beaus and talking men with their staffs of office were permitted inside. Cornelius Deasy, as befitted a high and favored official, sat near the right hand of the king. On the left of the queen, opposite Cornelius and surrounded by the white traders he was to represent, sat Ieremia. Bereft of his spectacles, he peered shortsightedly across at the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

In turn, the talking man of the windward coast, the talking man of the leeward coast and the talking man of the mountain villages, each backed by his group of lesser talking men and chiefs, arose and made orations. What they said was much the same. They grumbled about the paper money. Affairs were not prosperous. No more copra was being smoked. The people were suspicious. To such a pass had things come that all the people wanted to pay their debts and no one wanted to be paid. Creditors made a practice of running away from debtors. The money was cheap. Prices were going up and commodities were getting scarce. It cost three times the ordinary price to buy a fowl—and then it was tough and like to die of old age if not immediately sold.

The outlook was gloomy. There were signs and omens. There was a plague of rats in some districts. The crops were bad. The custard apples were small. The beer-bearing avocado on the windward coast had mysteriously shed all its leaves. The taste had gone from the mangoes. The plantains were eaten by a worm. The fish had forsaken the ocean and vast numbers of tiger-sharks appeared. The wild goats had fled to inaccessible summits. The poi in the poi-pits had turned bitter. There were rumblings in the mountains and night-walking of spirits; a woman of Punta-Puna had been struck speechless, and a five-legged she-goat had been born in the village of Eiho. And that all was due to the strange money of Fulualea was the firm conviction of the elders in the village councils assembled.

Uiliami spoke for the army. His men were discontented and mutinous. Though by royal decree the traders were bidden to accept the money, yet did they refuse it. He would not say, but it looked as if the strange money of Fulualea had something to do with it.

Ieremia, as talking man of the traders, next spoke. When he arose it was noticeable that he stood with legs spraddled over a large grass basket. He dwelt upon the cloth of the traders, its variety and beauty and durability, which so exceeded the Fitu-Ivan wet-pounded tapa, fragile and coarse. No one wore tapa any more. Yet all had worn tapa and nothing but tapa before the traders came. There was the mosquito-netting, sold for a song, that the cleverest Fitu-Ivan net-weaver could not duplicate in a thousand years. He enlarged on the incomparable virtues of rifles, axes and steel fishhooks, down through needles, thread, and cotton fish-lines, to white flour and kerosene oil.

He expounded at length, with firstlies and secondlies and all minor subdivisions of argument, on organization and order and civilization. He contended that the trader was the bearer of civilization and that the trader must be protected in his trade, else he would not come. Over to the westward were islands which would not protect the traders. What was the result? The traders would not come and the people were like wild animals. They wore no clothes, no silk shirts—here he peered and blinked significantly at the king—and they ate one another!

The queer paper of Feathers of the Sun was not money. The traders knew what money was and they would not receive it. If Fitu-Iva persisted in trying to make them receive it they would go away and never come back. And then the Fitu-Ivans, who had forgotten how to make tapa, would run round naked and eat one another.

Much more he said, talking a solid hour and always coming back to what their dire condition would be when the traders came no more. "And in that day," he perorated, "how will the Fitu-Ivan be known in the great world? '*Kai-kanak*' [man-eater] will men call him—'*Kai-kanak! Kai-kanak!*'"

Tui Tulifau spoke briefly. The case had been presented, he said, for the people, the army and the traders. It was now time for Feathers of the Sun to present his side. It could not be denied that he had wrought wonders with his financial system. "Many times has he explained to me the working of his system," Tui Tulifau concluded. "It is very simple. And now he will explain it to you."

It was a conspiracy of the white traders, Cornelius contended. Ieremia was right so far as concerned the manifold blessings of white flour and kerosene oil. Fitu-Iva did not want to become *kai-kanak*. Fitu-Iva wanted civilization; it wanted more and more civilization. Now that was the very point—and they must follow him closely. Paper money was an earmark of higher civilization. That was why he, the Feathers of the Sun, had introduced it. And that was why the traders opposed it. They did not want to see Fitu-Iva civilized. Why did they come across the far

(Continued on Page 72)

On Foot and Donkeyback the Five Thousand Inhabitants Had Trooped In

The Box-Office Value of Laughter

By MARY SHAW

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

JUST now there are twice as many comedies as serious plays in New York. It would seem, then, that laughter has a greater box-office value than tears. And so it has in the gross—but not in the net. Most plays in which laughter predominates—musical comedies and the like—are very expensive productions, having large choruses and high-priced comedians. On the other hand, the serious play, in which tears predominate, may have a cast of from six to eight moderately paid actors. From this one will see that laughter is nowhere near so powerful an agent as tears. To sustain a comedy, mirth must begin at the rising of the curtain and keep up unceasingly until the performance is over; whereas in a serious play one tremendous scene with tears as the great factor not lasting more than fifteen minutes, may carry the whole thing to success.

Laughter is indispensable in any play; whereas tears are not. The first question a manager will ask when a play is submitted is: "Has it comedy relief?"

Why has laughter such a value and what sort of material is available for its production? One would think that the laugh-promoter would be at his wit's end for a subject. As a matter of fact, he can use old material over and over again, with but slight changes. Many will laugh at the same thing as often as others will shed tears at the same story. And there are always numerous things happening in real life that the observing "laugh-man" can use on the stage.

Darwin, in The Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals, says laughter is the result of a pleasurable surprise. In all laughter there is a kind of surprise or slightly nervous shock. Sudden contrasts—marked or shocking incongruities—often compel it. The laughmaker turns everything to account—even the lugubrious. All kinds and conditions of men unconsciously contribute to his everlasting mill. Death itself is not exempt. The whole thing depends upon the right treatment.

He Can Use Old Material Over and Over Again

The Art of Satisfying Our Sense of Humor

FEW things are more pathetic than poverty—less laughable. And poverty is doubly pathetic when associated with death. How, then, can a laugh be had from such a combination—two of man's grimmest experiences! It took such a genius as Ned Harrigan, with his knowledge of human nature, to accomplish this. In one of his plays a funeral is supposed to take place "off stage." Persons arrive, cross the stage and exit in the direction of the church. At last comes a cab drawn by a typical East Side barnyard nag. It stops directly over a trap, which is disguised, of course, and through which persons enter the cab and step out of it before the audience. Fully thirty persons descend from that cab. After the fifth, the audience begin to titter. With each succeeding passenger the laughter grows until, when the last one gets down from the cab, the house fairly rocks with mirth.

It is a good scheme to observe children. What makes the little ones laugh will make grown-ups laugh. Most writers of farce and comedy know this. One is astonished to find how little the scope of laughter enlarges as the life of the individual proceeds. So simple a thing, for instance, as one person treading on another's toe has been used by all the clowns in the pantomime since the beginning of things. And if the injured one holds up his toe and dances about with it in his hand it becomes a source of inextinguishable laughter. This device can always be used with the same result, and credit is due to the actor that he so seldom resorts to it. An oath that is not too blasphemous is good comedy material. The reason for this is that for a long time the use of an oath on the stage was forbidden. The pleasure of hearing an oath used now may be due to our secret joy in forbidden things. Obviously anything that causes pain in real life should not be a source of mirth; but, when translated into action on the stage, things can be made comical in spite of the latent idea of pain. The clown, when beaten into subjection with a blown-up bladder, represents an unpleasant situation. Yet everybody laughs at all the accidents that happen to him. It is on the same principle, I suppose, that we laugh spontaneously on seeing a person fall—particularly a fat man—though we know he may be injured.

Once I took my four-year-old niece to see a pair of accomplished acrobats. These gentlemen were supposed to be only funny. The terrible things that happened to them all through their act were received with universal joy by the whole audience—mainly women and children. My little niece, however, hid her face on my arm, shivered all over and begged me to take her out of the theater. She absolutely refused to fall in with the common acceptance of the thing. My surprise at her way of taking it showed me how much a matter of course the attitude of the audience had been to me.

Nor do serious things require to be translated from real life to the stage to be made funny. I remember, when I was a girl, seeing a certain fat man, one Fourth of July, come across a young fellow who was celebrating the day with a small-caliber pistol. Now the fat man was very nervous about such things and he turned to hurry away from the danger zone. The young man, in a spirit of fun and miscalculating the distance, sent a bullet about the size of a buckshot after the fat man, thinking it would spend its force and drop harmlessly near him—giving him a slight scare; but the bullet struck the fat man in a certain fleshy part of his anatomy and, shrieking in agony, he rolled over in the dust. It was only a skin wound, but the shock laid the poor fellow up for several weeks and at one time threatened to end fatally. Now why laugh at this? There was the misfortune of the man in being helplessly fat—a disease; there was the fright and the agony of it. Yet, even as I philosophize thus, I cannot help the mirth that comes to me at the recollection of the accident.

Laughter, though spontaneous, really has modes and fashions quite as much as sentiment has. Keeping strictly to the stage, we find that people laughed at things two or three hundred years ago that they would now resent. Up to Shakspere's time it was impossible to represent a Jew on the stage in any serious situation. The prejudice against the race was so great that audiences would only accept them as a joke. Shakspere conceived and put into eternal poetry the character of Shylock. Nothing more perfect and tragic than that figure can be imagined. Yet Shylock had to be represented in his time as a comic personality. His mental sufferings over the injustice to his religion and race, his agony over his daughter's unfaithfulness, and his final spiritual and financial defeat were received by the audience of that day with wild outbursts of exultant merriment. The most popular comedian would not have the courage to go on the stage and present the character of Shylock to an audience in that way nowadays, unless with the full understanding that it was all done in the spirit of pure burlesque. So far have we traveled in the stage world from that idea of the Jew! The same was true of physical deformities in the bygone. These were all subjects of great merriment to an audience. The hunchback was an unfailing source of amusement. Any character that was lacking in comic relief had only to be made up with such a deformity and the comedy element was at once supplied.

During the Restoration other physical deformities were added to the list. The cripple, the man blind in one eye or having but one hand, were by these misfortunes made peculiarly available for comedy purposes. The hunchback and the cripple have gone from comedy—even burlesque seldom knows them; but the misfortunes that still provoke laughter are the deaf man, the stammerer, the fellow with the harelip and the man without a palate. Bernard Shaw castigates the playwrights who hark back to the cruelty of earlier days by introducing these elements.

The Act of Swindling the "Rubes" is Another Prolific Source of Merriment

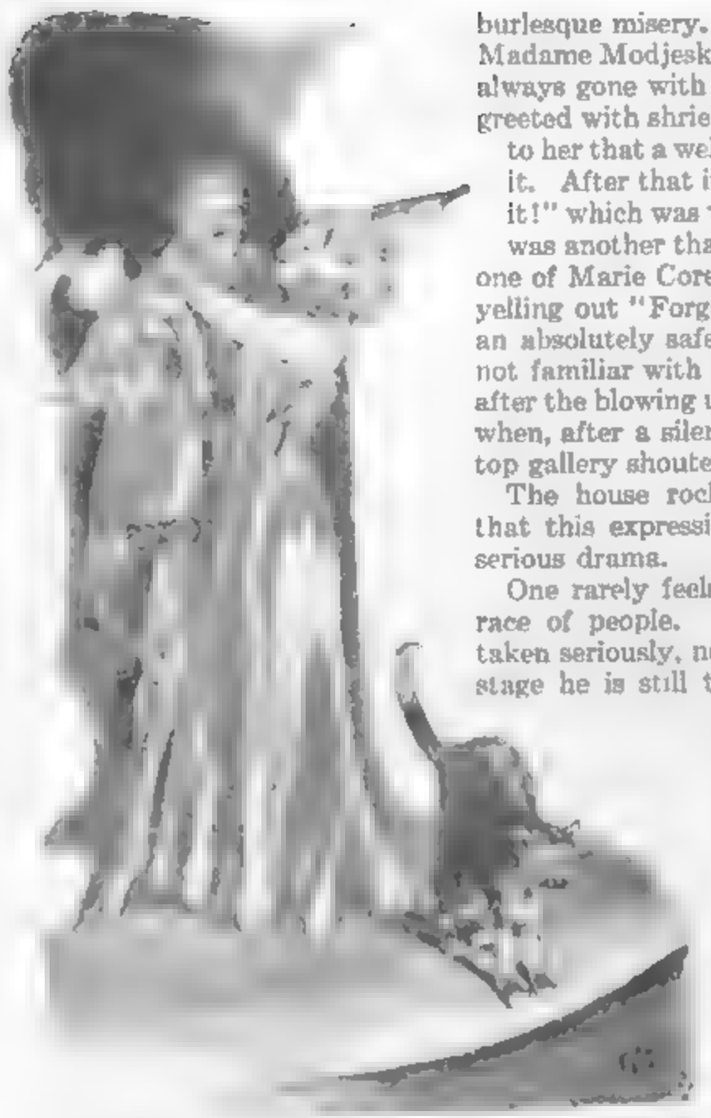
The Plot of La Gioconda

HOW far the feeling of mirth at physical deformity has passed away may be sensed in the representation of the character of the woman in D'Annunzio's La Gioconda. This really great modern drama has been handicapped in its effect by the sense of the painful physical accident to the heroine. She is the wife of a sculptor who has fallen in love with his model. In one act she goes to the studio and, in an effort to break the spell of the model over the husband, tells her that the artist has sent his wife there to tell the model that she no longer inspires him and that he does not require her services. The model, enraged at this, pushes the half-finished statue from the pedestal, and the wife, seeing that her lie is about to destroy her husband's work, which may bring about further disaster between her and him, attempts to save the statue; but she is borne down by it and her hands crushed so badly that they have to be amputated.

In the last act she sits looking out at the sea, abandoned by her husband. He has gone off with the model to begin again the work that she destroyed. Long, hanging sleeves cover all evidence of the disaster that has come to her. She sits there, a wonderfully tragic figure without hands—as the audience knows. Yet so terrible is the realization of it through that whole act that modern audiences find it impossible to stand the strain of the story. No one would say that D'Annunzio has reached any greater heights of human truth and sympathy than Shakspere in his magnificent portrayal of the Jew in Shylock; but so great has been the change in our attitude toward physical or spiritual pain that the lesser story of the modern Italian defeats itself by the introduction of a torturing effect from the handless arms of this woman.

It is hard to tell whether we are less cruel today than they were in the time of Shakspere. Certainly we cannot determine the question by what we laugh at. However incongruous our laughter may be now, it has plenty of

humor and no spite to it. When the lugubrious is presented it must be only as a basis for a humorous presentation of a very human touch. We laugh at cowardice when it is exaggerated, yet there are few more dreadful qualities. Anger, also, though often the immediate cause of tragedy, is good for comedy purposes. There is one thing about an anger scene on the stage that is remarkable. An angry retort between men is all right, but such a scene between women is one of the most dangerous things to play seriously. No matter what the situation may be, there is always a chance for laughter. Even Modjeska used to call forth snickers in the scene in Adrienne Lecouvreur where she is shut in a dark room and her infuriated rival is looking for her. There is nothing funny in this scene, yet it is one that has always been dreaded by actresses. The spite of the two women, though seriously treated in the play, comes perilously near arousing continuous amusement.



A Much-Dreaded Interruption in the Serious Play is the Theater Cat

The safest thing to do with the anger of women dramatically is to make it comic. The same thing holds good of love scenes to a degree. Except in the hands of a great master of drama, it is better to have some element of comedy even in the most straightforward and direct love-making. The slightest deviation, the slightest lack of continuity in keeping the attention in a love scene, precipitates it instantly into the absurd—the grotesque. This is the reason there is so much giggling in serious love scenes.

Audiences, during serious situations, are always on the lookout for something that will relieve the tension. The experienced actor knows how thin the dividing line is between tears and laughter; in fact, the more absorbing the situation the greater is the danger of the opposite extreme being the result if the least thing out of the ordinary occurs. If a caster is missing from the leg of a sofa when the sobbing heroine throws herself upon it, and one corner suddenly goes down just a little, the scene is ruined by that apparently trifling incident. If, in a serious situation, an actor takes a chair and it cracks as if it were going to break, or if he picks up something and it suddenly falls to pieces or he loses his grip on it, a disconcerting laugh is sure to follow.

A much-dreaded interruption in the serious play is the theater cat. The cat is allowed to prowl about the stage all day, but is carefully locked up before the play begins. This creature seems to have a mania for walking on the stage—not in highly comic scenes where it would add to the hilarity, but always where any interruption must seriously interfere. In spite of the precautions taken, often in the midst of a very serious scene the house cat walks majestically upon the stage, goes down to the footlights, surveys the audience calmly and walks off on the other side. All the finest acting that ever came forth from the soul of a talented actor is powerless against this simple, unexpected innovation.

Classics That Have Turned to Slang

ON THE modern stage there is much laughter that is purely local. Playing a part full of slangy sayings that are current in the larger cities, the actor will, after a number of weeks, feel that these sayings are inherently funny. Yet he will find that the same slang falls upon the ears of the out-of-town people without conveying any meaning and therefore without any effect. There is a distinct vocabulary in jokes as there is in other matters. Expressions which at one time were fraught with deep meaning and intensity come to be used as slang, and are henceforth totally inadequate on the stage for the situations in which they were originally used. One has to be very careful, in old plays, to eliminate all such expressions. In Adrienne Lecouvreur, for instance, one of the most touching situations is where Adrienne, having discovered the perfidy of her lover, agonizingly cries out: "Oh, how I suffer!"

This expression was taken by the comedians and used as slang in mock trouble. It became a great laughmaker in burlesque misery. I shall never forget the amazement of Madame Modjeska when she delivered this line, which had always gone with such terrible, telling effect—and it was greeted with shrieks and roars of laughter! We explained to her that a well-known burlesque actor had been using it. After that it was cut out. The expression, "Forget it!" which was very often used in scenes of great power, was another that had to be eliminated. I remember, in one of Marie Corelli's plays, at the end of a terrific scene, yelling out "Forget it!" which up to that time had been an absolutely safe expression in emotional work. I was not familiar with the slang use to which it had been put after the blowing up of the Maine; and I was dumfounded when, after a silence of a moment, some gamin from the top gallery shouted: "And remember the Maine!"

The house rocked with laughter. It is safe to say that this expression has never since been put into any serious drama.

One rarely feels human sympathy with an unfamiliar race of people. The Chinaman, for instance, is never taken seriously, no matter what the rôle may be. On the stage he is still the incarnation of all that is laughter-provoking. This quality of the ludicrous must be guarded against in the costuming of strange people on the stage. Absolute correctness in such cases is impossible. The wise managers of an earlier day represented the barbarian in one set costume of skins and long, matted hair. That particular make-up stood for the barbarian, and the audience accepted him as belonging to any race.

A foreign language is always amusing to people who do not understand it. At the time of the National Congress of Women, in London, delegates from all parts of the world were present. Most of them spoke in their native tongue. I observed with great interest how that polite English audience wrestled with a sense of the ludicrous as celebrated personalities arose and gave long and serious addresses in tongues totally unfamiliar to everybody. The Chinese woman who spoke very solemnly of the changed conditions of women in China proved no funnier to those present than did the stately, beautiful Russian actress who elaborately pointed out in Russian the glorious achievements of the stage in her country. It would seem that the organizers of this convention were sadly lacking in a sense of humor.

We do not laugh at deformity as they did a hundred or more years ago, but we do something quite as bad—we laugh at disaster and at trickery. The comedian can make a highwayman holding up a poor old woman or the despicable act of a tramp stealing a baby's milk-bottle funny if he gives it the right twist. A baby shrieking with the pain of teething or colic and the helpless father trying to quiet him, if rightly done on the stage, will bring down the house. I am not so sure that the curious twist given in the depicting of misfortune is not the most prolific source of hilarity.

Things that are mean and insulting when said or done in real life become very laughable on the stage. For instance, a hardened fellow, wishing to insult another man, addressed a letter to him as follows:

To Peter Tief, a one-eyed scrub,
This letter's bound to go.
He's choppin' cordwood for his grub
In Silver City, Idaho.

The letter reached its destination and came within an ace of causing a tragedy; yet it got into the hands of a comedian and was immensely successful as a laughmaker.

The oldest joke on the stage, and one that never fails of laughter, is about the mother-in-law. Searchers into the obscure tell us that this joke originated in the matriarchal period. At this stage of civilization the family took its name from the mother. She was the absolute ruler of the family. Suitors for the hand of the daughter and the women selected as brides for the son were obliged to come and live within the tribe or clan for one year before the wedding was consummated. During this time their fitness was decided by the mother. The anxieties and sufferings of these candidates in the matriarchal civilization have been immortalized in the mother-in-law joke.

Here's a sample of the vulgarity that marks many of the jocular allusions to the mother-in-law. O'Reilly, whose mother-in-law has just died, goes to a friendly barkeeper and asks the loan of a hundred dollars with which to bury her. The barkeeper counts his cash and reports that he has only eighty-five dollars on hand. Upon which O'Reilly exclaims: "Lend me the eighty-five, and I'll drink up the other fifteen—celebrating!"

Another story with the mother-in-law trend to it is about the man whose wife was dying. She called him to her side and told him that she had one request and begged that he wouldn't deny it. He committed himself to a promise and the wife said: "I want you to ride to the grave in the carriage with me mother!"

Patrick appeared shocked; and the dying woman, noticing this, reiterated her plea.

"You'll not break your promise—you will do it, won't yer?" she said, seizing his hand imploringly.

"Yes," said Pat grudgingly: "I'll do it—but it'll spoil the day for me!"

Audiences enjoy jokes about human misery such as the one where the starving tramp, in an attempt to show his desperation, begins to eat the grass in the dooryard. The man of the house, coming upon him suddenly, exclaims:

"Why, my poor fellow, are you so hungry as all that?"

"Yes," moans the tramp.

"I'm sorry for you," observes the other. "Come round to the back yard—the grass is longer!"

Irreverent allusions to parents, such as "Everybody works but father," are used by the laughmakers. Yet every one knows that, as a rule, the father is the hardest-working member of the family. Why is it that the drunken father is an inexhaustible source of comedy, though the drunken mother is one of the most serious things to handle in a play? From a practical point of view her shortcoming is no more serious than the father's. Their moral responsibilities would seem to be equal; yet one can be used for comic purposes—the other cannot. A drunken woman is a very ticklish thing to handle on the stage.

The act of swindling the "rubes" is another prolific source of merriment. So is the contemptible act of picking a drunken man's pocket. The horror of nightmare, as set forth in moving-picture shows, is good entertainment. I am not deprecating such shows. The man on the stage does not create these curious faculties of enjoyment in the human mind—he simply finds out what they are and contributes to them. The business of educating is expensive. I knew of an advertiser who spent five hundred thousand dollars to teach the public the meaning of a trademark.

Old Friends With New Faces

RELIGION and all sacred things seem to be good material for laughter. Saint Peter and Noah have furnished more opportunities than any other famous characters; but the jokers are careful that the persons whose religions they ridicule are a very small minority of the audience. One never hears Napoleon, in France, or our own Washington or Lincoln, in this country, referred to in a jocular way. Somehow they don't lend themselves to it. Curiously success does not lend itself to joke-making—only failure.

From Biblical stories constantly heard one gets a rather definite idea of Saint Peter—not wholly flattering. One thinks of him as having a bunch of keys and a scrutinizing look, shrewd, yet something of a good fellow—not too strict in his examination if one could placate him with a good story—something of a wag.

Any kind of burlesque seems to be everlasting. The old idea of the Englishman with the side whiskers and checked clothes still goes; or the Frenchman with the Louis Napoleon goatee and mustache; or the German with his enormous stomach and tiny hat; or the Jew with his shabby frock coat, vast shoes curled up at the toes, and crinkly whiskers. Lawyers, doctors, plumbers, druggists and farmers are burlesqued. So are clergymen.

At one time the Irish comedian was the whole thing in side-splitting comedy; but his scepter has passed to the Jew. The popular type changes, but not the essence of things. It is interesting to note, however, that certain nationalities never rise to the glory of being used on the stage as great laughter-producers. Strenuous efforts have been made to displace the Irishman and the Jew with the

(Continued on Page 48)

The Oldest Joke is About the Mother-in-Law

ART AND INDUSTRY

Curly Discovers How Things Can Happen in Both

"For the Next Week They Was More People in That Town Than They Ever Was Before or Since"

By EMERSON HOUGH

ILLUSTRATED BY GAYLE P. HOSKINS

THESE here are great times!" said Curly, fitting a stick into the neck of the frying-pan and whetting the bacon-knife on his boot. "It shore is fine doings when a plain cowpuncher, with red hair, kin make six million dollars in a few moments—an' lose it again in about half that long!"

"That's good as Wall Street," I was obliged to admit.

"I dunno nothin' about Wall Street; but, takin' a chancet, I'll bet it ain't got any the best o' Wyomin' fer sudden action. Now where else but in a region full o' opportunities fer young an' active men—like Emmett Dewees says in his railroad books—could I 'a' made, say, six million dollars in one little round-up? Of course only a young an' active man could 'a' lost it in, say, four or five hours; but ef I could lose that much I must 'a' had it, huh?—er else thought I had. I'd 'a' had it now, an' would be one o' the most beloved people you ever seen—'stead o' settin' here fryin' bacon—ef it wouldn't of been fer so many things happenin' wrong. I notice that's a way things come, somehow, right often.

"Now, lots o' folks 'a' been makin' money in land lately; an' when I fell in with Emmett Dewees, sort o' actin' as a guide, helpin' folks git back to the soil, I taken down some months several hunderd dollars—what they call commissions; though I dunno what made Emmett give it to me, fer I'd 'a' rode out with folks any time fer nothin' to oblige Emmett. He said I was entertainin'. Maybe I was. I fergit what all I used to say to them pilgrims—whatever I happened to think of. Seems like that's the thing to do, though I was only yarnin' because the sun was shinin' an' I felt cheerful-like.

"Trouble with any fool cowpuncher is, he ain't got no sense, except in spots, occasional, an' not fer long at a time." Curly wiped the bacon-knife on his leg and squatted back on his heels, rider-fashion, as he settled down to his story.

"Fer a little while things come my way on roller skates, an' I 'lowed it never rained money but they was a cloud-burst. Most all that season I took things easy, sellin' land to folks from Iowa, an' Illinois, an' Indiana, where it seems they ain't no land no more. I made money; an' I handed out money to anybody that wanted it—in Pateelse an' everywhere else. By diligent lendin' an' spendin', I managed to just about break even.

"It was while I was engaged in them simple pastimes that I met a man—sort o' long-haired, ole-lookin' party, who seemed to have a past—who had blew in somewhere from the Lander Trail down below. He 'lowed he probably was a artist oncet, an' certainly was hungry now; so we fell to conversin' one night an' he unfolded the story o' his life. Now, that artist person learnt me things that I never would 'a' learnt any other way in the world. Seems like he was one of a organized band o' highwaymen that spent their lives makin' out what they call County Histories. You know what a County History is—a big book that weighs about five pounds and lays on the parlor table, with the top of the page turned down where Poppa's picture is at. Along with the picture there is always printed a story of Poppa's life an' adventures, which always begins: 'The subjeck o' this sketch was borned early in life, of pore but honest parents, in the village of Harmon's Crossing'—or wherever the place is. I reckon you've seen them books in your own time, an' maybe you know that their real idee ain't so much to enlighten later generations as it is to separate Poppa an' his family plumb away from about five hunderd dollars for this portrait an' the explanation of it. Sometimes, too, they put in a picture o' Poppa's grocery store, or his farm, with likenesses o' Poppa holdin' his pet livestock by the bridle or lookin' over the fence at his fat hawgs. That costs about five hunderd extry, on the side.

"Now, this artist man he told me that he follered this game fer years, makin' pictures o' Poppa an' his fat cattle—or even, when the liter'ry gents was all drunk, writin' the story that begins: 'The subjeck o' this sketch.' He said the company he worked for must have printed hunderds o' tons o' these histories, an' that they was distributed on parlor tables all the way from Pennsylvania to Kansas, along with the famuly Bible an' the album which has a picture o' Poppa an' Momma in their weddin' clothes. This here long-haired artist allows that them histories done a great good to posterity, showin' future generations how the perminent citizens of past days really looked.

"This feller he told me that human nature don't learn nothin' at all from day to day, an' that any good way of takin' money away from folks always stays good. He points out that gold-bricks an' green-goods still has a ready sale; an' he says there never was any place in the country where they was a boom goin' on where a man couldn't sell Poppa a picture o' hisself an' his fat cattle fer to put on the parlor table in a history.

"Says he to me one day, when he was feelin' confidential: 'I see you have energy an' ability, my friend, as well as wide acquaintance in this here country, which now shore is on the boom. Ef you could furnish me a small capital—myself not havin' had expected remittance from home this month—why, what we could do to these Mormons in here with this County History business would be almost a shame!'

"'Who—me?' says I. 'I'd look fine askin' a man fer five hunderd dollars fer printin' his picture in a book, wouldn't I? I've never done such a thing in my life. I've always lived honest in my life—or most o' the time anyway.'

"'Man,' says he to me, 'you surprise me—you certainly do! Honest? Why, this is the honestest business in the world! Besides, you kin make a thousand dollars a month easy.'

"'Repeat softly,' says I.

"'A thousand dollars a month velvet,' says he.

"'Friend,' says I to him, 'you shore have got me goin' a few.'

"He Points Out That Gold-Bricks an' Green-Goods Still Has a Ready Sale"

"'Well, listen, then,' says he. 'There's about ninety-eight per cent profit in this game—because we will have no commissions to pay agents, bein' the whole company ourselves. Now, supposin' you only landed one rancher a week, an' only fer five hunderd dollars—full-page portrait. Ain't that two thousand a month? An' ain't one-half o' that a thousand fer you—or so near you couldn't see no difference? All you'd have to do would be to go out an' visit among your friends here, an' say that you represented the Western Illustrated History Society, Limited—or some such name—an' it would be limited, to us two; an' that you was acceptin' orders fer portraits done by the celebrated Perfessor Cæsar Lombroso Messonyer, who is tarryin' in this country fer a brief time. Ain't anybody in the world that don't like to talk about havin' his portrait painted or drawed, or even photographed. You've got 'em right from the start! Why, I've knowed our men in the old days back in Ohio to write contracks fer five thousand dollars in two days.'

"'An' half o' that's mine?' says I.

"'Shore. An' it's so easy! You get the first one started fer the corral, an' you can't head the others off. They just come along an' beg to be took in. This here thing is founded on human nature as it really is, my friend. Fer instance, you says right proud an' stern, that only the best kind o' folks can get into a proposition swell like this is—only members o' the Four Hunderd, with birth an' breedin' an' money back o' them. You let on you can't take in but one or two people an' one or two hunderd will come an' say they'll sue you fer damages ef you don't let 'em in! Then, at last, you let on that you got to yield, not wantin' no lawsuits o' that nature. Then you hand each of 'em a contrack, which is a promissory note—takin' ten per cent down, not necessarily fer publication. From that time on it's easy, I tell you; fer I've seen it tried enough—so I ought to know.

"'Now, when you begin to study into it,' says he, 'you find that men is awful near to bein' human. They all think they're handsome an' they all think they're perminent citizens. They's one crop that don't fail, no matter how little rain there is—an' that's the crop o' human nature. My experience is that, try hard as you can, you can't hardly keep people from givin' their money to you when you start out with a County History.

"'You see,' says he, 'they ain't much to photograph in this country; but I'm this kind o' artist that can put in trees, an' houses, an' things o' that kind, where there ain't none; so that a hardworkin' rancher out here can send back to his folks in the East pictures showin' what the glorious climate of Wyomin' can do fer a feller in a few years. I can draw a public square in a dog-town, an' make a four-story courthouse from the architeck's plans, easy as takin' a drink. Same with any kind o' houses, or any kind o' men—I fix 'em the way they ought to look!

"'It's best to stand in with the local newspapers, o' course, an' to head off the list with some good man fer a beginner. After that, it's simple. Now I suppose maybe you make four or five hunderd dollars a month punchin' cows'—I gasped then—'but, ef you ain't doin' as well as that, why don't you? I'm offerin' you a even break in this, me furnishin' the skilled labor of drawin' all the portraits o' Poppa, his cattle an' his folks. All you do is to get the contrack signed an' deliver the books an' make the collections. Then we meet over in the mountains somewhere an' divide up—I don't never do the collectin' part, because it ain't perfessional fer a artist to do that.'

"'My friend,' says I, 'it looks to me like they might be elerments o' risk in this game in these parts.'

"'Maybe some,' says he; 'but there's always got to be some risk where you git big profits. Ef you like bankin' I'd start a bank with part of my money, ef I was you. Then you can go to Congress ef you want to. Ef you don't make enough money in bankin' or in Congress you can work this scheme all over again about every five years. It don't never wear out, not even in Ohio—an' ef we can rob 'em in Ohio, say, what couldn't we do in Wyomin', where it's all new? It makes me sort o' dizzy to think of it.'

"I admit my head was swimmin'—when he goes on.

"'Just begin to count up,' says he. 'There's seventy Mormon families in this valley below town, an' every Mormon will have his six wives, an' every wife at least six children—I'm makin' a conservative estimate. Say there is a even three dozen in each family. We charge fifty dollars fer small portraits of the children. Now you multiply thirty-six by fifty an' add to that what you git by multiplyin' two hunderd an' fifty by six—fer we do wives at half prices, two hunderd an' fifty per each,' says he; 'an' you git one part o' one valley! Now, when you figger that there is other valleys, an' even some towns—well, you begin to see what you got.'

"Well, sir, I tried to figger that out, an' couldn't! It was like he said—it made me too dizzy.

"'Fine business,' says I at last. 'An' you tell me you kin do this every five years, over an' over again?'

"'Shore!' says he.

"'My Friend,' Says I, 'What Seems to be Agitatin' You About This Here Picture?'"

"'Ef these things is true, my friend,' says I, 'it's easy fer me to see that I ain't been appreciated up to this time in this country.'

"Well, to cut it short, we done organized that night, under the name o' the Western Historical an' Pictorial Society. I give the artist feller, Perfessor Cæsar Lombroso Messonyer, about all the money this here wild-eyed party Emmett Dewees had give me. When I looked at that name of our company, an' felt that I was half the company, I felt prouder of myself than I ever did for fixin' over a brand in all my life.

"'No more travelin' round at three or four hunderd dollars a month fer punchin' cows!' says I to the little woman when I went home next day.

"'What are you goin' to do now, Curly?' she says. An' then I told her.

"'Well, of all things! Curly, you didn't give him any o' that money, did you?'

"'I had to,' says I, 'because he was broke. Besides, you can't have a partnership unless you put up somethin'.'

"'Curly,' says she, 'you're the worst bluff at a business man I ever did see!'

"'Huh! I am, am I?' says I. 'Well, you wait. Here I am, a-tryin' to get rich, an' you cut in with cold feet thataway! Why, lookahere ——'

"Then I throwed in an' told her the whole scheme—figgered up all them Mormon families—showed it to her by figgerin' on the back of a envelope. Some women, you can't show 'em nothin'! The more I talked, the more cold water she poured on the scheme.

"'Curly,' says she, 'you can't make me believe that any man with whiskers would pay five hunderd dollars for a picture of hisself, which very likely he couldn't tell from Jesse James er Justice Hughes.'

"I was in too deep to git out now, fer when you start acrost a ford it's a pore place to turn round. Besides, I shore was knocked silly when I seen how near true everything that feller had said come out.

"I went back to Pateelse, an' we got some contracks printed that was promissory notes, an' we put a piece in the paper sayin' that me, Curly, would be there at Pateelse all next week, takin' orders fer spaces from a few selected perminent citizens for the forthcomin' County History o' Park County, Wyoming—only a few bein' elergible.

"Well, fer the next week they was more people in that town than they ever was before or sence. They had to put up tents to accommodate the perminent citizens that come in from Rock Creek an' the Sunshine Basin, an' from down the Lander Trail an' from both ways on the Gray Bull, an' from all along the Shoshone Valley—you see, every one o' them fellers was surprised at seein' everybody else here, thinkin' he was the only perminent citizen worth goin' into a thung o' this kind.

"Well, the wonder is that somebody didn't start somethin'; but I managed to git round among 'em an' keep peace. Ole long-hair, Cæsar Lombroso Messonyer, he proves a good organizer. We fixes up a office, an' we lets 'em in one at a time, every one of 'em thinkin' he was the only remainin' cinch fer such space as was left. Before any one of 'em got out, we had his name on this promissory note, agreein' to pay us from five hunderd to a couple o' thousand fer one of our peerless County Histories on deelivery—ten per cent down to bind the contrack. Well, ef I would tell you how much money we got out o' our feller citizens, you like enough wouldn't believe me what I have at all.

"Then I went back to the little woman, with my overalls full o' real money, an' says I: 'Seems to me that you're wrong about folks with whiskers—I ain't found one yet that wouldn't give five hunderd dollars to have a picture made o' hisself. Lookahere!'

"She taken away most o' my money from me, o' course; an' maybe it was all right she did, at that, because there's nearly always some one you kin manage to git to take your money down at Pateelse—or anywhere else, I've noticed.

"'Curly,' says she, 'you ought to be 'shamed o' yourself. You'll be runnin' sheep next—an' you oncet a good cowpuncher!'

"'Well, I don't know,' says I; 'there's a heap o' good men in sheep right now—we got the names of a heap of 'em right here on our paper,' says I.

"But, seein' we couldn't come to no agreement about that, I went back to Pateelse again.

"We had to git some one to do the stories about the life an' adventures, an' we 'lowed that ole man Johnson, o' the Pateelse newspaper, would be a good man to do this. He said he'd do it fer nothin' ef we let him have his own way about it. So he prints a little piece in the paper announcin' that he's to do this work—an' then you ought to seen the money that come in fer back subscriptions for ole man Johnson! You see, every one o' them fellers that was goin' to be in the history, he didn't dare take a chancet o' not standin' in strong with Johnson. They was more coin come into Pateelse on account o' me an' my long-haired friend than that town ever saw before. Ole Johnson he gits lit up constant every day, an' he falls on my neck an' sobs with joy at seein' some real money fer the first time in all his life. Me, I swelled up like a horned toad, seein' what a benefactor I was to the valley.

(Continued on Page 56)

ABSENTEE LANDLORDISM

A Real Weakness in American Railroading

By EDWARD HUNGERFORD

DECORATIONS BY WILLIAM HARNDEN FOSTER

A BIG railroad president—a man big in mind and heart and body—sat in his office at the top of a city skyscraper, on the February day of last year when the Interstate Commerce Commission made public its famous decision on freight rates, and poured out his woes to a reporter.

"I don't understand it," protested the railroad man. "We played fair and then lost out. We raised the wages of the men and we made public the increased cost of operating our business. It was a good case—legally and morally—and then the good case lost! I feel, myself, as if I had been hit across the face!"

The reporter nodded assent. He was a sympathetic soul and yet he knew; for it so happened he had come from a little country daily, printed in a town that was reached only by a side line of the largest of the big man's railroads. The side line—let us call it the Tremont & North Valley—had been originally built to cut into the earnings of a great trunkline which, with the same reticence for using real names, we will designate the Tremont & Southwestern. Tremont & Southwestern had been a pretty prosperous railroad since the beginning of the business. It had grown rich on the carrying revenues of a single great state; and the cities and towns of the great state along its rails had also waxed prosperous and rich. It was an admirable copartnership and one upon which outside capital looked with hungry eyes.

How a Loose Screw Was Located

FINALLY outside capital got itself into working harness and planned the Tremont & North Valley, which was in a general sense to parallel the rails of the long-established Tremont & Southwestern. The plans were ambitious and the cities and towns along the older road welcomed them with glee. They thought their old partner had not always been fair with them. The first-established road awoke and tried to head off those plans—too late. It was still a day in which cutthroat railroad competition flourished, and the Tremont & North Valley emerged from the drafting boards into a flesh-and-blood railroad. It was a good railroad—a forerunner of the low grades and easy curves that are the trunkline boasts of today; and it should have prospered. It did not. The family interests that owned the older road were both rich and wonderfully resourceful. They gave battle to the newcomer before it was old enough to stand squarely upon its legs. A rate war, memories of which still linger, was its baptism—it was in bankruptcy before the double track was laid the length of its main stem. Little fortunes and big went down in the crash; and while the smoke was still high the older road bought the competitor—a property that had cost some one hundred million dollars—for something like twenty-two million dollars in cash.

There, then, was a Cinderella for one railroad family. Its new owners could not express their contempt for it. From the beginning they suffered the property to endure the worst sort of railroad neglect; but it so happened that a part of the ill-fated T. & N. V.—known today as one of the tragedies in American railroading—passed through a rich agricultural and manufacturing valley in which it was the only trunkline railroad. Before it had aspired to the bigger things, it had served the towns of that valley faithfully. They had given it business and it had given them growth—there was another partnership of commerce entitled to respect and encouragement.

From the moment the owners of the big Tremont & Southwestern took over the management of North Valley, however, they began what might have seemed a studied neglect of the valley towns and cities. They not only reduced the service and neglected the upkeep of the property, but they stole from it the best of its cars and locomotives for use on its own main line. The seeds of hatred against a big railroad property were sown in a dozen pretty prosperous American towns. The towns began planning reprisals. They looked at their dirty depots, saw the constantly increasing delays to their trains; and then they demanded—and received—gates and watchmen at every crossing. They piled on those demands until today the half-used property has more watchmen along its tracks than any other stretch of similar length in the country. The managers of the T. & S. swore and began cutting off stops from the through trains.

The reporter came from Old Town; and Old Town had begun to see the fast summer trains omit stopping at its station even though a change from the main line of the old North Valley to a branch feeding road—the O. T., G. & L.—at that point necessitated a change of locomotives. The train changed its engines in the yards while the crew kept the vestibules locked. If a passenger escaped from the train at Old Town, and a "spotter" from the superintendent's office discovered it, the crew were fined ten days' pay. That sort of thing has gone on for five summers now, and Old Town is going to make its trunkline railroad remove every remaining grade crossing in the city, at an expense of more than a million dollars. They were fighting for the removal of the first of these crossings at the time of the rate decision down at Washington.

The reporter sat in the president's office and told him every word of the row as it had come down to him from home. It was not news to the railroad head.

"Yes, sir," said the reporter; "and New Town is going to do the same thing. Old Town's set the example, and yet the O. T., G. & L. has three times the number of highway crossings in our town that you people have; and they have never yet maintained even a watchman—let alone a pair of gates—at one of them. The people in Old Town think a lot of that other property!"

"We might see our way clear to stopping those fast trains another summer," said the president.

"You'd be too late," replied the reporter—"they've set their hearts on removing that crossing now."

The president put a book of earning-sheets of the old Tremont & North Valley—now they call it the Valley Division of the Tremont & Southwestern and dump all the worn-out rolling stock of the parent road on it—into the hands of his caller. There was not much encouragement about the earning-account, and the reporter was honest enough to admit that. The president drew back the book. "We're trying to pick some earnings out of the thing as a differential route from Millvale and Chicago east, and not succeeding very well. There is a pretty hot fight for differential business, you know."

"Yes, I do know," said the reporter in a low voice; "and that probably is the reason why you are killing the local business and why every town up and down the valley is praying for a trolley line—a good-enough trolley line to handle both passengers and freight." He raised his voice and addressed the president squarely. "How often do you go up the North Valley road in your car? How long since you were last over that division?"

The big railroad president stammered; and, instead of telling the reporter to go and mind his own business, he began finding an answer.

"The North Valley terminals are not quite so handy for me as T. & S.," he finally said. "They're over the river and I'm generally in a hurry when I want to get over that property. . . . I think I went over the Valley Division three or four summers ago with our directors."

"It was five years ago," corrected the reporter. "I only left Old Town two summers ago and all the time that I was there I covered the depot. When you folks came up the line that time we felt that the world was coming to an end in the valley; but you never came back, and I can tell you that is what is the trouble. The big folks don't get over it. It lacks attention. I'd call it absentee landlordism."

The Best Boss for a Branch Road

THE railroad president was on his feet in a moment. He was angry—and yet he liked any man who spoke his mind. His offices were filled with bootlickers.

"You are as bad as the rest of the muckrakers!" he sputtered. "You pull down the structures that have taken years to build and yet you will do nothing to help us rebuild them. What we need is constructive criticism. Make me a suggestion what to do with the old Tremont & North Valley and you'll probably find me jumping at it."

The reporter got to his feet.

"I'll take you on that," he said. "Give the Tremont & North Valley back its old name. The folks in its territory liked it, and it'll inspire new loyalty among the men who are working for it. Give Tremont & North Valley a new boss—make it a separate railroad in fact and in name, even though you folks do own it, body and soul. Let its boss be a real boss, with some powers of decision. Let him hustle and operate the road down to the last cent of efficient economy—only let him operate the road for itself. Let him have his boys hustle for traffic. He'll steal it from the other differentials. If he cuts a little into your standard business, why, well and good—you'll get the money in the long run.

"Other railroads have done something of the same sort with their branch lines. You do the same thing with North Valley. Give us a president and general manager in one, and tell him that his pay hinges on the showing he makes with the property. He'll make the showing. He'll get up and down the line and give its men what they need—inspiration and confidence from higher up. He'll find out what is the trouble with towns like Old Town, and there'll be an era of good feeling."

The president of the railroad interrupted his caller.

"Well and good that sounds," he said; "but it's against our policy. We're consolidating on this system, bringing five more new roads into the parent organization, painting the old stencils out on the sides of the cars and locomotives, and putting T. & S. on every blessed one of them. We're consolidating. We're going to be one of the biggest single

roads in the United States. That's the new order of things. We can't separate the units of our organization."

And yet within the past few weeks one of the big American railroad properties has just begun such a process of separating some of its constituent members. Two of these have already been torn from the parent member and are today being operated as separate railroad units. A railroad can sometimes grow too large for its own good.

. . . . . .

The president of Tremont & Southwestern bore the reporter's suggestions in mind for a week and a day—though he did not have the fast trains stopped at Old Town after all—and then he dismissed them as being contrary to the policy of the system he headed. A month later, Snowden, the veteran general manager of the aristocratic T. & S., was in the president's office asking for a place for his boy—fresh from a technical college.

"Dan's a nice kid," he argued, "and I'd rather have him nicely settled with our road than anything else in the world. He's studied quite a bit in railroading—spent one summer in our shops; another with the engineering corps; a third in the trainmaster's office here at headquarters."

The president shut his eyes that he might think the more clearly. It was against his principles to elevate young boys from college into good jobs ahead of the men who had been shuffling forward slowly for years up from the ranks—yet T. & S. owed Snowden something for the years of loyalty and of faithful service he had given it.

"What did you want to make of Dan?" he inquired.

"An assistant superintendent," was the reply.

The president winced again. This was raw business and there would be criticism of it, even though it never came to his ears, from the men in the ranks; but in the end he surrendered and Dan jumped into a high-grade job. And in a little while the general manager was pleading for Dan. Could he not have a division of his own to tackle? There was nothing against Dan's record, and so it came to pass that he got that same unfortunate Valley Division.

Unfortunate beyond any question of doubt! Last summer we came down over the North Valley leisurely in a day local that we might see the remains of what had once been a pretty proud stretch of main-line railroad. The demoralization of the division was worse than ever; the train-crew criticised their commanding officers in the cars and off, so that any passenger might hear. Two of them referred to Dan as the "cigarette-smoking dude of a super," and a third was willing to sit in the end of a day-coach and tell you just how the boss down at Tremont North Side was running the property into the ground. The locomotives were leaking; the record of engine failures was appalling; the cars and depots were dirty; the trains, as a matter of regular habit, were running late.

We stopped at Old Town on that same trip while our train changed crews and engines—a simple process in railroading, accomplished in half the time on the well-managed main line of Tremont & Southwestern. While we went into the station a commercial traveler bustled in.

"How late's Sixteen today?" he laughed at the agent.

"On time," replied the agent.

"How's that?" laughed the drummer—"Must be yesterday's train just coming in!"

The agent did not answer. He laughed too. The taint of absentee landlordism was also in his blood. If it had not been there would have been enough of that intangible thing called *esprit de corps* in his heart to have made him resent the slur of the traveler.

That is what absentee landlordism did for the operation of five hundred miles of railroad, the sole traffic artery of a rich valley. Now see what it did for the traffic end of the same proposition: A man walked into the showy new Union Depot at Millvale last September and asked for three tickets and three lower berths over the T. & S. to Tremont. You remember that we called Tremont & Southwestern a "standard" road, while its North Valley route is classed among the "differentials." In the first case the one-way fare to Tremont is twelve dollars, while in the second, for a slightly slower service and inferior accommodation, but ten dollars is charged.

"Sorry; but the homebound rush from the resorts is on," said the courteous young man from behind the ticket wicket, "and I can't even give you uppers. You can go out on the platform, however, and see if you can pick up space as the through trains pull in."

That potential passenger wanted no such risk, however, and he walked out of the station. There were three "differentials" from Millvale to Tremont which left from other stations, and it is a fair assumption that he found accommodation on one of them that night; but T. & S. also had a "differential"—that same old North Valley—out of that same Union Depot, and the North Valley's chief night train that very evening carried two sleeping cars. Between them they held just seven passengers. That was where absentee landlordism was hitting the traffic returns. A lively boss on the "differential" would have seen to it that the ticket clerks at the Union Depot at Millvale were alive to the necessities—and the conveniences—of his route.

This may sound like fiction, but it is all real—as real as the main line of the Pennsylvania or New York Central or Union Pacific—and any keen-witted railroader can quickly locate the Tremont & North Valley property to his own satisfaction, although you must understand that it has been built up here out of a number of real instances. He can tell you frankly that these are some of the things that absentee landlordism accomplishes in railroad management. They are also some of the things that constantly make public outcry—just and unjust—rise high against the big carriers of the land.

The ticket agent at Millvale is the counterpart of a man in a Western city. In that town, two important trunkline roads, let us call them the Y—— and the Z——, are owned by the same interests and managed from a skyscraper twenty-five hundred miles or more away. A man who had come into the agent's office over the Y—— road wanted to continue his journey over the newly completed Z——, after a stopover of ten days. He designated the day and train he wished to take and asked for a Pullman stateroom. The agent fumbled among his car diagrams and finally produced a blue ticket for a stateroom to the same destination—only upon the R. & L. The R. & L. used to make the through connection across the country for the Y——; now it was a competitor of the new Z—— line.

"But I want to go by the Z——!" protested the passenger. "The R. & L.'s a good road; but I want a

(Continued on Page 68)

THE RECORDING ANGEL

By CORRA HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER H. EVERETT

X

THE one incredible fact of Mr. Clark Story's life had been becoming the father of Sylvia. It seemed that God had honored him with a kind of heathen miracle. Not that Sylvia was literally a heathen. She had submitted like any ordinary child to the Christian catechism. But she looked entirely too much like a mere Corinthian virgin.

He had married Mrs. Story off the streets of Augusta years ago, when he had gone there with a drove of cattle for sale. This was the real explanation, of course. Somehow a child will not take after its father if the mother of it has previously earned her living singing to other men. This is no reflection upon the legitimacy of its birth, but it is a tribute to the fertility of the mother's experiences. In the case of Sylvia there could be no question of this sort. She really was the child of her proper father. But if you marry the most charming woman in the world under these circumstances, and she remains as faithful as Ruth to her marriage vows, the next chapter in your romance is apt to be a mysterious and over-endowed offspring. If Mrs. Story had lived long enough to bear another child it might have been an equally strange reversion to memory. Fortunately, Mrs. Story died before she increased the confusion of Mr. Story's parenthood with another heir. And he had accepted Sylvia with the adoring admiration that such children usually excite in those who have the honor and adventure of begetting them.

But the society of Ruckersville had proved a trifle more squeamish. Only the male portion of it was ready to take Sylvia for better or for worse. From the time she was out of school at sixteen up to the beginning of this story, when she was twenty-five, she could have married any man in it, married or single. This is too much to say for any woman's attractiveness; and this accounted for the fact that Mrs. Fanning-Rucker had never recognized her existence and that Mrs. Rucker-Martin had never even asked her to join the missionary society. It was true that Sylvia seemed to have been properly born; but she certainly did not look like it, and you do not want contaminated money for your heathens. Still, she sang in the church choir; but it is a curious fact, often observed, that any person with a voice like the heavenly hills set to music may sing in any Christian choir. We are democratic about the voice. But so far as any one knew in Ruckersville she had never been converted. It was a delicate matter, such a woman's soul. Therefore she had been left entirely to the consideration of her Maker, with the tacit understanding on the part of Ruckersville saints that this was the best disposition to make of such a soul. Amy White was the one woman in the place who cultivated her acquaintance—and Amy was not an exhorter.

In short, Sylvia had had rather a hard time of it and she promptly took it out of the men, not maliciously but naturally. Mrs. Fanning-Rucker knew that Sylvia could become her daughter-in-law any day. Mrs. Patricia Felton had every reason but one to be jealous of her. Sylvia had explained to poor Mr. Felton that she would not elope with him for the remaining reason that she cordially despised him. She said nothing about its being wrong to elope with a married man, because this was beside the mark, her contempt being a so much greater objection, as far as she was concerned. Captain Martin never missed one of those rare occasions when she appeared on the street to declare his devotion in a manner too flamboyant to be disgraceful, as he accompanied her from one store to another, strutting by her side with his hat in his hand and his old back limbered with the exaggerated bowings and scrapings caused by the romantic ecstasy of his emotions. Tony Adams was wont to affirm futilely, with tears in his eyes, that she was the one woman in creation designed especially for the delectation of man. And Tony was right so far. She was certainly designed for nothing else.

But now Sylvia discovered that she was in a predicament. For the first time in her life she had been interested, almost attracted, by a person of the opposite sex, and that person had suddenly disappeared without offering his scalp. For nearly a week she had not seen Jim Bone in the late afternoon upon the opposite hill. So far his had been a long-distance courtship. Still, she

He Was More Reconciled to Losing a Woman Than He Had Ever Been Before

recognized it as such, and had calmly waited, cat fashion, for him to draw nearer. Such women do not love, but they desire more than any others in the world to be loved. And at last this had come to her with overwhelming force—the desire to be loved by this wonderful straddling stranger, whose long shadow fell almost upon her doorsill at sundown like a drawbridge between the hills that he let down for her to walk upon to him.

Before she could make up her mind what to do about it he had disappeared, taking his grand shadow and his impudent scalp with him. If she had been one of those anti-climaxes of femininity—a dim, starspirited virgin—she would have spent her nights weeping. But she was merely a natural virgin without any starspirit at all. So she sat up and wondered, with a sort of savage rage, what had happened to her and what was best to do about it. Women of this class are great pragmatists. They always get what they want. They never shrivel into spiritless old maids; at the worst they become female bachelors.

Every one sees their potentialities plainly, and they are judged by these rather than by their deeds, which may even exceed in innocency the clinging conduct of the starspirited.

If Sylvia could have found Jim Bone in her surprised, bereaved mood, she would have been perfectly capable of demanding satisfaction of him by wringing his lover's neck for him—figuratively speaking, of course. She was indignant, disappointed, as one would be with a fascinating orator who stopped in the midst of an eloquent peroration, turned his back upon you, and left the stage without giving you the chance to reply in the same exalted strain.

She did the only thing she could do under the circumstances. Late in the afternoon of each day she made a pretty toilet and went out to stroll upon the hill. If you desire to see a really beautiful woman, observe one who discards mere fashion and dresses to meet the far greater demands of love. Clothes become an inspiration then. They are the flowing footnotes of a sweetly mysterious personality. You feel that if she did not wear them you could not understand her at all. You could not believe her. But the bodice cut low, the loving, clinging folds of the skirt, the gleaming girdle, tell the tale. They translate to you what she cannot confess with her lips. They say plainly:

"Love me."

You cannot express anything so cold as intelligence, or science, or philosophy in the fashion of your garments without looking like a frump. This is why your merely intellectual women often appear so ugly and so absurd. They are fools who do not use the sweet patterns of love when they cut out their hideous clothes.

I am coming now to a certain August evening, the seventh since the disappearance of Mr. Bone from Sylvia's skyline. She stepped down from the porch in the early twilight, looking so white and golden one might have inferred that she expected to be wooed by the stars. As a matter of fact she was very shrewd. She concluded that if her lover was not gone forever he would return to the hill; and in case he did she purposed to be quite unconsciously adjacent.

Women are queer. They really know everything. The only protection that men have is that the women do not know that they know everything. They only feel that they do, and you have only to contradict them in order to confuse them.

Thus Sylvia felt each day the exhilaration and excitement that she would surely meet Jim Bone. She was determined to do it. On this particular evening she had predestined it again—fixed it with a rose in her hair. She advanced down the hill from the house like a young beam. She stepped ankle deep in the grass. She held her skirts up and showed the white stems of her being rising to unimaginable heights out of her little, dusty, high-heeled slippers. Her hair was braided and bound tight about her head. The nape of her neck glistened between two little thin, vagabond curls below the braids behind. Her spreading, swallow-winged brows curved above her eyes inquisitively. She wore that exaggeratedly innocent expression a woman assumes when she wants you to think she is looking for something, but not for you. For seven days in the twilight she had put it on, this manner of looking for something in the grass as she went along. Women are delightfully naïve comedians when they wish to find you and to conceal themselves. They invariably flutter all their wings in the opposite direction from the way they are really going and thinking. One of them comes tilting along, heading straight for your arms, so to speak, but she pretends—and really believes her own pretense—that she is not thinking of you at all. She is thinking of Ruskin, say, or of Valhalla, or of Idylls of the King, or of something else, oh, infinitely beyond and above mere man! But when she does come upon you in this artless fashion, somewhere in the world, on the street, in a drawing room, or even a back hall, the very man of all men who is thinking about her, you will know what she is up to by that wide-eyed expression of unfeigned surprise with which she regards you and draws back, and looks "Excuse me! I didn't know you were here!"

A Flock of Pigeons Dropped Down and Entered Into the Spirited Confusion of the Scene

So, I say, it was thus that Sylvia Story made her way down the green-skirted hill to where the brook lay like a golden mace in the fading sundown dividing the two hills. She was absolutely absorbed in her search for mint that grew wild upon the banks. She thought she would see whether the geese had been muddying the spring again and whether the water rock under the pasture fence had been washed away by the rain that had fallen that morning. Sylvia, the mysterious, was translating herself, you understand, into the little green words of the field. It all depended upon whether you could read the translation or not. She stood upon the bank where the grass lay flat like a green fringe that has been drenched by the little flood of summer rain flowing inside. She looked this way and that. She lifted the ruffled whiteness of her skirts a little, held them tighter, stooped, and showed the smallness of her slippers and not more than a modest inch of the pretty white-stockinged stems of her being. Her head was bent low, like a golden blossom in the greenly golden dusk of the evening. If anybody were there to see he would see, of course. If no one were there to see—well, it is a fact that one has a certain satisfaction in dramatizing one's self by way of practicing, with only the willows to observe the performance.

She gathered a handful of mint. Then she saw that it grew more luxuriously upon the opposite bank. She went back to the footlog that spanned the stream. The rain had swelled the current until it flowed within a few inches of the underside of this log. She put one foot on the end of it and considered. You have seen exactly the same expression of uncertainty upon a young hen's wing feathers, when she makes up her red comb into a strictly feminine resolution to climb a stick pole that reaches from the earth to the bough on the tree where she intends to spend the night. She starts, balances herself with her wings falters, drops back to the ground and cackles that she cannot do it. After the third or fourth attempt she walks along up without the tremor of a feather. All that other had simply been a matinee of the hen-feminine. Sylvia started across the log much in the same mood. Really there is nothing like swiftly flowing water close beneath her for disturbing a woman's equilibrium. She paused, wavered—nearly lost her balance, in fact—jerked her skirts instinctively high and skipped back to the bank. She composed herself, smoothed her courage and started the second time. The width of the stream was absurdly narrow to cause such a flutter—less than ten feet. This time she would certainly have made it but for the most unexpected accident. Suddenly, as she was mincing swiftly along more than halfway across, there was a rush from behind a clump of willows that grew there very close, and Bimber, the hound, appeared near the other end of the log, every leg limber with ecstasy, ears flapping, tail wagging. She pressed the hand that held the sprigs of mint close to her breast, closed her eyes, dropped her skirts and threw that hand out instinctively to balance herself. It all happened in an instant, including the quick thud of boot heels beside her on the log. She felt her body lifted, clasped close and swung forward. It seemed best not to open her eyes for a moment, even after it was all over. But never in the years that followed the dreadful sequel of that hour could she forget the thrilling, pungent odor of the mint that lay bruised upon her breast, that fell down in expiring fragrance upon the ground between them, as she disengaged herself the next instant and stood looking from the green stain upon her bosom into the enraptured face of Mr. Jim Bone. The thing could not have happened more aptly or more romantically if they had both been characters in a novel.

The dog reeled off a circle around them about the size of the Great Dipper, which was beginning to show dimly in the sky above, then made a handle to it by darting off up the hill. It was as if he had wagged off with his tail: "Excuse me! I think I smell a rabbit!"

Nothing could have exceeded the intelligence and delicacy of such a withdrawal of a third party at such a moment.

Having no further use for his hands, Mr. Bone thrust them both into his pockets and stood as usual with his feet wide apart before Sylvia, who was still engaged in getting her breath and in trying to withdraw her eyes from his face.

"Good evening!" he said smilingly.

This was a mistake. There are occasions where a smile is so appropriate that a woman cannot bear to see one. At the sight of this merry contraction of Mr. Bone's features Sylvia collected herself. She was indignant. She showed plainly that she felt she had been wronged. She turned, cast one cool, swallow-winged glance at him, and walked sedately back across the log as calmly as if she had been a migrating lily. She had not said "Thank you" or even returned his salutation. He was not so much aggrieved as he was confused. He knew why she came. What he could not understand was why she did not remain. He had a simple, direct mind about women. And for years he had lived among a class of them that were as natural and primitive in matters of love as he was himself. It is good women, you understand, who have invented the only art in the world that they themselves cannot practice acceptably—the art of courtship. If it were left to men, or even to the other kind of women, there would be mating enough and to spare, but no courting. But your good woman feels that she must deceive her lover utterly about every advance she makes and that she can never yield without some excuse for the concession. Thus she exacts enough persuasion to make it perfectly clear to him that she never would have consented of her own accord to anything, but only in response to his overwhelming arguments and prayers.

Jim stood looking after the retreating form of the girl with a deep frown above his nose. The fact is that Sylvia was about to be lifted by Mr. Bone's imagination into the sanctity of poetry, that high rampart of love. She drifted along toward the old house, attended overhead by her stars, leaving in her wake a long streamer of fireflies trailed from the grass by the brushing of her skirts. God has a wonderful way of transfiguring His commonest creatures now and then. The queer thing is the ones He does not transfigure. For example, there was Jim Bone, designed by inheritance and everything else for great deeds of one sort or another, who stood beside the running water in the gathering gloom, ugly, gaunt, unillumined by any possible flash of the imagination. It may be, of course, that God has much less to do with the transfiguring business than we suppose; that it is merely some advantage the Sylvias take of His great lights and shadows.

In any case, Mr. Bone sat down upon the end of the footlog, clasped his hands around his knees, waited for the dog, and made up his mind that he was more reconciled to loving a woman than he had ever been before since he had been old enough to know much about love or woman.

THE bomb already referred to in these pages exploded two days after the return of Jim Bone from Atlanta. The exact locality of the explosion was a vacant lot on the north side of the square opposite the Confederate monument, and that duck-legged hero's was the one impassive face turned upon the performance. When you have resurrected your dead and exalted them forever into a statue they stand and observe the uttermost energies of men thenceforth with a terrible calm. They can watch men build a city, conquer an invading army, without the least expression of admiration. And they can look at Rome burning, with a benignity that the lurid light only enhances, but cannot change. Once you erect a statue you have belittled and defeated yourself. You cannot compete with it. The thing outlasts you. This is one reason why in those countries where there are the greatest number of monuments to the memory of men and deeds, there is to be found the poorest quality of living manhood. And this is why, for one, I have always been thankful that the hero surmounting the monument to the Confederate soldiers in Ruckersville was a trifle too short in the stride. The absurdity seemed to give the surviving descendants of this hero a better chance.

Well, I say, it was a very warm morning in August, one of those days when the sun rises early and gets down to business with as much energy as if the preservation of the whole solar system depended upon making every man sweat. Such a thing as activity in Ruckersville at such a season was unheard of. The entire male population of the town was hibernating in the sunshine, listless, comfortable, drowsily acclimated to the heat and to a golden sunlit poverty. They sat in their shirt-sleeves beneath the awnings on every side of the square, smoking, spitting, whittling, and engaging in that aimless talk of the constitutionally idle. Captain Martin and Elbert White held a checkerboard upon their respective knees in front of Bilfire's saloon. Each smoked a short-stemmed briar pipe, which exhaled an odor that was still pungent, for the distance of a block, in any direction the wind blew. Elbert held one spatulate forefinger upon his king, uncertain whether to move into the "double corners" or attempt a hurried, leaping march across the board and risk the captain's attacking his flanks with one of the latter's novel movements, which the captain declared was due to the military training of his faculties.

Two wagons drawn by mule teams were standing in front of the stores; and there was some talk of turnip seeds and shuck horse collars across the counter in Magnis & Luster's, but it was tentative. Purchases were never made till the late afternoon, and only then when every ingenuity to cheat the other had failed between merchant and farmer. Three or four of these lounged on the sidewalk outside, silent, hairy-faced, sunburnt men with pipes in their mouths. The Southern farmer must never be confounded with that character in fiction, the Southern planter, now an almost extinct animal in that section. The farmer is the planter reduced to his least common denominator—of a slouch hat, a blue hickory shirt, jeans breeches, and a pair of brogan shoes smelling of ground in spring and of red clay at all seasons.

Between this group of country customers and the awning of Bilfire's saloon which shaded the checker players Colonel Lark and Colonel Fanning-Rucker sat in chairs tilted back against the wall of the courthouse, discussing local option—a measure that was to come up in the next county election. The enterprising idleness of the Southern village Solon reduces all political discussions merely to the moral and immoral. Up to this time in Ruckersville there had never been a question of bond issues or water and gas franchises. Everybody had his own well and his own sputtering kerosene lamp, and political questions consisted entirely of whether or not there should be a stock law in the county and saloons in the town.

"The women and the preachers are at the bottom of this temperance agitation," commented Colonel Lark.

"Curious how women and preachers always gang together politically," mused the young attorney, throwing back his head, opening his mouth and letting out the cigar smoke in soft blue rings.

"Well, the ladies can't vote, thanks be."

"If they could this country would be in the hands of the preachers and the poets before night any election day."

"I don't know about that, Fanning. If the rest of us turned lovers time enough in the campaign we could persuade 'em with a billy-doo ballot to vote with us in spite of all the gospel and poetry ever written. You can't bribe 'em with a drink, nor enough of 'em with new parasols, but there's nothin' easier than bribin' their tender hearts, bless 'em!"

I do not know that I can make you see it as I see it—the gentle, pipe-perfumed calm of Ruckersville upon this eventful morning. But if you are to understand the moral of this simple tale it is necessary for me to dwell upon it. Years and years ago it was called the Christian peace of the community. Certainly it resulted, aside from the genial climate, in a very large degree from a form of religious teaching that prohibited all manner of worldliness. But this is the truth, which most preachers have neglected to tell even when they knew it, that if one is in the world it is especially designed by Divine Providence that he should be of it with might and main. This is where the old revivalist preachers in Ruckersville had slipped up and the town had slipped down. The effort of the Church had been to make as many converts as possible and to subtract them from the world, the flesh and the devil at any cost. Now, nothing is more praiseworthy, of course, than cheating the devil out of his own if you can, but it is as impossible to deduct living men and women from the things of the world as it is to resurrect the dead. The nearest approach is that naïvest and most sincere of mortals, the hypocrite—a poor creature doing its best to be what it is not.

The citizens of Ruckersville passed out of the grandiloquent cavalier stage into the sorrows of the Civil War, and after the Civil War into the only resignation left, that of "O Lord, revive us!" And there can be no doubt that the Lord would have done so, but it is not in the nature even of the Almighty to revive a community according to a mere religious creed, and especially one that was conscientiously opposed to all forms of worldliness and to the exercise of many natural human instincts. Thus Ruckersville, bereaved of wealth, of prestige, of everything but its bees and its exalted sacrificial virtues, faced life, failed and sank into apathy. This is the history of thousands of old Southern towns. If you accept an impossible ideal you insure a bad conscience. And a bad conscience insures loss of hope and of energy and of enterprise. Thus was why in the mornings the square of Ruckersville was rimmed with sitting citizens, who played checkers, engaged in heated political discussions or theological arguments, and spent their evenings drinking and swapping horse yarns in Bilfire's saloon. The men were poor old salts who had lost their savor and had yielded with a feeble flourish to the flesh, having no other diversion. They would have liked to yield more explicitly to the world. But the world had passed them by. The town was merely a little human dirt-dauber's nest, left sticking half destroyed to the rafters of time. And the women—well, we all know how pathetically just virtue and nothing else affects the characters of women. They were poor, dear, good creatures, always morally stretched doing their best, which is entirely too great an undertaking for any mortal, especially a feminine mortal.

Now then, I say, about nine o'clock in the morning on this day in August all this was changed. Ruckersville was to be delivered with a sort of grin from her long trance. Her hammers and saws and wheels were to start, and there was to be an amazing lot of ticking and tocking and strange hours striking for the next twelve months.

Just as Elbert White decided that discretion was the better part of valor and had moved his king back into the "double corner," the captain leaped to his feet and the board slipped to the ground, carrying with it Elbert's king, and two crowned heads of the Captain's which occupied a very strategic position in regard to the "double corner." The captain stared, as if he were snorting, down the street like an old war

She Closed Her Eyes, Dropped Her Skirts and Threw That Hand Out to Balance Herself

horse with his head over the top rail of a pasture fence. At the same moment Colonel Lark and Colonel Fanning-Rucker also stood up and backed against the courthouse wall and stared down the street. Elbert was astonished. He caught hold of the back of his chair and pulled himself around sidewise in it. He was not the man to get up unless it was absolutely necessary. Apparently it was. He drew himself up, fascinated, and stumbled into the door of the saloon. One of the mules hitched to one of the wagons in front of Magnis & Luster's shied. This awakened the other mule, and between them it seemed best not to face what was coming, accompanied as it was by a devil of a racket. They bolted. Sympathy between mules and strikers is strong. The other team also bolted. The next moment the square was in an uproar. Two wagons drawn by four galloping mules with windmill ears tore around the square, a comet's tail of loafers following in the cloud of dust, yelling and profanely exhorting, commanding them to "Whoa, there! Whoa! Whoa! W-h-o-a! you —— of a gun!"

A trail of brown sugar, green coffee, flour and molasses marked their course, but the animals pointblank refused even to consider "whoaing." This may have been due to the indelicacy of the language used by their pursuers, but more likely it was owing to the approach of a curious procession that was itself accompanied by a peculiarly disconcerting noise. Both teams made a tremendous exit down a street on the opposite side of the square, followed by their respective owners and a long, whooping, yelling strand of little black boys. The uproar had drawn every man in business in Ruckersville out upon the sidewalk, hatless, coatless, where he stood astonished at the sight and sound that had caused the mules to bolt. A lean old white horse, obviously blind and spiritless, and guided by a pair of ragged rope lines held by a negro man, crept slowly along, dragging after him a sort of inverted turtle-shaped iron shovel or scoop upon which reclined a plow stock with its trivet clattering. The rattling and grinding of the shovel and plow upon the stony street was the unheard-of noise that had destroyed the confidence of the mules. The horse lifted his feet very high at each step and switched his tail feebly against the trace chains.

On the sidewalk immediately in the rear, Jim Bone stepped along between Tony Adams and a stranger, afterward recognized as the contractor James, of Atlanta. Behind the team followed a dozen negro men, barefooted, ragged, carrying picks on their shoulders, jostling one another and laughing loudly after the manner of negro workmen. Mr. Bone smoked a red-and-gold-gartered cigar, the triplets of which might have been seen between the lips of his two companions. His hat was tilted forward over his narrow, smiling, pistol beaming eyes. He held his chin up and out and his mouth puckered tightly about the end of his cigar. He was gesticulating mysteriously to the contractor, who apparently confirmed every arc and angle and spire of these gestures by referring to the lines and symbols on a large sheet of blue paper that he held unrolled in his hands. When this singular company arrived at the vacant lot it appeared that the purpose was to destroy it. The horse was hitched to the plow and made to open a thin black furrow, which laid off the ground in an irregular and marvelous shape. The negroes with picks fell to widening and deepening the furrow, every stroke of every pick being accompanied by a humorous grunt and the rhythm of a song that ran something like this:

Dig my grave wid er silver spoon,
Lemme down wid er golden chain,
Two turtle doves on mer breast!
Oh, yez! Oh, yez! Oh, yez!
Dig er my grave wid er silver spoon!

The jungle of weeds that stood shoulder high and that had sprung on that lot from their forefather weeds for fifty years fell before the scythe; a flock of pigeons dropped down and entered into the spirited confusion of the scene, strutting about among the freshly turned sods with an eye to business. Even Tony Adams took off his coat, set his narrow-brimmed straw hat on the back of his head, put his hands in his pockets, and passed from one side to the other, directing the work of excavation as if it were a matter of buried treasure. Having had a good deal to say about the breaking of the lines by the plow, Bone and James immediately withdrew as if they had more important business in another part of town.

All the time the regular population of the square stood in the background, stretching from beneath the awning of Bilfire's saloon nearly half a block like the straggling teeth in an old worn-out comb, some short, some tall, all warped and bent with curiosity. The only thing positively known was that on the previous day Jim Bone had purchased two pieces of property in Ruckersville—this vacant lot and the old Joseph Rucker place which, as I have already indicated, stood upon a gentle eminence near the center of the residence portion that lay almost entirely to the west of the square. Both were owned by a syndicate in Atlanta—the same syndicate, in fact, holding mortgages upon half the real estate in the town. Now it appeared that some sort of building was to be erected upon the vacant lot—Colonel Lark in fact having issued, as mayor, a permit for this construction the evening before; but it was at an hour of the day when he could not be sure of himself and he could not recall details—if indeed Mr. Bone had mentioned any. Colonel Lark looked appealingly at Rucker, as much as to inquire if he remembered anything of the circumstance; but Colonel Rucker was determined not to be implicated in the scandal. He declared hastily that he had not been with Colonel Lark the evening before, as much as to say that under no circumstance would he have his name coupled with anything relating to the affairs of a person of so dubious a character as Jim Bone.

"If it's another store, he'll fail," commented Magnis, a merchant with a wrinkled, dried-apple face.

"There ain't enough trade in this country to keep any of us goin'," agreed Luster.

"I don't care what he's fixin' to do, he'll fail. There hasn't been a successful business in this town since I have been postmaster," agreed Martin. But nobody noticed or respected his opinion, because he was a Republican and held an office that by rights belonged to a Democrat.

Suddenly the old captain broke ranks and started across the square with the challenging, spur-clicking air of a very thin old game rooster who would suffer no intrusion upon his barnyard, even if he lost every neck feather he possessed.

"Mr. Adams, may I ask you what manner of breast-works you are raising here in this peaceful community?" he demanded of Tony, whom he found squatting with a spirit level in one elbow of the shallow trench.

"Have to ask the General, Captain; I ain't in his confidence no deeper than this ditch," answered Mr. Adams, looking up smiling.

"Well, sir, all I have to say is that it's an outrage that such a business should go forward without the knowledge or consent of this community that knows what it needs and what it don't need better than a buckle-banded, pistol-bellied outlaw!" With which explosion the captain turned and hastened back to his comrades.

Halfway across the square he passed Bilfire. The fact that Jim Bone had a way of setting down his glass with a scowl every time he emptied it in the saloon caused Bilfire to fear that he was about to have a rival in the whisky business. Bilfire was a large man with a head like a maul. He always wore a long white apron and went without his hat.

He halted just above the spirit leveler in the trench, stood with his hands behind him fiddling with his apron strings and looked at the excavations with his red nose wrinkled by a sun smile.

"Tony," said he, "what the dickens are you doin' over here?"

Once more Mr. Adams, turning up his blond, vacuous, batter-cake face, widened it with a grin.

"Damfiknow, Billy."

"What do you think you are doin'?"

"Well, Jim says he's fixin' to revive and redeem the town. That's all he told me."

Bilfire placed a fat leg in front of the other, drew back, pulled out his thick red neck, closed one eye and squinted along the foundation; then he set his foot down in it and stretched his apron as he stepped off the distance.

"'Tain't a saloon anyway," he remarked with every appearance of relief. "Nobody but a fool would put up a saloon with a fifty-foot front."

He withdrew to his place of business where custom was brisker than usual, owing to the fact that the excitement of the morning called for a steadying of the nerves of the citizens. You will have observed this difference in strong emotion among men and women. The former instinctively demand a "bracer." They depend upon their stomachs to help them rise to the occasion. It is the place where they keep their altar fires and the engine room of their valor. But for this useful organ of the body more of them would show the white feather. As it is, the most timid man alive can take three drinks and face an army with every sensation of cheerful heroism. And personally I venture the suspicion that few men would voluntarily risk the most glorious death a hero ever died without at least one bottle of champagne if he could get it. But women do not know how to stoke the spirit with stimulants. They have more highly developed the martyr instinct that does not require a cocktail for submission. If they must, they can go down to the gates of death primly, a little tearfully and, apt as not, with empty stomachs.

XII

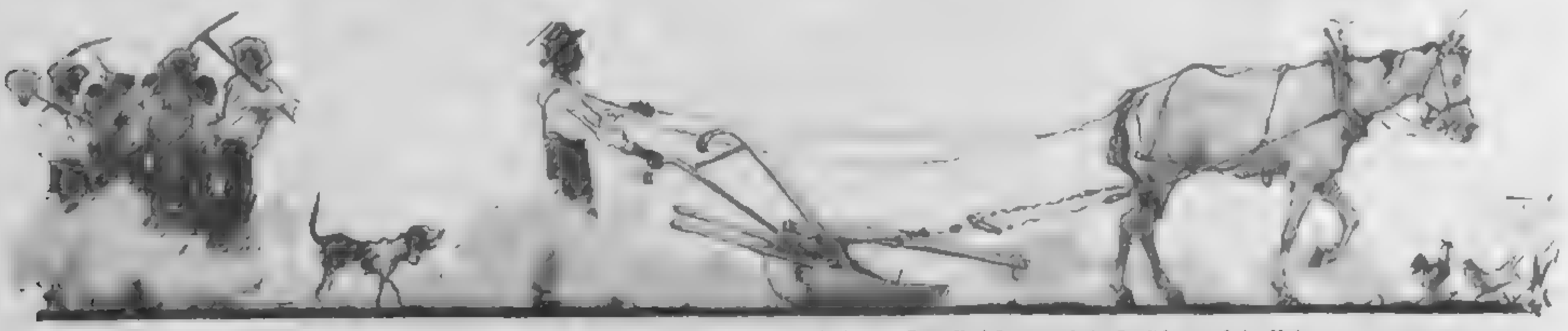
IT MAY have been two hours after the events recorded above that the town of Ruckersville sustained another shock.

Mrs. Martin was seated in her bedroom. The house was pervaded by the odor of boiling cabbage. This indicated that she had put on dinner and was now at leisure to invite her soul, a situation not so incongruous as it smelled. Women are often obliged to accommodate the needs of their spiritual natures to their domestic environment. Mrs. Martin suffered from a conscientiousness that did not permit her to indulge in merely religious devotions so long as the breakfast dishes were unwashed; in fact, she never could call her soul her own until dinner was on and hot enough to boil. Then she relaxed her material nature, abandoned her carnal mind, and withdrew to her bedroom for an hour of prayer and other devotional exercises. On this particular morning she was in an unusually peaceful frame of mind. She sat spread out comfortably in her chair. Her thin gray hair was drawn up to the severest point on the back of her head and wound into a knot so small and tightly twisted it might have been a little coiled worm. Her face, down to the last crease of her double chin, was fiery red from her exertions. And she could not have worn a more matter-of-fact expression if she had been about to sew the top button on the garment of her spirit. Two or three volumes lay upon the windowsill beside her.

It is a circumstance you may have observed, that old men and old women nearly always contract this windowsill habit according to their characters and general dispositions. If it is a rheumatic old man he will lay his pipe and tobacco there. He will pigeonhole his letters between the sash and the sill. And if any one moves these possessions the old man is more disturbed than if his pockets had been robbed. If it is a religious old woman you will find there her button basket, her knitting—with the long steel needles sticking out at fierce angles—and above all you will observe her open Testament. They are the prim witnesses of the fact that she has ceased to waste her leisure in any adorning considerations of the flesh and has withdrawn from the world to hibernate in the scriptures in the soothing occupation of turning stocking heels. In addition to a very homely, rusty-backed Testament upon Mrs. Martin's window-sill there was a sock for the captain—which had reached the crucial knitting-needle stage where the toe was being narrowed—an old strawberry-shaped emery for sharpening her needle, a bit of beeswax, a thimble, a quarrelsome-looking pair of scissors, and two thin volumes on the slum life of the poor. These were really Mrs. Martin's dime novels, although she was very far from suspecting the fact.

If you want to know who reads the worst and most harrowing literature in the world, observe the old ladies who are interested in home and foreign missions. They make a spiritual business of acquainting themselves with the most degrading details of the most degraded lives.

(Continued on Page 53)



The Rattling and Grinding of the Shovel and Plow Was the Unheard-of Noise That Had Destroyed the Confidence of the Mules

THE LIGHTED WAY

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

Copyright, 1912, by The Curtis Publishing Company

XXXIV

SABATINI and Arnold stood up in the automobile. The former's face had darkened. He leaned over and said something to the chauffeur. They drove on through the press of people, who gave way sullenly. A police inspector came to the side of the car.

"This way is blocked for the present, sir," he said to Sabatini. "If you want to get past you had better take one of the turnings to the left."

"My destination is just here," Sabatini replied. "Tell me what is the cause of this disturbance."

"Some of our men have gone to make an arrest in that house there, sir," the inspector replied, "and we are having some trouble."

"Is it the man Isaac Lalonde whom you are after?" Sabatini asked.

"That is so, sir," the inspector admitted. "A desperate scoundrel he is too. He's shot at and wounded all three of the policemen who entered the house, and he lies crouching before the window, threatening to shoot any one who passes up the street."

"Who is in charge here?" Sabatini inquired.

"Chief Inspector Raynham," the man replied, pointing to an officer in plain uniform who was standing a few yards away.

"Take me to him," Sabatini directed. "I may be of use in this matter."

The crowd opened to let them pass through. They were on the corner of the pavement now, and the street to their right was empty. There was a disposition on the part of the people to hug the wall and peer only round the corner, for they were within easy range of the grimy window opposite.

"Mr. Inspector," Sabatini said, "I am Count Sabatini, a nobleman of the country from which that man comes. I think, perhaps, that if you will allow me to make the effort he will listen to me. I may be able to save the loss of useful lives."

The chief inspector saluted.

"I shouldn't recommend you to go near him, sir," he declared. "They say he's an out-and-out anarchist, the leader of one of the most dangerous gangs in London. We've got the back of the house covered and he can't escape, but he's shot three of our men who tried to get at him. The chief of the police is on his way down and we are waiting for instructions from him."

Sabatini's lips parted in the faintest of smiles. One could well have imagined that he would have devised some prompter means to have secured this man if he had been in command.

"You will not forbid my making the attempt, I trust?" he said courteously to the official. "I do so at my own risk, of course."

The inspector hesitated. Sabatini, with a sudden swing of his powerful arm, made his way into the front rank. Arnold clutched at him.

"Don't go," he begged. "It isn't worth while. You hear—he has shot three policemen already. You can't save him—you can't help him."

Sabatini turned round with an air of gentle superiority.

"My young friend," he said, "do you not understand that Isaac will not be taken alive? There is a question I must ask him before he dies."

The inspector stepped forward—afterward he said that it was for the purpose of stopping Sabatini. He was too late, however. The crowd which thronged the end of the street and the hundreds of human beings who peered from the windows had a moment of wonderful excitement. One could almost hear the thrill that stirred from their throats. Across the empty street, straight toward the window behind which the doomed man lay, Sabatini walked, strangest of figures amidst those sordid surroundings, in his evening clothes, thin black overcoat and glossy silk hat. Step by step he approached the door. He was about three yards from the curbstone when the window behind which Isaac was crouching was suddenly smashed and Isaac leaned out. The crowd, listening intently, could hear the crash of falling glass upon the pavement. They had their view of Isaac too—a wan, ghostlike figure with haggard cheeks and staring eyes—eyes that blazed out from between the strands of black hair.

"Stand where you are," he shouted, and the people who watched saw the glitter of the setting sun upon the pistol in his hand. Sabatini looked up.

"Isaac Lalonde," he called out, "you know who I am?"

"I know who you are," they heard him growl—"Count Sabatini, Marquis de Lossa, Chevalier de St. Jerome, Knight of the Holy Roman Empire, aristocrat, bloodsucker of the people."

Sabatini shrugged his shoulders slightly.

"As to that," he answered firmly, "one may have opinions. My hand at least is free from bloodshed. You are there with nothing but death before you. I am here to ask a question."

"Ask it then," the man at the window muttered. "Can't you see that the time is short?"

"Is it true, this message you sent me by that young man? Is it my daughter, the child of Cécile, whom you have kept from me all these years?"

Isaac leaned farther forward out of the window. Every one in the crowd could see him now. There were a few who began to shout. Every one save Sabatini himself seemed conscious of his danger. Sabatini, heedless or unconscious of it, stood with one foot upon the curbstone, his face upturned to the man with whom he was talking.

"Ay, it is true!" Isaac shouted. "She is your daughter, child of the wife whom you hid away, ashamed of her because she came from the people and you were an aristocrat. She is your child, but you will never see her!"

Then those who watched had their fill of tragedy. They saw the puff of smoke, heard the sharp, discordant report, the murderous face of the man who leaned downward. They saw Sabatini throw up his hands and fall. Isaac, with the pistol to his own forehead, overbalanced himself in the act of pulling the trigger and came crashing down on to the pavement. The crowd broke loose, but Arnold was the first to raise Sabatini. A shadow of the old smile parted his whitening lips. He opened his eyes.

"It's a rotten death, boy," he whispered hoarsely—"a cur's bullet, that! Look after her for me. I'd rather—I'd rather hear the drums beating!"

Arnold gripped him by the shoulders.

"Hold on to yourself, man!" he gasped. "There's a doctor coming—he's here already. Hold on to yourself for all our sakes! We want you—Ruth will want you!"

Sabatini smiled very faintly. He was barely conscious.

"I'd rather have heard the drums," he muttered again.

XXXV

IT WAS twenty minutes past nine on a Saturday morning when the wonderful thing happened. Precisely at his accustomed hour, in his accustomed suit of gray clothes and with his silk hat a little on the back of his head, Mr. Weatherley walked into his office, pausing as usual to knock the ash from his cigar before he entered the clerks' counting house. Twelve young men gazed at him in frank and undiluted amazement. As though absolutely unconscious of anything unusual, Mr. Weatherley grunted his "Good morning" and passed on into the private room. Arnold and Mr. Jarvis were busy sorting the letters that had arrived by the morning's post. Mr. Weatherley regarded them with an expression of mingled annoyance and surprise.

"What the devil are you doing, opening the letters before I get here?" he exclaimed. "I'm punctual, aren't I? Twenty-two minutes past nine to the tick. Get out of my chair, Jarvis!"

Mr. Jarvis rose with a promptitude that was truly amazing, considering that a second ago he had been sitting there as though turned to stone. Mr. Weatherley was disposed to be irritable.

"What on earth are you both staring at?" he asked. "Nothing wrong with my appearance, is there? You get out into the warehouse, Jarvis, and wait until you're sent for. Chetwode, go and sit down at your desk. I'll be ready to dictate replies to these as soon as I've glanced them through."

Mr. Jarvis made a slow retreat toward the door. Every now and then he turned and looked back over his shoulder.

"You will allow me to say, sir," he faltered, "that I—that we all are glad to see you back."

"See me back?" Mr. Weatherley repeated, frowning heavily. "What the devil do you mean, sir? Why, I was here till nearly six last evening, straightening out the muddle you'd got Coswell's account into."

Mr. Jarvis withdrew precipitately, closing the door behind him. Mr. Weatherley glanced across the room to where Arnold was standing.

"I'm hanged if I can understand Jarvis lately," he said. "The fellow seems off his head. See me back, indeed! Talks as though I'd been away for a holiday."

Arnold opened his lips and closed them again without speech. He seated himself on a swing chair, with his face half turned toward his employer. Mr. Weatherley took up the letters and began to read them, at first in silence. Presently he began to swear.

"Anything wrong, sir?" Arnold asked.

"Has every one taken leave of their senses?" Mr. Weatherley demanded in a startled tone. "These can't be this morning's letters. They're all about affairs I know nothing of. They're dated—yes, they're all dated July first. I was here yesterday—I remember signing the checks—May fourth it was. What the ——"

He stopped short. The office boy had performed his duty. Opposite to him stood the great calendar recording the date—July 2 stared him in the face. Mr. Weatherley put his hand to his forehead.

"Come here, Chetwode, quickly," he begged.

Arnold hurried over toward his employer. Mr. Weatherley had lost flesh and there were bags under his eyes. His appearance now was the appearance of a man who has received some terrifying shock. His hands clasped the sides of his chair.

"I'm all right, aren't I, Chetwode?" he gasped. "I haven't been ill or anything? This isn't a nightmare? The office seems all changed. You've moved the safe. The letters—I can't understand the letters! Give me the daybook quick."

Arnold passed it to him silently. Mr. Weatherley turned over the pages rapidly. At May fourth he stopped.

"Yes, yes! I remember this!" he exclaimed. "Twenty barrels of apples, Spiers & Pond. Fifty hams to Coswell's. I remember this. But what ——"

His finger went down the page. He turned over rapidly page after page. The entries went on. They stopped at June thirtieth. He shrank back in his chair.

"Have I been ill, Chetwode?" he muttered.

Arnold put his arm upon his employer's shoulder.

"Not exactly ill, sir," he said, "but you haven't been here for some time. You went home on May fourth; we've none of us seen you since."

There was a silence. Very slowly Mr. Weatherley began to shake his head. He seemed suddenly aged.

"Sit down, Chetwode—sit down quickly," he ordered in a curious dry whisper. "You see it was like this," he went on, leaning over the table: "I heard a noise in the room and down I came. He was hiding there behind a curtain, but I saw him. Before I could shout out to the servants he had me covered with his revolver. I suppose I'm not much to look at in a black tie and dress coat—wrong thing altogether, I know—but Fenella was out, so it didn't really matter. Anyway he took me for the butler. 'It isn't you I want,' he said, 'it's your mistress and the others.' I stared at him and backed toward the door. 'If you move from where you are,' he went on, dropping his voice a little, 'I shall shoot you! Go and stand over in that corner behind me. It's Mrs. Weatherley I want. Now listen. There's a ten-pound note in my waistcoat pocket. I'll give it to you to go and fetch her. Tell her that an old friend has called and is waiting to see her. You understand? If you go and don't bring her back—if you give the alarm—you'll wake up one night and find me by your bedside and you'll be sorry.' You see I remember every word he said, Chetwode—every word."

"Go on, please!" Arnold exclaimed breathlessly.

Mr. Weatherley nodded slowly.

"Yes," he said, "I shall tell you all about it. I remember every word that was spoken; I can see the man at this moment. I didn't move from where I was, but I was a little annoyed at being taken for Groves and I told him so. 'If you're a burglar,' I said, 'you've found your way into trouble. I'm the master of the house and Mrs. Weatherley is my wife. Perhaps you'll tell me now what you want with her?' He looked at me and I suppose he decided that I was telling the truth. 'Your wife,' he said slowly, 'is looking for trouble. I'm not sure that it hasn't come. You know she was a friend of Rosario—Rosario the Jew?' 'I know that they were acquainted,' I said. He laughed then and I began to hate the fellow, Chetwode. 'It was your wife,' he said, 'for whom Rosario wanted that title. She could have stopped him ——' Then he broke off, Chetwode. 'But I don't suppose you understand these things,' he said. 'You'd better just understand this though. I am here to have a little explanation with Mrs. Weatherley. I have a message for her and she's got to hear it from my own lips. When I've finished with her I want her brother, and when I've finished with him I want the young man who was here the other night. It's no good saying he's not here now because I saw him start.'"

Mr. Weatherley paused and felt his forehead.

"All the time, Chetwode," he went on, "I was watching the fellow, and it began to dawn upon me that he was there to do her some mischief. I didn't understand what it was all about, but I could see it in his face. He was an ill-looking ruffian. I remembered then that more than once Fenella had been frightened by some one hanging about the house. Well, there he was opposite to me, Chetwode, and by degrees I'd been moving a little nearer to him. He was after mischief—I was sure of it. What should you have done, Chetwode?"

"I am not quite sure; what did you do?"

"We're coming to that," Mr. Weatherley declared, leaning a little forward. "We're coming to that. Now in that open case close to where I was my wife had some South American curios. There was a funny wooden club there—something like a life-preserver. The end was quite as heavy as any lead. I caught hold of it and rushed in upon him. You see, Chetwode, I was quite sure that he meant mischief. If Fenella had come in he might have hurt her."

"Exactly," Arnold agreed. "Go on, sir."

"Well, I gripped the club in my right hand," Mr. Weatherley explained, seizing a ruler from the table, "like this, and I ran in upon him. I took him rather by surprise—he hadn't expected anything of the sort. He had one shot at me and missed. I felt the bullet go scorching past my cheek like this."

Mr. Weatherley struck the side of his face sharply with the flat of his hand.

"He had another go at me, but it was too late—I was there upon him. He held out his arm but I was too quick. I didn't seem to hit very hard the first time, but the club was heavy. His foot slipped on the marble hearthstone and he went. He fell with a thud. Have you ever killed a man, Chetwode?"

"Never, sir," Arnold answered, his voice shaking a little.

"Well, I never had before," Mr. Weatherley went on. "It really seems quite amazing that that one blow right on the head should have done it. He lay there quite still afterward and it made me sick to look at him. All the time, though, I kept on telling myself that if I had not been there he would have hurt Fenella. That kept me quite cool. Afterward I put the club carefully back in the case, pushed him a little under the sofa and then I stopped to think for a moment. I was quite clever, Chetwode. The window was open through which the man had come, so I locked the door on the inside, stepped out of the window, came in at the front door with my latchkey, crept upstairs, undressed quickly and got into bed. The funny part of it all was, Chetwode," he concluded, "that nobody ever really found the body."

"You don't suppose that you could have dreamed it all, do you?" Arnold asked.

Mr. Weatherley laughed contemptuously.

"What an absurd idea!" he exclaimed. "What a perfectly absurd idea! Besides, although it did disappear, they came up and told me that there was a man lying in the boudoir. You understand now how it all happened," he went on. "It seemed to me quite natural at the time. Still when the morning came I realized that I had killed a man. It's a horrid thing to kill a man, Chetwode!"

"Of course it is, sir," Arnold said sympathetically. "Still I don't see what else you could have done."

Mr. Weatherley beamed.

"I am glad to hear you say that, Chetwode," he declared, "very glad. Still I didn't want to go to prison, you know, so a few days afterward I went away. I meant to hide for quite a long time. I—I don't know what I'm doing back here."

He looked round the office like a trapped animal.

"I didn't mean to come back yet, Chetwode!" he exclaimed. "Don't leave me! Do you hear? Don't leave me!"

"Only for one second, sir," Arnold replied, taking an invoice from the desk. "They are wanting this in the warehouse."

Arnold stepped rapidly across to Mr. Jarvis' desk.

"Telephone home for his wife to come and bring a doctor," he ordered. "Quick!"

"He's out of his mind!" Jarvis gasped.

"Stark mad," Arnold agreed.

When he reëntered the office Mr. Weatherley was sitting muttering to himself. Arnold came over and sat opposite to him.

"Mrs. Weatherley is calling round presently, sir," he announced. "You'll be glad to see her again."

Mr. Weatherley went deadly pale.

"Does she know?" he moaned.

"She knows that some one was hurt," Arnold said. "As a matter of fact," he continued, "I don't think the man could have been dead. We were all out of the room for about five minutes and when we came back he was gone. I think that he must have got up and walked away."

"You don't think that I murdered him then?" Mr. Weatherley inquired anxiously.

"Not you," Arnold assured him. "You stopped his hurting Mrs. Weatherley though."

Mr. Weatherley sighed.

"I should like to have killed him," he admitted simply. "Fenella and Sabatini, too, her brother—they both laugh at me. They're a little inclined to be romantic and they think I'm a queer sort of a stick. I could never make out why she married me," he went on confidentially. "Of course, they were both stone broke at the time and I put up a decent bit of money; but it isn't money, after all, that buys a woman like Fenella."

"I'm sure she will be very pleased to see you again, sir," Arnold said.

"Do you think she will, Chetwode? Do you think she will?" Mr. Weatherley demanded anxiously. "Has she missed me while I have been—where the devil have I been, Chetwode? You must tell me—tell me quick! She'll be here directly and she'll want to know. I can't remember. It was a long street and there was a public house at the corner, and I had a job somewhere, hadn't I, stacking cheeses? Look here, Chetwode, you must tell me all about it. You're my private secretary. You ought to know everything of that sort."

"I'll make it all right with Mrs. Weatherley," Arnold promised. "We can't go into all these matters now."

"Of course not—of course not," Mr. Weatherley agreed. "You're quite right, Chetwode. A time for everything, eh? How's the little lady you brought down to Bourne End?"

"She's very well, thank you, sir," Arnold replied.

"Now it's a queer thing," Mr. Weatherley continued, "but only yesterday—or was it the day before?—I was trying to think whom she reminded me of. It couldn't have been my brother-in-law, could it, Chetwode? Did you ever fancy that she was like Sabatini?"

"I had noticed it, sir," Arnold admitted with a little start. "There is a likeness."

"I'm glad you agree with me," Mr. Weatherley declared approvingly. "Splendid fellow, Sabatini," he continued; "full of race to his fingertips. Brave as a lion, too, but unscrupulous. He'd wring a man's neck who refused to do what he told him. Yet do you know, Chetwode, he wouldn't take money from me? He was desperately hard up one day, I know, and I offered him a check, but he only shook his head. 'You can look after Fenella,' he said; 'that's all you've got to do. One in the family is enough.' The night after he played baccarat with Rosario and he won two thousand pounds. Clever fellow, Sabatini. I wish I wasn't so frightened of him. You know the sort of feeling he gives me, Chetwode?" Mr. Weatherley continued. "He always makes me feel that I'm wearing the wrong clothes or doing the wrong thing. I'm never really at my ease when he's about. But I like him—I like him very much indeed."

Arnold had turned a little away. He was beginning to feel the strain of the situation.

"I wish Fenella would come," Mr. Weatherley wandered on. "I don't seem to be able to get on with my work this morning since you told me she was coming down. Queer thing—although I was with her last evening, you know, Chetwode, I feel somehow as though I'd been away from her for weeks and weeks. I can't remember exactly how long—there's such a buzzing in my head when I try. What do you do when you have a buzzing in your head, Chetwode?"

"I generally try and rest in an easy-chair," Arnold replied.

"I'll try that too," Mr. Weatherley decided, rising to his feet. "It's a—most extraordinary thing, Chetwode, but my knees are shaking. Hold me up—catch hold of me quick!"

Arnold half carried him to the easy-chair. The horn of the automobile sounded outside.

"Mrs. Weatherley is here, sir," Arnold whispered.

Mr. Weatherley opened his eyes.

"Good!" he murmured. "Let me sit up."

There was a moment's pause. Arnold moved to the door and held it open. They heard the swish of her skirts as she came through the outer office and the heavier footsteps of the doctor who followed. Mr. Weatherley tried vainly to rise to his feet. He held out his arms. Fenella hastened toward him.

"Fenella, I couldn't help it," her husband gasped. "I had to kill him—he told me he was waiting there for you. My hands are quite clean now. Chetwode told me that he got up and walked away, but that's all nonsense. I struck him right on the skull."

She fell on her knees by his side.

"You dear brave man," she murmured, "I believe you saved my life."

He smiled. His face was suddenly childlike. He was filled with an infinite content.

"I think," he said, "that I should like—to go home now—if this other gentleman and Chetwode will kindly help me out. You see I haven't been here since May fourth and today is July second. I think I must have overslept myself. And that idiot Jarvis was opening the letters when I arrived! Yes, I'm quite ready."

They helped him out to the car. He stepped in and took his usual place without speaking again. The car drove off, Fenella holding his hand, the doctor sitting opposite.

XXXVI

THERE was nothing about their attitude or appearance that indicated the change. Their chairs were so close together that they almost touched. Her white, ringless hand lay in his. Through the wide-open window of their tiny sitting room they looked down upon the river as they had sat and watched it so many evenings before. Yet the change was unmistakable. Arnold no longer guessed at it; he felt it. The old days of their pleasant comradeship had gone. There were reserves in everything she said. Sometimes she shrank from him almost as though he were a stranger. The eyes that grew bright and still danced with pleasure at his coming, a moment later were almost filled with apprehension as she watched him.

"Tell me again," he begged, "what the doctor really said. It sounds too good to be true."

"So I thought," she agreed; "but I haven't exaggerated a thing. He assured me that there was no risk, no pain, and that the cure was certain. I am to go to the hospital in three weeks' time."

"You don't mind it?"

"Why should I?" she answered. "The last time," she continued, "it was in France. I remember the white stone corridors, the white room and the surgeons all dressed in white. Do you know, they say that I shall be out again in a fortnight." He nodded.

"I can see you already," he declared, "with a gold-headed stick and a fascinating limp."

She smiled very faintly, but said nothing. Somehow it was hard to make conversation. Ruth was unusually pale even for her. The eyes that followed that line of yellow lights were full of trouble.

"Tell me," he begged presently, "you have something on your mind, I am sure. There is nothing you are keeping from me?"

"Have I not enough, Arnold," she asked, "to make me anxious?"

"Naturally," he admitted, "and yet, after all, you have only seen your father once in your life."

"But I am sure that I could have loved him so much," she murmured. "He seems to have come and gone in a dream."

"This morning's report was more hopeful," he reminded her. "There is every chance that he may live."

"All the time," she answered fervently, "I am praying that he may. If he treated my mother badly I am sure that he has suffered. I can't quite forget either," she went on, "although that seems selfish, that when I come out of the hospital, even if all goes well, I may still be homeless."

He leaned over her.

"Ruth," he exclaimed, "what do you mean?"

"You know," she answered simply. "You must know."

His heart began to beat more quickly. He turned his head, but she was looking away. He could see only the curve of her long eyelashes. It seemed to him strange then that he had never before noticed the likeness to Sabatini. Her mouth, her forehead, the carriage of her head, were all his. He leaned toward her. There was something stirring in his heart then, something throbbing there that seemed to bring with it a cloud of new and bewildering emotions. The whole world was slipping away. Something strange had come into the room.

"Ruth," he whispered, "will you look at me for a moment?"

She kept her head turned away. "Don't!" she pleaded. "Don't talk to me just now. I can't bear it, Arnold."

"But I have something to say to you," he persisted. "I have something new, something I must say, something that has just come to me. You must listen, Ruth."

She held out her hand feverishly.

"Please, Arnold," she begged, "I don't want to hear—anything. I know how kind you are and how generous. Just now—I think it is the heat. I can't bear anything."

Her fingers clutched his and yet kept him away. Every moment he was more confident of this thing that had come to him. A strange longing was filling his heart. The old days when he had kissed her carelessly upon the forehead seemed far enough away. Then in that brief period of silence, that seemed to him too wonderful to break, there came a little tap at the door. They both turned.

"Come in," Arnold invited.

There was a moment's hesitation, then the door was opened. Fenella entered. Arnold sprang to his feet.

"Mrs. Weatherley!" he exclaimed.

She smiled at him with all her old insolent grace.

"Since when?" she demanded. "Fenella, if you please."

She was more simply dressed than usual, in a thin black gown and black picture hat, and there were shadows under her eyes. No one could look at her and fail to know that she was suffering. She came across to Ruth.

"My brother is the dearest thing in life to me," she said. "He is all that I have left to me belonging to my own world. All these days I have spent at his bedside, except when they have sent me away. This evening I have come to see you. You are his child, Ruth."

Ruth turned her head slowly.

"Yes," she murmured half fearfully.

"When Arnold brought you to Bourne End," Fenella continued, "for one moment I looked at you and I wondered. You seemed even then to remind me of some one who had existed in the past. I know now who it was. You have something of Andrea's air, but you are very like your mother, Ruth."

"You knew her?" Ruth excitedly asked Fenella.

"Our Ships," She Whispered—"Together, Dear!"

"Very slightly," Fenella replied. "She was a very clever actress and I saw her sometimes upon the stage. Sometimes I think that Andrea did not treat her well, but that was the way of his world. Assuredly he never treated her badly, or you and I should not be here together now."

"I am afraid that you are sorry," Ruth said timidly.

Fenella laid her hand caressingly upon the girl's shoulder.

"You need fear nothing of the sort," Fenella replied. "Why should I be sorry? You are something that will remind me of him, something I shall always be glad to have near me. You can guess why I have come?"

Ruth made no answer for a moment. Fenella laughed a little imperiously.

"You poor child!" she exclaimed. "You cannot think that since I know the truth I could leave you here for a single second? We can fetch your clothes any time. Tonight you are coming home with me."

Ruth gazed at her with straining face.

"Home?" she murmured.

"But naturally," Fenella replied. "You are my brother's child and I am a lonely woman. Do you think that I could leave you here for a single second? Arnold has some claims, I know," she continued. "He can come and see you sometimes. Do not be afraid," she went on, her voice suddenly softening. "I shall try to be kind to you. I have been a very selfish person all my life. I think it will be good for me to have some one to care for. Arnold, please go and ring for the lift. Now that I have two invalids to think about I must not be away for long."

He looked at Ruth for a moment. Then he obeyed Fenella. When he returned Ruth was standing up, leaning upon Fenella's arm. She held out her other hand to Arnold.

"You will help me down, please?" she begged.

It was a day of new emotions for Arnold. He was conscious suddenly of a fierce wave of jealousy, of despair. She was going, and notwithstanding the half-pathetic, half-appealing smile with which she held out her hands she was happy to go! Fenella saw his expression and laughed.

"Arnold looks at me as though I were a thief," she declared lightly, "and I have only come to claim my own. If you behave very nicely, Arnold, you can come and see us just as often as you please."

It was all over in a few minutes. The automobile that had been standing in the street below was gone. Arnold was alone upon the sofa. The book that she had been reading, her handkerchief, a bowl of flowers she had arranged, an odd glove, were lying on the table by his side. But Ruth had gone. The little room seemed cold and empty. He gripped the windowsill and, sitting where they had sat together only a few minutes ago, he looked down at the curving lights. The old dreams surged up into his brain. The treasure ship had come indeed, the treasure ship for Ruth. Almost immediately the egotism of the man rebuked itself. If indeed she were passing into a new and happier life, should he not first of every one be thankful—first of every one because within that hour he had learned the wonderful secret which he had been dimly struggling to fathom?

XXXVII

THE accountant was preparing to take his leave. There had been an informal little meeting held in the dingy private office of Samuel Weatherley & Company, at which he had presided.

"I really feel," he said as he drew on his gloves thoughtfully, "that I must repeat my congratulations to you, Mr. Jarvis, and to your young coadjutor here, Mr. Chetwode. The results that I have had the pleasure of laying before you are, without doubt, quite excellent. In fact, as far as I can remember, the firm has scarcely ever had a more prosperous half-year."

"Very kind of you, I am sure," Mr. Jarvis declared, "and most satisfactory to us. We've worked hard, of course, but that doesn't amount to much after all. When you've been in a business for something like thirty-five years, as I have in this one, the interest you take in it is such that you can't help working. This I must say, though," he went on, placing his hand on Arnold's shoulder, "Mr. Chetwode is almost a newcomer here, and yet his energy has sometimes astounded me. Most remarkable and most creditable! For the last two months, Mr. Neville, he has scarcely slept in London for a single night. He has been to Bristol and Cardiff and Liverpool—all over

Continued on Page 68

THE CORNER GROCERY

By WALTER E. WEYL

ILLUSTRATED BY IRMA DÉRÈMEAUX

MY FRIEND, the Socialist, is convinced that the corner grocer is doomed. "I do not say I think it," he told me. "I know it! The little grocer is an economic has-been."

I have respect for my Socialist friend. He knows all that is to be known about surplus value and economic determinism. He is a man who unites intellectuality with throbbing sympathy, a man who can really feel with a whole group or a whole generation. I always listen to whatever my Socialist friend has to say.

"I am sorry for the grocer," he mused, "and for all these little devils in the retail trade. They're economic victims, like you and me. They cling to their dying little businesses like a cripple to a crutch. That's what they are—cripples, industrial cripples. They have just enough capital to bind them to their chains." He waved his arm with a large, all-including gesture which focused upon us the eyes of the passers-by. "The corner grocer, I tell you, is done for. He does not fit into our economic structure. He does not harmonize with our inevitable economic development. His business is too chaotic. He works too hard, earns too little, costs too much. He can't survive. Already Big Business—Capitalism with a capital C—is invading his territory. The big grocery eats up the little grocery. The little grocer dwindles. Soon he will be as rare as a cow on Broadway. Soon ——"

"There used to be three grocers in this block," I interposed reminiscently. "Today there are four."

For a moment the Socialist was silent. It was a thunderous, protesting silence.

"Oh, a single instance," he began.

"And here is the fourth," I interrupted as we stopped at the corner. "A brand-new shop, a brand-new grocer—and a poet as well."

Trials of the Middleman

OVER the door of a new and brilliantly painted grocery store hung a wreath-crowned sign bearing this metrical device:

Plenty of turkeys, plenty of geese,
Plenty of chickens, too;
At prices to fit every poor man's purse—
What more can a grocer do?

My Socialist friend has one failing. He does not love poetry.

"A single instance," he repeated, "proves nothing. You will find, if you take the trouble to look it up, that the little grocer is disappearing. The inevitable economic development, which ——"

. . . . . .

I did take the trouble to look it up. I wondered how three grocers could dwindle to four. I wondered what the grocer himself thought of this "inevitable economic development" which was obliterating him. I wondered how it felt to dwindle.

So, on a certain sunny day, I took my stand at the street corner and watched a little crowd of purchasers force a path through an alleyway of barrels and boxes into the store of the grocer-poet. Surely, I thought, poetry pays when it is to the point. As I entered the shop I glanced at the grocer. He bore no physical symptoms of dwindling; there was about him rather a latent expansiveness, as though he would have become stout had he had the time. He was a man of fifty or fifty-five, with deep brown eyes. He was smooth-shaven in deference to his business. His accent would have told me he was a German, even had not the name Carl Hengelmüller stood above the door.

At a desk in the near corner of the shop sat a young blond woman, the presiding genius of the place. She was evidently of recent importation, like the Westphalian ham, the German prunes, and the crisp honeycake with *Gruss aus Nürnberg* traced in white sugar upon the brown surface. I might have taken the blue-eyed young woman for the grocer's daughter but for her broad, ostentatious wedding ring. "*Meine zweite Frau*," vouchsafed Hengelmüller, with an unconcealable pride. The grocery business could not be hopeless if grocers could afford second wives!

As I lingered, after laying in a stock of inharmonious edibles, I amused myself by watching the intense activity of the little store. Frau Hengelmüller, who had acquired a vivacious grocery English, had her eyes everywhere.

"Try our plums, Mrs. Wentworth!" she cried out to a customer who was about to leave the store empty-handed. "We have a special price on them today and they are fine with turkey—and much cheaper, now that cranberries are so high. Carl, tell that lady to come here. I'll give her a good recipe for those greens. Heinrich," she shouted to the tired little clerk who was tying up a parcel with dignity and deliberation, "*schnell!* The lady hasn't got all day to wait. *Schnell!*"

She Argues Obstinately That Dash Ought to Put Up His Delectable in Half-Pound Packages

When the rush was over and the business of the little grocery entered again into quiet waters I engaged Hengelmüller in conversation. In exchange for some confidences of mine he gave me his life history. He had come to America as a boy of seventeen, had worked five years as a grocery clerk, had started business with five hundred dollars saved, had married and raised three sons and three daughters, had prospered moderately and continuously, and could have retired by now had not his wife—*meine Erste*—lingered six years with an incurable and expensive disease. "Doctors cost money," explained the grocer. "You must sell many pounds of sugar to pay for one little operation—easy, like this." With an abrupt movement of the cheese-knife he showed me how easy the costly surgeon's operation really was.

I soon realized that this corner grocer was a philosopher as well as a poet. For thirty years prior to moving into our neighborhood he had been in one shop. From that vantage-ground he had watched the public. Watching the public makes you a philosopher, whether you live in a tub like Diogenes or are sandwiched between a saloon and a barber's shop as was the poet-grocer; and philosophy, which is at first a rare intellectual dissipation, ultimately becomes a habit.

"The public says," I ventured, "that the grocers and the other middlemen are the cause of the high prices. Now what do you think of that?"

The grocer did not take the trouble even to shrug his shoulders. "What does it make a difference," he asked, "what I think? The public is always right. The customer can do no wrong."

"Is that what you think?"

"It ain't what I think," he answered. "It's what I act on."

For a few minutes Mr. Hengelmüller ruminated audibly.

"It is a crazy world," he said. "Some of the public is in prison and some in the asylum. The public is no better than you or me, and much more unreasonable; but let it grumble—let it growl—you've always got to give the public right.

"Here's the philosophy of it," he went on: "When a fellow comes in to sell me stove polish he says 'sir' to me and laughs at my jokes. When the same fellow comes in to buy Dash's Delectable Coffee I say 'sir' to him and laugh at his jokes—because then he is the public. And there you have the whole secret of trade.

"There's a woman now," continued Mr. Hengelmüller as a stout, red-faced person huffed out of the shop after giving the grocer a redundant piece of her mind—"that woman is a reg'lar type of the public. She won't take no coffee except Dash's Delectable and she wants it at twenty-five cents when I pay twenty-eight for it. She tells me I grind the faces of the poor; but I make only twenty dollars a week. She says I'm responsible for the high cost of living."

Troublesome Tomatoes

I TALKED with Mr. Hengelmüller on many subjects, but we always came back to the cost of living. I dilated on the wide difference between wholesale and retail prices, and asked what became of that difference.

"You can search me," responded Mr. Hengelmüller impatiently. "I ain't getting rich and I work hard for what I get."

If you sit in the back corner of a grocery for a few days and watch the business from the time it begins, at six o'clock in the morning, until the shop closes, at nine or ten, you begin to believe that Mr. Hengelmüller is right—that the grocer works hard for what he gets. Whether or not he is responsible for the high cost of living, his gains do not come to him sleeping. The grocer bears no physical resemblance to the stout, comfortable, leering monsters, cigar in mouth and rakish high hat on head, whom we see pictured in the newspapers as the representatives of the trust.

The typical grocer is rather a pinched and active type. He does not seem quite at peace with the world. He appears to think too much of business. When, at six in the morning, he comes downstairs to the store he looks as though he had stayed awake all night wondering how he could dispose of those canned tomatoes. When he comes back from market, at eight o'clock, he still seems to be thinking of those canned tomatoes. During the morning a thin stream of customers flows into the store and the grocer says "Yes, sir," and "No, ma'am," and "Thank you," while all the time he is weighing and measuring and wrapping up and making change—and thinking of how he can dispose of those tomatoes!

He takes his dinner at noon and for an hour or two he is absent from the shop, though always he has it in mind. While he is away it is his wife and the little boy who meet the thinner stream of customers. It is they who say "Yes, sir," and "No, ma'am," and "Thank you," and weigh and measure and wrap up and make change. At three o'clock the grocer, the lord of all the store, comes down again, bearing a sign: Canned Tomatoes, First Quality. Twelve Cents! He shows the sign to his wife. "We've got to

clear those shelves!" The stream of customers increases, and faster and faster the grocer says "Yes, sir," and "No, ma'am," and "Thank you," and weighs and measures and wraps up and makes change.

About six o'clock the stream has become a flood; and the grocer, working very fast but very quietly, says, "In a moment, sir," "In a moment, ma'am," and "Yes, sir," and "No, ma'am," and "Thank you." The store, which was crowded a moment ago, suddenly becomes empty except for one customer who wants half a pound of Dash's Delectable, though she knows it comes in pound packages only. She is a quiet, pale woman, who argues obstinately that Dash ought to put up his Delectable in half-pound packages and it's the grocer's business to see that he does. After she leaves, the store takes on a dead-and-alive appearance; but every few minutes the clangorous door-bell rings and customers come in for a box of matches, a cake of soap, a can of tomatoes, a pound of sugar, or for information as to the present whereabouts of "a fellow named August Schmidt, who lived round here three or four years ago."

At nine the store closes, unless there is a customer—but there is always a customer; and the later she is, the more leisurely. It takes some time to choose between Dash's Delectable and Blank's Double X, and the grocer has time—or is supposed to have it. He does not hurry the customer; and as she leaves he closes the door as though regretting the untimely end of the deliberations—as though regretting that the workday is only a scant fifteen hours.

If you look at the grocer as he closes his shop at night you are surprised that he does not seem tired. He does not look very different from the way he looked at six in the morning. Then, as now, he did not seem refreshed or buoyant. He only looked untired. And he looks untired now.

If he is making a fortune he is not spending it in visible ways. His rooms upstairs are in no way superior to those that a skilled mechanic inhabits. The food he eats is not better. And his wife, like your wife and mine, complains of the high cost of living. Even a grocer does not get groceries for nothing.

Risks and Returns to the Retail Grocer

PERHAPS he is saving his wealth. Perhaps he is hiding it and is living a deceitfully spare life, only to emerge in old age with a huge fortune. That would account for high retail prices. When, however, you examine the grocer's books you see even this illusion fade. More money is spent in the average grocery store than ever before and there are more grocery stores in which to spend it; but not all of it—or much of it—sticks to the grocer's hands. Wholesale prices have risen, but the rate of profit has not. The retail grocer is like the engraver of banknotes he makes no more working on a thousand-dollar bill than he does on a one-dollar bill.

Of course conditions differ. They differ with the city or town or village. In the village the store in which you buy groceries can hardly be called less than a general store, for feed and clothing and furniture and books, and even drugs, form part of its stock. Conditions depend also upon the neighborhood—upon the store itself. There are great department stores and mail-order houses doing a vast, ramified grocery business; and there are chains of stores, with hundreds of establishments under one management. Some of these stores doubtless earn their tens of thousands and others their hundreds of thousands. At the other end of the line is the microscopic cellar grocery, perhaps run by an immigrant's wife and stocked with the most apologetic supply of fruits and vegetables. It is merely a subsidiary business, which cannot stand on its own feet and earn a decent living for a whole family.

Avoiding these extremes—the grocery emporium and the little cellar counter—let us try to strike an average. But this, too, is difficult. Who is the average grocer? We don't know; and the grocers know—or seem to know—least of all. A grocer does not tell his business. He dispenses groceries—not information. Though we cannot strike an average, here is a single instance that seems to represent fairly well a large proportion of the grocers we know.

This grocer started with a capital of a thousand dollars. By means of credit he secured a stock in trade worth twelve hundred and fifty dollars, not counting store furnishings. He turned over his stock once a month, doing a business of fifteen thousand dollars. His operating costs were almost twenty-one per cent, thirty-one hundred dollars in all. Those costs included a drawing account of seven hundred and fifty dollars, on which the grocer lived. At the end of the year he had saved six hundred dollars—or four per cent on his business.

This is doing very well—doing far better, I believe, than most grocers do. It is not an exorbitant profit. Altogether the grocer made thirteen hundred and fifty dollars, of which fifty dollars might be considered as interest and thirteen hundred dollars as salary. That means about twenty-five dollars a week for fifty-two weeks for a man who worked hard and was above the average of the men in his trade.

In counting this man's returns we have not taken risk into consideration; but the risk is serious—very serious. Have you ever noticed how the grocers' signs change? The name Hallahan above the door is replaced by Parker—Parker by Bauer—Bauer by Goldfarb—Goldfarb by Masiello. Not all of these represent failures. Sometimes the grocer retires or dies—or follows his old customers to a new neighborhood. Often, however, he has not been able to make both ends meet. He has overstocked or bought injudiciously. His neighbors may not have liked him. He may not have been obliging enough. He may have been too obliging and extended credit to whom credit was not due. He may have failed to make his store attractive. He may have had a dishonest or careless clerk. He may have been beaten out by a man who counted only fourteen ounces to the pound and seven quarts to the peck. Or he may have been outmaneuvered by a competitor with more brains, more initiative or a more engaging personality. In any case, failures are frequent and many ex-grocers are now timekeepers on railroads or night watchmen in factories. When a man puts his little capital into a grocery he may never get it out again. There should be money in groceries—for much money has been sunk in them.

The risk is especially great—here as elsewhere—for the old-fashioned little merchant who cannot change. New

"'The World Can Never Get Along Without a Grocery Round the Corner'"

ways of selling goods are introduced and the grocer who sticks to the old methods of doing business does no business. There is growing specialization. Delicatessen stores, answering the needs of those who cook badly or not at all, spring up everywhere; and the old-time grocery must adapt itself to this new competition. Everywhere the customer seeks to save time at the expense of pennies, and ready-to-eat foods of all kinds pour into the groceries on their way to the dining rooms of a continent. Standardization invades the grocery. The old cracker barrel, from which the village philosophers gained aliment and inspiration, makes way for cleaner and more expensive crackers, easier to sell, but upon which there is a smaller profit for the grocer.

The Philosophy of the Cracker Barrel

GIANT manufacturing concerns, advertising the standardized articles over the head of the grocer, create a demand which must be met by the specific article at the advertised price, however small the profit and even though there be a loss. Grocers, whose operating expenses range from fifteen to thirty per cent, are obliged to sell many articles at an advance of only ten per cent; but to refuse is to invite worse evil, for the customer who cannot get what he wants will not take anything. And the customer, as Hengelmüller asseverates, is "always right."

To all these changing conditions the grocer must adapt himself. He must make his store as clean as are the delicatessen stores; he must accept occasional losses for the sake of a larger gain. He cannot be too insistent on justice. The public has no time to heed his grievances. If he cannot make a living at his business let him get out and make place for some one else. He must adjust himself.

Curiously enough, he does adjust himself. As the great world outside the grocery changes, the grocery changes with it. A more aggressive, intelligent and honest grocer enters the business. The new grocer reads his trade journal and keeps abreast of the times. He learns to avoid traditional errors and he gains confidence as he sees that new developments, which were to have crushed him, pass innocently over his head.

"When the department store began to sell provisions," said Hengelmüller, "some of us grocers said: 'It's all up with us at last!' They said: 'Big fish gobble up minnows.' But I said: 'The world can never get along without a grocery round the corner.'"

Hengelmüller proved himself a prophet. The department store bought more cheaply than did the little grocery. It spread out its operating expenses over a larger business. It gave good service. It could afford to run its grocery business at a slight profit or even at a loss, because people who came to buy cranberries stopped to buy furniture and books; but the corner grocery survived. The department store delivered your cranberries in half a dozen hours; the little grocery in half an hour. You did not have to spend

(Continued on Page 61)

"Soon He Will be as Rare as a Cow on Broadway"

Sunshine of the Traffic Squad

By Robert Emmet Mac Alarney

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREPÉ

YOUNG Billy Hopeleigh sauntered down the clubhouse steps, kitbag in hand, smoking a dinner-size cigarette—not that it was dinnertime; he had just finished a late breakfast. But the shirred eggs and bacon, and the small pot of coffee possessed the stimulating qualities of the cocktail he had resolutely denied himself. So he had gone over to the glass-covered trays beside the office window, and had signed for a box of the absurdly long and fat paper rolls which the manufacturer ostentatiously labeled as the best brand.

Hopeleigh Looked at His Watch and Did a Bit of Rapid Calculation

Billy Hopeleigh would not have mustered up sufficient courage to buy them in the evening, with the fireplace chairs filled and the usual knot of thirsty souls clustered about the small bar-window. Billy had marveled often at this habit of flocking to the little window-bar, even when he had found himself in the clutches of the impulse evening after evening. It was the American restlessness, he decided. This explained the million of men who daily hitched about upon toe and heel, trying to make bootnail impressions upon the brass of glistening foot-railings.

There was practically no one to see him sign for the imposing packet of tobacco. He had been the last to quit the breakfast room. Then he had handed over the check for his bag at the coatroom and had stepped into Forty-fourth Street.

He could recall this, the club street of streets, as it had been—say, seven or eight years before—when he had been asked to eat dinner in this same house with a Varsity captain. Since then he had watched the vague diplomacy of college football wax and wane, and wax again. At it all he had smiled many times. In his preparatory-school days, ends that were rangy youngsters of eighteen, who needed only to be taught the more elemental points of tackling, so that they might never be drawn wide enough to overrun the man with the ball, had been objects of genuine though stealthy interest in certain elm-shaded towns.

It had been Slick Hopeleigh, of Martinsburg Academy, who had alternately stuffed and stammered before the keenly appraising stare of a next year's football general. And Billy realized that, if it had not been for that dinner, probably he would now be coming out of the loftier and more pretentious structure which bulged heavenward from the opposite sidewalk. He would probably have captained—at least would have played upon—a winning eleven. This thought made him glower; but he was not really sorry that things had turned out as they did.

Had he worn a jersey of a different college he might never have met Rheta Marriner, who had been, for a long season or two, the chief aim of his rather leisurely stockbroker's existence. He had first seen her, arrayed in a fur motor coat, in a stadium section. And she had manifested faintly expressed interest, after a needlessly elaborate introduction by Kid Stanton—how silly the undergraduate nicknames seemed!—one of the legion of university Kids, only because she had caught the words: "Captain of the Naughty-Naught Team."

Tomorrow would be the Fourth of July. And he was to spend it and the evening before it at the Marriner place; so he felt quite self-satisfied—in touch pleasantly with time and circumstance—as he strode to the taxi, tossing in his bag himself. This, to those who knew him well, would have been an omen. Usually Billy Hopeleigh allowed the hallman to transport his luggage from threshold to waiting cab. And Billy would have followed the bag had not a youth in horizontally striped waistcoat and many brass buttons pursued him down the clubhouse steps.

"There's a call by telephone, sir," he said. And over the wire had come the voice of Hungerford Ellis, the Ellis one always sees mentioned in the morning papers the day after a championship polo match.

"I've found the very pony you've been looking for," he was saying. "He's not fifteen feet from me this blessed moment, at the Empress Stables, in Twenty-sixth Street. It's now or never, Billy. They'll keep him out of the auction shed for another hour, but no longer. He's carded with a lot that have to be sold at once. Come on down."

Hopeleigh looked at his watch and did a bit of rapid calculation. He could take a later train, a local, and make the Marriners' in time for luncheon. Well, it might be worth while. Ellis knew a good pony when he saw one. He ordered the chauffeur to drive to the Empress Stables instead of the Thirty-third Street tube. The polo crack was waiting.

"The funny thing about it, Billy," remarked that enthusiastic person, "is that I'm not getting any commission. This is done purely for the love of Meadow Brook prestige. We'll need more ponies when the Englishmen come over again to have a try for the cup."

The Empress Stables are not New York's nearest approach to Tattersalls. They do not allure many gilded owners on the lookout for Horse Show blue-ribbon speculation; for it is here that one sees good horseflesh, but horseflesh in the rough. A crowd is ever loitering about the two green-painted brick barracks, through the open doors of which come out-at-the-elbow hostlers, wrists twisted into throat latches of carelessly groomed animals—most of them new to town and plunging at the sound of street-car gong and motor horn.

They give a guaranty good for a week, do the Empress proprietors; and one does his bidding from the curb, while the object of his regard balks or lumbers unskillfully over the asphalt. Rabble and a handful of knowing ones look on, and there is an infrequent offer from some quiet individual, utterly "unhorsey" in appearance. The paddock-coated party to be seen round Madison Square Garden's arena in late November never seems to materialize here. The Empress draws the middleman, the man who is willing to gamble upon crude thoroughbreds in bulk. Ellis and Hopeleigh were out of their element as they stood in the staring throng, and the throng marked it. None the less, the polo pony pleased. And the Meadow Brook roster of available mounts was increased by one—at a bit higher figure than Billy had contemplated.

"Just for your scout-work, Ellis," he said after a check had been written in the little office, "I'll charioteer you wherever you say. Then I'll catch the eleven-thirty."

His friend, however, waved aside the invitation.

"I'm going to walk back to the rooms and pack a bag myself for over the Fourth; going out to the Essex County Country until Wednesday. Where are you bound for, son?—the Marriners? Seems to me, Billy, you ought to buy a commutation ticket; it would be economical in the —— Hello! What's all the East Side doing at the fair?"

Hopeleigh saw the shabbier part of the crowd stringing off to the farther end of the barracks. The alley seemed to have become crowded of a sudden. Cherry Hill, the Ghetto and Little Italy were all represented in the jam that jostled about the doorway, through which might be seen the perch of the Empress auctioneer.

Then there was a glimpse of police blue, with the familiar insignia of the Traffic Squad. The officer was having a final word with the man of the hammer.

"That's Sergeant Hogan," said Ellis. "I got to know him well on the bridlepath while you luxurious dogs were shying your morning canters in February and March. It's another sale of worn-out police nags. Let's have a look."

"Sure it is," said the sergeant, after he had shaken hands with the polo player, as eighteen animals were paraded from stalls into waiting line while the sharp-faced little auctioneer was choosing his first offering. "We keep the good ones as long as we can; but the department vet comes along, every once in a while and, no matter how fond of a mount we are, if it shows signs of wear and tear it's got to go."

"But I thought there was a city farm," said Billy Hopeleigh.

"There's a place to train 'em all right," explained the policeman; "but they haven't spent any money yet on a horse Bellevue. The poor brutes are so used to having their flanks scraped by a leather puttee that they'll never be good for anything else. And yet they get the gate."

"Where do they go?" asked Ellis.

Hogan waved a broad thumb at the jargoning knot of East-Siders.

"They get 'em. Most of the bunch that will be making fifty-cent bid-raises are ragmen or hucksters. They'll buy the brutes for next to nothing and they calculate to get their money's worth in a hurry. I've had three mounts break legs under me trying to stop runaways, and I felt bad when I shot 'em; but I'd rather have Sunshine go that way than this. You know, in Uncle Tom's Cabin, where they sell the old nigger that has lived on a gentleman's plantation? That's the way I feel about Sunshine. He's the bay yonder."

Billy Hopeleigh followed the level of the policeman's finger and frowned.

"There's Doc Perry, the vet," continued Hogan. "He'll tell you Sunshine's good for another five years if he's treated kind. Hey, Doc! How about that Sunshine horse?"

"A little too old—that's all," said the veterinary. "He's by far the best of the lot. Some of the others are gone in front. They can't be depended on for the gallop it takes to stop a bolter on asphalt. Sunshine's different. He's just too old—almost thirty. I hated to condemn him, Hogan; but what would Mrs. Hogan have said if he had blundered on the Avenue some day and they had carried you home with a broken neck? Why don't you bid him in?"

"Why don't I?" growled the sergeant. "You know why. There's some of us in the department that don't graft, no matter what the newspapers say—and I happen to be one of 'em. I've enough children to feed, let alone horses. Why ain't some of the women whose lives he saved, in twenty years of keeping an eye on the Park, here to make his last days comfortable? He only wants a boxstall and a bit of exercising

"See, He Wants to Shake Hands on It"

now and then. Where's the stingy millionaire that Sunshine shouldered into the bushes near the Plaza, when a yellow touring car had set his green cob crazy? The pirate would be in Greenwood now but for Sunshine. The price of a few dinners would give the old horse grass for the rest of his life. I don't suppose he's had a mouthful of real country grass since he was a colt."

The bay knew his friend when the sergeant led Hopeleigh and Ellis to the head of the line. "Always looking for sugar. The boys at the Arsenal made a pet of him," said Hogan as the warm nose touched the coat pockets of the three in turn, singling out Billy, however, for the most persistent attention. Sunshine nosed like the gentleman he was, and he stirred something in the horse-loving Hopeleigh breast deeper than the feeling aroused by the clean-cut polo pony, bought a half hour before.

"Almost thirty years old and they're selling you to a Cherry Hill junkman!" thought Billy. "I'm an idiot, but I'm going to blow you to club life in your old age, Sunshine. I'm going to see that you get grass, with clover and clean dew in it, for breakfast—and the morning papers, too, if you want them, old fellow."

"He knows a lot of tricks," he heard the sergeant telling Ellis. "He'll pick your pocket and then let your handkerchief fall on the ground, looking as innocent as a baby. And I'd trust my own kids in his stall, even if they played paper dolls under his hoofs. He's gentle as a lamb, except when he feels the spur and knows he's got to overhaul a runaway. Then he turns savage; and by the time he gets alongside he's reaching out, trying to take mouthfuls from the neck of the brute that is making all the trouble."

"Got to do it, Ellis," said Hopeleigh, slapping the animal's neck. He stepped back a pace, Sunshine following as far as the short halter would allow. "I've simply got to do it. If an ungrateful city lets its old horses go this way it is up to good citizens to interfere."

"What in thunder will you do with a condemned police horse?" asked Ellis. "Don't be a sentimental ass, Billy."

"Got to do it," repeated the man who had come to the Empress Stables to buy a polo pony and nothing else. "He's taken a fancy to me and I couldn't disappoint him. And—by Jove! I have it. I'll take him out as a Fourth-of-July present to the Marriners."

"You'll be as welcome as a man with the measles," said Ellis.

"I'll take him out and give him to Miss Marriner. He'll stand for a side-saddle, won't he, sergeant?"

"Don't believe he's ever had one on," replied Hogan. "It might be too late to teach him that now."

"You're an idiot, Billy; but I can't do the square thing by the horse if I don't remind you that side-saddles are going out of fashion. Miss Marriner never uses one," Ellis interrupted. "Don't you remember when she rode her blue-ribboner last year?"

"Chump that I am!" exclaimed Billy Hopeleigh. "Of course I do. He'll carry a woman that way all right—eh, sergeant?"

"Sunshine'll carry any one astride of him as steady as a church—except when he's told to go after a runaway. You always want to remember that. He won't chase 'em unless he's told; but afterward there's nothing short of catching up or a broken leg will hold him. Whoever's riding will have to hang on. Sunshine wouldn't wait to see what happened if you fell off. Would you, old horse?" The bay, tugging at the halter in the line of worn-out department steeds, bobbed his sleek head and whinnied, lifting a forefoot in the direction of his friend.

"See, he wants to shake hands," said Hogan. He walked over, touched the uplifted hoof and slapped the horse.

"It'll be better than the rockets and pinwheels I'm taking out for the Marriner twins," said Billy. "Have him bid in for me, sergeant, will you?"

"Are you taking fireworks to the twins?" asked Ellis, laughing outright. "That's a symptom of the last stage. That's what all of your disheartened predecessors have done—taken things to those thirteen-year-old malefactors. What a long procession of Greeks bearing gifts has traveled to Haworth! They never seemed to pave the way to ——"

Billy Hopeleigh was turning away in mock anger when Hogan interrupted to inquire:

"How high will you go, Mr. Hopeleigh? Those junkmen may boost the price a bit when they find some one out of their line wants the Sunshine horse. You won't be sorry if you get him. I'd buy him in myself if I could."

"Go as far as you like," said Billy.

And in another quarter of an hour the East Side pedler flock jabbered excitedly while they watched the prize of the condemned lot knocked down to "W. H., of the Carston Club," for twenty-two dollars and seventy-five cents—a pyramid figure that the Ghetto, Cherry Hill and Little Italy had builded, half a dollar at a time.

"Thank you, sergeant," said Sunshine's new owner, the relieved Traffic Squad officer shaking hands so vigorously that the polo forward's palm tingled. "Remember you can have a look at him whenever you have a day off and the mind to."

"He's as playful as a kitten," said Ellis as the rescued bay was led from the line. After which Hopeleigh arranged to have an express car shunted upon a Haworth siding the next morning at six o'clock, with an Empress groom in charge who could be trusted not to go upon his holiday spree until he had turned over his convoy, in good condition, to the young man who gave him a five-dollar tip in advance and did not seem to begrudge the cost of this sudden expedition.

The twins were waiting when a local deposited Billy at the Haworth station. The Marriner twins were famous folk, for folk so young—girls, who by all signs and portents should have been boys. They rode their ponies as well as Rheta Marriner her blue-ribboner—had even learned to break clay pigeons through the offices of a weakly indulgent

"I Feel Like a Picture Puzzle That Some One Has Shoved Off the Table"

head stableman—and knew the good and bad points of their catholic collection of dogs better than their undergraduate brother. And now they had motored alone in the runabout to welcome this latest victim of their bow and spear—Margaret at the wheel, with a solemn covenant that she would yield the driver's seat as soon as Billy Hopeleigh should see, beyond doubt, that she had driven all the way herself.

They were really anxious to see Billy as well as the fireworks they knew he would bring them; for, of all of the Greeks bearing gifts, as Ellis had styled them, this newest incense-burner at Rheta's shrine pleased these young incorrigibles most.

"How!" exclaimed Hopeleigh as he alighted, tossing upward the hand that was not grasping the kitbag, after the fashion of the Indian game he and the twins often indulged in these days. "How! Heap sun. Ugh!" A wonderful thing about Billy was the way he could still play at games with youngsters.

"How!" grunted the twins, small fingers flung heavenward. "Big chief welcome. Ugh!"

Leatherstocking pretense faded into shrieks of delight, however, as they watched Hopeleigh run along the track to the baggage car, where a brakeman helped lift down a box that had every appearance of concealing red fire and powder of sorts.

"We do like you, Billy," said Margaret after the treasure had been stowed in the runabout, resigning the wheel to Mabel without regret—was she not near enough to things that would blow up to finger the label?

"Yes, we are really and truly fond of you," agreed Mabel, turning for a moment before she shocked them into speechlessness by an inevitably sudden start. "You're different from the other slowpokes that come to see Rheta."

"Thank you, twins, separately and together," laughed Hopeleigh. "And now, Mabel, see if you can drive home without ditching this precious consignment of explosives."

The Marriner house was three miles from the station, just far enough from the village to have a perspective of red-colored roofs and one church steeple from the front veranda. To reach it, Mabel shot the car along the Country Club golf links, she and Margaret yelling, like the Iroquois they liked to pretend they were, whenever they saw an acquaintance; and they saw many such. Billy Hopeleigh knew that the men and women who smiled as the treble hail halted them in the act of putting, or made them slice a drive carefully begun, were saying: "There goes young Hopeleigh again. He's the twins' newest burnt offering."

And now the car swung into the driveway, a warwhoop rather than the horn announcing its arrival to the group on the porch.

"Have you brought your present?" gibed Percy Winslow from his wicker chair. "I find that it is customary to bring a present when you come to the Marriner house. The twins have established a pay-as-you-enter system. Little fiends, unhand the good youth! He's leaving the loot for you in the runabout."

"Children!" called Miss Marriner from the top step. "Billy, they're such dreadful bandits. They humiliate me so often. What have you brought them in that packing case?"

"A few pinwheels and crackers," said young Hopeleigh, grasping the hand she extended. "I promised them weeks ago; and I never forget a promise—do I, twins?"

Chorus of "No, Billy," from Margaret and Mabel, cruising off with their prize to the garage.

"Remember," cried Rheta Marriner—"not one squib tonight! We'll have our celebration tomorrow."

"Sweet-natured babies," said Percy Winslow. "What am I offered that they won't break open the treasure chest within the hour?"

"I've got something for you, too, Rheta," murmured young Hopeleigh. "It won't come until tomorrow. There's a story that goes with it. And if you don't like your present I'll take it back without telling."

"Percy Winslow is right," whispered Miss Marriner. "I begin to feel that we are bandits—all of us. You know, Billy, there are a few persons we ask for week-ends because we like them."

"What I wish to remark," said the indefatigable Winslow, "is, whether it is to be tennis, or golf, or both, or motoring—or neither."

There were a lot of people in that night for bridge. Percy Winslow, ever the introducer of something to banish boredom, produced some tennis balls that had been covered with phosphorescent paint, and the very youngest persons batted them about the turf before the east veranda until the last one was knocked into the shrubbery, where its dulled glimmer did not betray it. It was quite late when young Hopeleigh found a chance for a word alone with Miss Marriner as the women were going upstairs.

"I'm a brute to suggest it," he said, "but if you'll be on Wakerobin, where the road from the station cuts the links at the tenth hole, tomorrow morning at seven, before the rest are thinking of getting up for breakfast, I'll show you your Fourth-of-July present. It will be here by then."

"Seven o'clock," repeated Miss Marriner.

"I know it's awfully early," said Billy, "but I rather want to surprise you. And it will be a glorious morning for a canter. Besides, it will be the only chance we shall have. A holiday always takes so many people out of town. There'll be nothing but joy-riders on the roads all day tomorrow."

"Oh, I don't mind because it's early," said Miss Marriner. "I merely want to fix my mind on it, so I shan't have to be wakened. It is always such a nuisance to have to be wakened, for it means you aren't doing the

(Continued on Page 77)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers.
To Canada—By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Single copies, five cents.
Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, $3.25. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 9, 1912

The Trust Invisible

AN INDUSTRIAL trust is a very tangible sort of thing. Its shares are daily bought and sold in the stock market. It publishes reports of its assets and operations. Its directors and officers are known. With comparatively little trouble any intelligent person can find out what property it possesses or controls, the exact extent and character of its business, the price it charges for its goods, the wages it pays employees, how it treats competitors. It is well established in law, moreover, that an industrial trust is almost completely subject to control by the Federal Government.

Congress began investigating industrial trusts at least twenty-five years ago, and Congress or some other branch of the Federal Government has been on the job continuously ever since; but to this day no even approximately satisfactory scheme of dealing with industrial trusts has been worked out. The problem of regulation of those concerns stands where it did twenty years ago.

This is why the Money Trust investigation is discouraging. Instead of attacking the tangible, concrete, thoroughly surveyed problem of industrial trusts, Congress wanders off into an investigation of the vague, formless, bodiless thing called the Money Trust, whose very existence is denied by many. Undoubtedly Mr. Morgan has great influence with many bank directors, but what is Congress going to do about that? There would be no particular objection to Congress' amusing itself by cross-examining Wall Street if it had nothing else to do—but it has much else to do.

Profit and Loss in Steel

FROM the quite complete trade reports now at hand it appears that the average prices of leading iron and steel products during the last year were decidedly the lowest since 1904. Bessemer pig, for example, averaged under sixteen dollars against nearly twenty-three dollars in 1907—steel billets, twenty-one dollars against twenty-nine. Six big items—not, of course, including steel rails, which remain at twenty-eight dollars a ton year in and year out, regardless of trade conditions—show a decline from 1907 of about thirty per cent.

In this poor year the Steel Corporation, after meeting all expenses, repairs and maintenance of plants, earned one hundred and four million dollars net, out of which twenty-six millions was deducted for sinking funds and depreciation and twenty-three millions for bond interest, leaving enough to pay fifty million dollars in dividends, including five per cent on the copiously watered common stock, and a little surplus besides—this in spite of the heavy cut in prices. Of late, steel and iron prices have been advancing; yet steel men maintain that they couldn't stand a cut of twelve per cent in protective duties!

England's Balance-Sheet

SEVERAL exponents of conservatism in this country have pointed out that radical legislation in Great Britain during the past two years has already brought dire results—namely, Mr. Morgan is removing his paintings, statuary and tapestry from London museums and shipping them to New York, because if they remained in England at the time of his demise the government would levy a heavy death duty upon them.

This unquestionably is unfortunate for England. On the other hand, as Great Britain's fiscal year draws to a close, London papers speak of an overflowing exchequer. With no new taxes the receipts of the government were larger by some millions of pounds than in the preceding year—due simply to a state of abounding prosperity. The foreign trade was larger than ever before in the history of the nation. Railroad earnings set a new high-water mark. Most significant of all, unemployment has fallen practically to zero, reports from nearly four hundred labor unions showing less than three per cent of their members out of work. Weighing these things in the balance against the loss of Mr. Morgan's paintings, England herself seems to think she is doing very well indeed—which shows again that so-called radical legislation is often most conservative of the nation's true wealth.

Courts Divided

IF NEW YORK'S judges should hold a mass meeting it would require Madison Square Garden approximately to accommodate them; and it would be found convenient, for the orderly dispatch of business, to form them into companies, regiments and battalions. In passing a law, the legislature simply enters it for an extensive, perilous and uncertain hurdle race through numerous courts.

For example, the legislature passed a law designed to protect employees in that state from the more rapacious loan sharks—with the following results: A railroad employee applied to a loan shark for thirty-seven dollars, payable in a month. He was required to sign a power of attorney in favor of the shark's pal. The attorney thus appointed executed a note in Maine for forty-five dollars, which, when discounted, yielded the sum the borrower required. When the note fell due the borrower failed to pay it; so his attorney proceeded to execute an assignment of his wages in the sum of ninety dollars. The New York court before which this transaction came found in favor of the loan shark. The loan, it held, was not made in New York, but in Maine; so the transaction was governed by the laws of that state and not by the laws of New York.

This decision was by the Appellate Division, Second Department, of the Supreme Court. A little earlier, in a similar case, the Appellate Division, First Department, of the Supreme Court held differently. Government in the Empire State appears to be wonderfully complicated!

A Bureau of National Parks

THE United States possesses thirteen splendid national parks—the Yellowstone, Yosemite, Grand Cañon, Glacier and Mount Rainier being probably the best known. These parks are national assets of incalculable value. Who has ever gone through the Yellowstone or surveyed the Grand Cañon without feeling mentally larger and spiritually richer—without, in other words, a real advance in civilization? What might happen to any one of these revelations of Nature if they were not national possessions is suggested by the hard fight to preserve Niagara. Merely to preserve the parks is not enough, however. That is like preserving a coal deposit by keeping it under ground when people want fuel; and up to this time, with the exception of the Yellowstone, the Government has done very little to make the scenic wealth of the parks accessible to the public. Management of the parks is now divided among three different departments, none of which is well equipped to develop them as they should be developed.

A bill before Congress, indorsed by Secretary Fisher and recommended by President Taft, proposes a Bureau of National Parks, to take charge of these wonderful possessions and, so to speak, mine their riches by making them as accessible as possible. Obviously, to develop the highest value of natural beauty, it should be made as easy as possible for people to see it. This bill embodies true national economy.

No Bad Losers Need Apply

THE governors of the Consolidated Stock Exchange in New York recently found it necessary to "discipline" a member of that institution for attempting to attract women customers by providing a room especially for their use, with clerks of their own sex. One authorized to speak for them explained: "It is the policy of the exchange that its members shall not cater in any way to women customers. Such catering is punishable under the head of 'acts detrimental to the exchange.'"

The same policy, we believe, prevails in every speculative organization. Probably any exchange or board whose chief business consists of speculating in securities or products would promptly "discipline" a member who especially sought the trade of women.

The reason is that women are notoriously "bad losers." When they find their money is gone they make a fuss about it. Now, every speculative body subsists upon "good losers," who can be separated from their money without noisy, disagreeable consequences. The difference isn't that women lose any oftener proportionately than men, but that, having lost, they become troublesome.

There is no question here of equal justice as between the sexes. If equal justice were done governors of exchanges and boards of trade would "discipline" their members for catering to the trade of men customers too.

Aristotle and Company

WE ARE much pleased to hear that out of a Harvard class in comparative literature, containing about a hundred students, not one could tell when Aristotle lived, though half a dozen guessed that the period was subsequent to 1840! Knowing when Aristotle lived—or anything else about him—is one of the least profitable uses to which lay human brains can be put. It is a fine testimonial to the undergraduate's intelligence that his real studies in comparative literature are confined to the batting averages of the two major leagues just about in proportion as the faculty tries to palm off Aristotle on him!

Learned persons are continually asking why people don't read more books of permanent value. The answer is obvious. Being minded to read improving books, people turn to some learned person's list of the twenty or forty "best." The list is sure to contain some of the dullest and least profitable works that are accessible to a modern lay reader. People conclude that if those are the best they will get along without any. For example, there is much more meat for the ordinary reader in any single extant Greek tragedy than in all classical speculative writings combined; but fifty representative lists of the "best" will mention philosophy twice to every mention of tragedy. As we recollect it, Aristotle is rarely found among the "best"—probably because, even to the learned who compose the lists, he is only a prodigious name. The first thing undergraduate students in comparative literature should be taught is to avoid reading most of the classics, in order to retain a proper admiration for them.

Seesawing Cotton Prices

SOUTHERN cotton mills, in the eighties, used one bale of cotton to six used by the Northern mills. At present they use practically as many as their New England rivals. Both together take about a third of the crop.

A dozen years ago the mills could get all the cotton they wanted under six cents a pound. Then the million producers of this great Southern staple were oppressed. Nowadays the producers sometimes get ten, sometimes fifteen cents a pound, and the mills claim they cannot operate profitably. Meanwhile, neither mills nor producers have much to say as to the price at which cotton shall sell. One year it may be fat for one and lean for the other; next year the fat may be on t'other side. A fair and reasonably stable price from year to year would be to the obvious interest of both; and by coöperation it may yet be brought about.

Business in the Senate

THE Department of Commerce and Labor wished to acquire a strip of land on the Texas shore of the Gulf of Mexico for lighthouse purposes. A bill to that end was introduced into the Senate and referred to the Committee on Commerce, which duly considered it and recommended that it be passed without amendment. Senator Newlands, therefore, by direction of the committee, called up the bill and asked that it be immediately considered. Whereupon up rose Senator Heyburn, his mind weighted with a grave doubt as to whether the bill should not have gone to the Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds instead of to the Committee on Commerce. This important point was gravely debated. In the midst of the earnest deliberation Senator Culberson, of Texas, entered. Here was a bill referring to land in Texas; but he had not been notified or informed about it! Upon inquiry of his colleague, Senator Bailey, it appeared that he also was unnotified and uninformed. So, upon objection by Senator Culberson, the bill went to the calendar, to be taken up at some future time.

Now the land to which this bill applied was a strip of sand comprising sixteen acres, and the purchase price was to be one dollar an acre—the total appropriation carried by the bill being just sixteen dollars!

A serious difficulty in running this Government is that matters which in any intelligently managed private corporation would be turned over to the third assistant janitor or the office boy must—at Washington—be gravely debated, with anxious searchings for precedents, deep ponderings of the rules, and edifying displays of Congressional lore. The Committee on Commerce, which considered and recommended this bill, consists of sixteen senators.

We should think the Senate could trust them to the extent of one dollar a head, but it seems unable to do so!

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

A First-Class Fighting Man

OF COURSE one never could guess the basic nationality of the governor of Alabama after examining his name. The forebears of that impetuous gentleman sought craftily to conceal the implied Hibernic quality of the patronymic O'Neal by tacking thereon Robert Emmet and sending the young man forth into the world as Robert Emmet O'Neal, a name as essentially non-Irish as Patrick J. Killarney or Michael G. Galway, as all will agree. But if one did possess sufficient wisdom as to the derivation and application of names to assume that the governor of Alabama has some smattering of Irish in him, one would be reasonably correct in the assumption, even though the Governor has shed the Robert part of it and is now Emmet O'Neal. Should one lack in this power of discrimination, one still might hazard a guess that such is the fact, after watching the Governor in action or on observing his trends.

You see, the Governor is a fighting person—highly scrappaghous, as I might say—and has a habit of mixing in from any incentive, from fun to duty. Being somewhat Irish, as has been intimated, he is a person of convictions, and if you do not care for his convictions he will see to it that you learn to, using any instrument that may be handy to help in the convincing. He is no bigot, of course, but when he has a conviction he has it hard, and it is just as well to humor him while the spell is on. Anyhow, he insists on remaining convicted of his own convictions—and what's the use?

Take that time, back in the summer of 1909, when he sat in his office in Florence, Alabama, smoking a brier pipe and looking out of the window at the sizzling square. He had a book in his hands, but he was not reading it. Instead, he was arriving at a conviction. He sat for an hour, two hours, three hours. Then the conviction arrived—ker-plunk! Also there arrived simultaneously the governorship of Alabama, but that was unnoticed at the time, remaining quietly and unostentatiously in the background.

"Dodgast it!" said Emmet O'Neal, arising from his desk and throwing the book into a corner. "Dodgast it!"—or words to that broad, general effect—"I've got to cuss. And, by golly"—or words to that broad, general effect—"I'm going to cuss right now."

No sooner said than cussed. Emmet O'Neal had decided to cuss. He had picked out as his target the liquor question in Alabama. There had been much pother and to-do about this question. The state administration at the time was elected on a local-option platform. At a session of the legislature in 1907 a state-wide prohibition bill was passed. Before that prohibition had not been a political issue. The local optionists were discouraged, for the state-wide law went into effect on January 1, 1909. In July of that year a special session of the legislature ordered a constitutional election to determine whether prohibition should be placed in the organic law. It was at exactly this time, and for exactly this reason, that Emmet O'Neal decided to get into the fight.

He began immediately. He went out in the public square of Florence and talked to his townspeople. Then he took the train for Montgomery and talked every time the train stopped, cussed the legislature that had tried to ingraft prohibition on the state constitution. In the four months preceding the election he talked in practically every one of the sixty-seven counties of the state. He proved himself a good journeyman talker, too, for the amendment was overwhelmingly beaten. There were other results also. During that campaign the governorship of Alabama came marching to the front and O'Neal took it over at the request of the people, who apparently liked his line of talk. Four years before they had defeated O'Neal for the lieutenant governorship. This time they made him governor.

A Little Bout With Woodrow W.

COINCIDENTALLY with O'Neal's assumption of his office came a session of the legislature that again took up the liquor question. Along in the closing days of the session things began to boil. Old-timers in Alabama say there never was a session of a legislature that was so heated as this. O'Neal was for local option. He helped draft every local option bill that was presented. He led the fight, and finally he won, defeating state-wide prohibition and giving the counties the local-option privilege with such restrictions as were deemed proper.

While this fight was going on Alabama had a mining disaster in the Birmingham district. More than a hundred men were killed, many of them state convicts. "What are you going to do about it?" a newspaper man asked him.

O'Neal filled his pipe before he said: "I am going to write a law—a law that will protect our miners."

Two days later the law was written, and O'Neal saw to it that this law was passed. He had a conviction about the matter, you see.

Then there was the delay in the courts. He had a conviction about that, being a lawyer and knowing how slowly the courts worked and how congested their dockets were. He sent a special message to the legislature urging the establishment of a court of appeals, and he saw to it that said court of appeals was established. He kept having conviction after conviction on various subjects, and most of these he made stick.

Presently there came to his desk various bills authorizing the commission form of government for Alabama municipalities, and containing provisions for the initiative, the referendum and the recall. Governor O'Neal is not impressed with the initiative, the referendum and the recall, but he let these bills go, inasmuch as they were purely local bills. However, he was not without convictions on this phase of popular government, and he spoke about it last September at the conference of governors in the East. Governor Woodrow Wilson, of New Jersey, having arrived at a full working knowledge of the initiative, the referendum and the recall in a short space of time, said a few kind words for the processes, and instantly Emmet O'Neal alighted on the angular form of the political schoolmaster and remarked that, in his opinion, the initiative, the referendum and the recall are "an insidious popular vagary." Naturally there was some small bickering over the matter, and E. O'Neal bickered his full share and got away with his end of it in excellent style. It appears there are many persons of the same frame of mind as O'Neal on this subject, for ever since that speech and debate O'Neal has been deluged with invitations to come out of Alabama and make speeches along the same lines. No invitation, however, has been received from W. Wilson, Governor of New Jersey.

As may be inferred, when a gentleman named after Robert Emmet, who wears an O with an apostrophe in his other name, has convictions and makes those convictions stick—or gets stuck by the same process—there have been times when the Governor, both before he was governor and since, has met with opposition. That is a nice, ladylike way of saying it—met with opposition. He has not only met with opposition but he has caught up with it, run into it and has been run over by it. Likewise he has had his share of the running-over privileges. It is quite impossible to turn a person named Emmet O'Neal into Democratic politics in Alabama without thereby arousing various healthy ires.

O'Neal's success in this regard has been in full keeping with his methods. If you are interested in the question you can find plenty of Alabamans who will give you a dozen reasons why O'Neal should be impeached. If you go farther you will find scores of persons who will speak so violently about him that their language will fill you with astonishment and cause you to mutter: Can such things be?

Then, if you will walk round the corner, you will find a large and enthusiastic gathering of leading citizens who will inform you that Emmet O'Neal is positively the finest performer in the way of a governor they have ever known, with a better idea of his responsibilities and a clearer conception of his duties to the people and higher motives behind his public acts.

As I have intimated, O'Neal has convictions, has courage and has sense. When you combine these qualities and fuss in politics you never get any lukewarm results. Either you are the best or the worst. O'Neal is a fighter. Being a fighter, he fights and is fought. Is it to be wondered that most of them love him and some of them hate him? I trow not.

Being a Fighter, He Fights and Is Fought

Political Hymns

BIRD S. COLER, who was Greater New York's first controller, was nominated for Governor of New York by the Democrats in 1902.

Mr. Coler is deeply interested in religious work, and three days after his nomination he was scheduled to address an afternoon meeting of the Y. M. C. A. in Brooklyn. The other speaker was Frank Harvey Field, an ardent Republican.

It was the practice at these meetings for each speaker to lead in the singing of a hymn as a preface to his remarks. When Mr. Field got up he announced: "We shall now sing hymn number 316—'Throw out the life-line; some one is drifting away.'"

The audience looked at Coler and everybody grinned—that is, everybody but Coler, who was entirely serious. After Field had finished it was Coler's turn. He advanced to the edge of the platform and was loudly applauded. He turned the pages of his hymn-book rapidly and, after the handclapping had subsided, announced cheerfully: "We will now sing that beautiful hymn: 'When the roll is called up yonder I'll be there.'" To this day he doesn't understand the roar of laughter that followed.

Not Like Father

AN OLD Irishman who had made a good deal of money, but who wasn't very particular about his habits or conduct, lived in Chicago. His custom was to go downtown about once a month on a spree, and then come back home and beat up his family and break the furniture. His aged wife, who had stood him for many years, was blind.

Finally he died, and his children gave him a fine funeral. They had plenty of money now that the old man was dead, and so they spread themselves. At the church there was elaborate ceremony. The blind widow was dissolved in woe. She cried and cried all through the services, paying scant heed to what was going on until the eulogy was pronounced. She listened. The priest referred to the dead man in glowing terms. After about ten minutes of this the aged widow nudged her son and whispered: "Danny, do they be havin' two funerals here today?"

Not Hot Enough

MR. JUSTICE McKENNA, of the United States Supreme Court, took up golf a time ago, and played at it at the Chevy Chase links near Washington.

He was practicing one day, and there was nobody with him except his caddie. He teed up his ball, made all the preliminary waggles he could think of and swiped at the ball. He missed it a foot. He tried again, and this time struck the earth eighteen inches behind the tee. He made another effort and missed again.

Then he stopped, looked at the ball and said: "Tut-tut! Tut-tut-tut!"

"Mister," observed the caddie, "you'll never learn to play golf wit' dem words!"

An Open Countenance

FREDERICO GONZALEZ GARZA, Under Secretary of the Interior in Mexico, is a matter-of-fact man who has the habit of holding his mouth open.

The other day Secretary of the Interior Gonzales walked into Garza's office and exclaimed: "Old chap, you have your mouth open!"

"I know it," replied Garza, not looking up from his writing, "I opened it myself this morning."

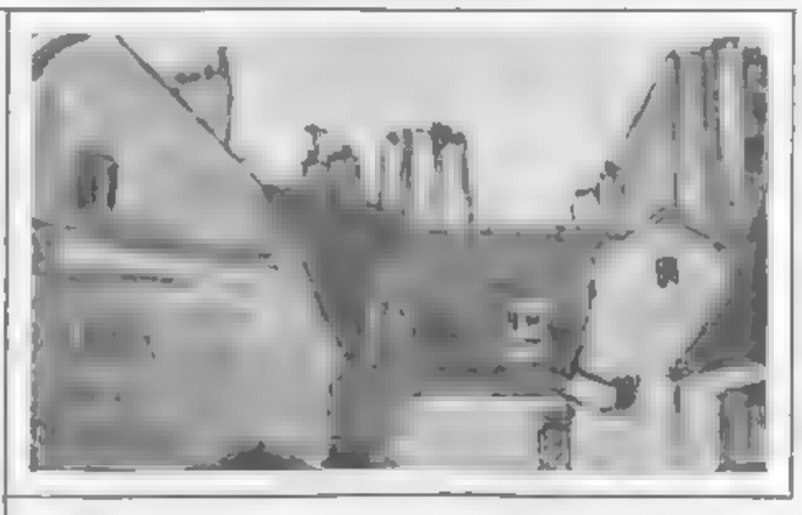
"EN PENSION"

By CORINNE LOWE

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

WHAT AMERICANS WILL PAY TO LIVE CHEAPLY

The Gay, Shabby Little Pension Where I Stayed in the Latin Quarter



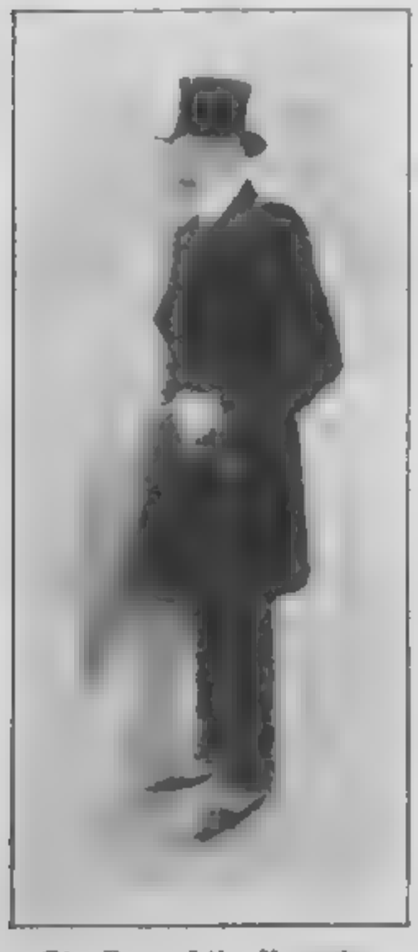
THERE are in the world lovely mauve temperaments who scorn the grossness of shiny bathtubs, and the humbler folk who depend upon such comforts. These, professing to have outgrown the weakness of butter, elevators and good coffee, stand out for Europe as a dwelling-place. Often they are poets and artists who, when sufficiently inspired by the glint of sun on an olive-clad slope or the spatter of European uniform against a gray wall, stoop to send a madrigal entitled Love Song in Sicily, or a dab named The Gendarme's Wedding, to a mere American magazine for mere American dollars. Of such is the kingdom of the *pension*—in plain English, the boarding house.

There are American women—pinched schoolmistresses who have saved up a little money; wee, gentle spinsters who have left the town missionary meetings and their pastor; comfortable but unaspiring widows from all over the states—who are devoted to the theory that "You can live twice as cheaply in Europe as you can at home." These pay ten dollars a week and secure in return all the comfort they have ever known! Of such is the kingdom of the *pension*.

There is the great army of the culture seekers—among whom are many young men studying European art, European science, European manners; but the largest battalion of these is composed of the American girl being educated abroad. This young person is the victim of her mother or her guardian, either of whom has pathetic trust in Europe as the sandpaper that shall smooth down all the rough edges and make Dorothy fit for entering a drawing room. So Dorothy studies the languages, blots up what art she can and takes a fall out of music.

The Truth About European Boarding Houses

MEANWHILE, it may be observed, she is forgetting how to serve a good straight tennis ball and is missing altogether the fine, wholesome life of the schools and colleges where American girls are taught how to treat American people in an American way. Of such is the kingdom of the *pension*.



The Hero of the Magazine Pension Story

Yet, in spite of these paragraphs, I am not attacking the *pension*. The boarding house in Europe is as a rule, indeed, far better than the middle-class hotel in Europe; and the tourist, particularly the woman tourist, will find it much more economical. It is, therefore, only as the permanent address of thousands of good American people that I find it deserving of a philippic. Under such circumstances the *pension* seems to concentrate in itself all the disadvantages and limitations of European life. To write about it fittingly, one must dip one's pen deep into the pool of medieval household arrangements; must saturate one's typewriter ribbon with the scorn of all things backward, clogging, quaint and inconvenient.

But what is a *pension?* Personally I hardly knew before I started for Europe whether one ate it with mayonnaise or bought it by the yard. Perhaps I had grasped the fact that it was a European boarding house and that one pronounced it through the nose—thus: "pong-see-ong," only differently. Certainly, however, I had never gone so far as to picture it to myself.

Yet I was not long in being enlightened, for when I got to Europe I found it boiling over with the *pension*. In the matter of enterprise it deserves to be ranked with its own cousin, the English tearoom. Both have flown their flags over every romantic and hallowed spot in Europe. There is a *pension* in the old Italian hill city of Perugia, where the bold and bad and beautiful family of the Baglioni used to stab friend and foe in the narrow, overhanging streets; another of the tribe pertly intrudes in the byways where Saint Catherine of Siena preached and molded the political life of her time; the city of the Cæsars is full of them, and in Florence it is estimated that over a thousand Americans have taken the life vows of the *pension*. It bubbles continually all through the majestic Alps; and in Paris, the native home of the *pension*, a large percentage of the eight thousand expatriated Americans who live there are to be found in *pension* geography. With some minor variations, the *pension* also asserts itself in Germany, Austria, Belgium and Holland; and I have no doubt there are excellent Scandinavian editions.

Nearly all of them you will find listed by the helpful Mr. Baedeker, who is kind enough to qualify them frequently by such phrases as "Frequented by English and Americans" or "Patronized by Germans." And in all of them you will find Americans who have fled madly and permanently from the annoyance of home conveniences.

I can think of no better way to illustrate the case of the *pension* than by explaining the first one which I visited, because, after all, the *pension* atmosphere is unchangeable. You find the same set of people with the same set of conversation in a boarding house in Rome that you do in a boarding house in Munich—though one might add that the Roman institution affords an acquaintance with more Germans. In all *pensions* there is little to choose in the primitive character of the household arrangements.

This first *pension* which I visited was in Naples, and you reached it after a drive along that wonderful crescent street which follows the blue bay. When the little wobbly *vettura* stopped it was before a dignified stone front whose entrance led at once to a big court, set picturesquely about with palms and guarded by the smiling Italian version of the *concierge*. It was an attractive, operatic spot—a worthy climax to the old, soft-toned houses, the glistening palms of the Neapolitan park, the smiling blue of the hills which we had been passing on the way. "What ho!" thought I to myself; "I am in stageland. I shall need here trappings—velvet cloak and rapier."

I found out presently, however, that what I needed was anything but stage legs. My supports had to be real and strong. For I learned that this *pension* did not, as I had supposed, occupy an entire house. On the contrary, it was confined to one floor, and that floor the top one. Afterward I found that this is quite a little habit which Italy has in *pensions*—art-galleries too, for that matter; and I grew into graceful acceptance of the fact; but on that first day I grumbled at them—those four flights of interminable stairs; those lovely, wide, cold, marble stairs, with their tang of kerosene! And when I reached the top I thought enviously of that young lady who had only dreamt she dwelt in marble halls. How in the world, wondered I, do women of fifty and more stand this sort of thing?

Of course there is generally an elevator; but—ah! shades of our nimble American servant!—how one does smile at the recollection of this *pension* installment! How one does learn to deride the *pension* circulars which announce a lift among their comforts! There may be other things in the world as inactive. The harp that once through Tara's halls might be able to qualify for membership in the same fraternity; but I personally never met them. Perhaps now and then the lift does make a shallow pretense of motion, but for the most part one finds beside it an explanation in the person of the *concierge's* wife.

"*Ah, signorina, mia signorina,*" she murmurs with a gesture of despair toward the helpless elevator, "*piano! - piano!*" Thereupon she raises her eyes to the sky—which certainly is not a thought encouraged by the *pension* elevator—brings them back to your face in tragic pleading and disappears into her rooms.

All Not Gold That Glitters

FROM all of which you gather that, for some mysterious reason, the lift is not lifting—and one prods those weary sightseeing members up the four flights of stairs.

What I found that first day upon reaching the top was a bowing Italian servant who ran off with a murmured word about the *signora;* but that which she brought back as a keeper of the *pension* was not a *signora* at all, but a plain little Scotch woman. She had a very nice room for me, she said, and I followed her wonderingly through many dark, narrow passages to—a room? No, no—nothing of the sort. It was a temple, a lecture hall, a place where one holds Chautauquas. I have really seldom seen a much larger room. Its floor was of stone and was laid very cannily with small rugs; its stuccoed walls were of enormous height and were hung with stuffy drapery; and in the center of this wide area, obscure as one white dandelion in a field, was a bed. The air was very, very damp, and I shivered a little as I said: "It's very—ugh!—very big, isn't it?"

"Yes," assented the little Scotch woman; "this was an old palace at one time, you know."

Now I had never before heard this tale, and I must say that I was tremendously impressed; but after I had

resided at a few more *pensions* I discovered that the claim is a common one. They have all been located in old palaces or castles or, at least, old monasteries.

May I say that I took that room? Or shall I be literal and admit that it took me, absorbed me, assimilated me and made of me only a dwindling memory to myself? I used to feel like a Lilliputian sent for a ramble on the vasty vest of Gulliver, and the mere sight of my insignificant self in the mirror would send me into peals of merriment. The thought of sleeping in that room was as cheerful as taking a solitary nap on Mont Blanc.

Of course I had heard about that European bath, but I was nevertheless not prepared for the situation as it unfolded itself in my auditorium bedroom. The ceremonies started with a rap on my door. This was followed by the smiling Italian chambermaid or *cameriera*, as she is called; but the *cameriera* demands a little diversion on my part.

Only in the Arabian Nights Did There Ever Exist Such Perfect Service

It takes the form of a hymn. I am firmly convinced that the Americans in Italy stay there not because of the art or the climate, or the vaunted "picturesqueness," but because of the Italian chambermaid. Only in the Arabian Nights did there ever exist such perfect service. She makes you feel as though you were a leading authoress and a shah's favorite wife all rolled in one. At night, when you enter your room you find she has been there before you; that she has tenderly turned down the covers of your bed and laid out your sleeping raiment. In the evening, before dinner, she comes to you with your pitcher of hot water, and puts it down in a way that is a caress. In the morning her cooing "*Buon giorno, signorina!*" is accompanied by a grave, tender look of her brown eyes, followed by a smile of irresistible sweetness. Though you do not speak a word of her language, she wraps you in an atmosphere of jasmine, soft southern airs and the languorous twang of guitar.

To go back to that bath. The *cameriera* carried in one hand a large pitcher of hot water and in the other a small, particularly graceless tub. Both she put down at the other end of the room. From my remote position on the bed, scanned across that wide range of bare floor and small rugs, they looked very, very tiny. I wondered whether after a brisk walk of five minutes I could reach them! And then I realized that I could not walk at all. That would involve touching the clammy coldness of the floor as it lay between those infrequent rugs. No; the thing was quite clear. I must skip, leap, hop, fly or be blown to that bath.

Knights of the Round Table

THEN a pleasant and beguiling fancy struck me. I would treat this European bath as a game! The tub and pitcher should be the goal, and the interest of the sport was sufficiently assured by the fact that the small rugs lay three feet apart. So, clearing the first bare space with a flying leap from the bed, I landed on rug number one, and hop-scotched a breathless way to my goal. It is an agreeable exercise, and I recommend it to those who become impatient of European bath facilities.

Of course there are bathrooms in *pension* Europe. You are apprised of the fact that you may enter those hallowed precincts at prices from twenty cents to half a dollar. And there is hardly a *pension* that does not mention in its circular, in the same boastful breath with lift, the existence of baths. Yet I have never known any *pension* residents who bought up these baths. I have never known one who did not prefer even the sectional wash offered by the portable tub to daring the mysterious European home of the really-truly bath.

Meanwhile I had had my first *pension* dinner. At this I had been seated at a long table between a rusty English clergyman and a little Illinois woman in a black silk basque emphasized by a breastpin. Opposite me was one of those genteel English gentlewomen whom I afterward recognized as among the most insistent of *pension* types. This woman was attired in one of the heirlooms of silk and lace which the British female calls her "evening dress," and its gentility was reënforced by a pair of black silk mitts, in which she ate. Farther down the line was an artistic American girl, whom I afterward found spent all her time in Italian *pensions*. Beside her was her sister, a fresh young thing in a sailor suit, who was being inoculated with foreign culture and finding the process rather trying.

It was, indeed, a typical table—one which was repeated, with few variations, in nearly every *pension* I visited.

I noticed that in front of each person's plate there was a bottle of wine—one of those fat, roguish, straw-covered bottles of Chianti with which I subsequently became so familiar. And I was hardly surprised when, upon taking up my glass of water, one of those British mitts was raised in decorous protest.

"Pardon me, but you are not going to drink the water?" I was conscious of the extremely correct concern in that extremely correct English voice.

I admitted thereupon that I was contemplating some such irregularity.

"Quite—quite unsafe!" she assured me, and everybody at the table nodded ominously.

Then and there did I become acquainted with the ordeal by water of pretty nearly every *pension*. European water is, in fact, like most other European properties—picturesque, not practical. And, even though it be pure, the oldest *pension* resident won't let you think so. She watches you tremblingly while you drink it and reminds you that only last year Mrs. Brown—such a nice woman from Montana—got typhoid from drinking the water here and died in this very *pension*. Surprising, is it not, that thousands of Americans have given up a lifetime of unterrorized water-drinking for the privilege of this typhoid-deathbed specter!

I sometimes think the suspicion of the water is shrewdly encouraged by the *pension* and hotel keepers abroad. For the suspicion logically results in a bottle of wine, and bottles of wine logically result in a tidy little bill by the end of the week. Of course there are a few of the *pensions* which lavish upon you "red ink," but at most of them wine and mineral waters are extras, which mount up to about eighty cents or a dollar a week.

It was just a short time after the water episode that I noticed the genteel Englishwoman was not touching her fish. Some one remarked the fact aloud, to which she responded: "No, I never eat fish in Naples—cholera, you know—and they tell me these Neapolitans are so careless."

Typhoid in the water—cholera in the fish! Now, by my halidom, this was no place for timid old ladies! The Italian *pension*, it seemed to me more and more, furnished just the right thrill for highwayman or swashbuckler.

After this the meal progressed rather uneventfully and was, I must admit, a most savory one. To it was added an appetizing feature in the presence of an Italian waiter, who answered to the name of Orestes and answered in the names of Italian. The one real drawback was the conversation, a section of which ran something like this:

Artistic American girl: "I bought some lovely coral earrings today."

Lady from Illinois in the black silk basque, bending forward enthusiastically: "Oh, did you? Where did you get them? From Signor Ramacolazzi?"

Artistic girl: "No; I think he charged me too much for my tortoise-shell combs. I got these from Peregrinetta, on the Via La-la-da-ra-da-di. Perfectly sweet! And he came down five francs on them!"

Genteel English person: "Indeed? I congratulate you. It is no seldom that one can get a bargain nowadays in Italy. You Americans have quite spoiled the shopkeepers."

This illustrates it quite luminously—that shopping conversation which one must endure all through Europe. In Naples it was corals and tortoise-shell; in Rome it became Roman pearls; in Florence the motif changed to turquoises and embroidery—and so on through the whole range of so-called European specialties. What renders, too, your own individual share in such conversations particularly trying is that the other woman has always managed to get precisely the same article that you have bought for fifteen francs, at five francs less.

Much has been said in song and story regarding the Continental breakfast. I shall not enlarge on it—however much I wish they would. All I care to say is that the mere sound of "coffee and rolls" conveys but a weak impression of this repast. If it were real rolls and coffee one should not so much mind perhaps; but on that first morning I discovered that Italian coffee is but a pale specter of the American kind and that rolls are as unimpressionable as the lady who sells you hair-ribbons. Rending one of these souvenirs and then chewing it is a primitive exercise, and whets your appetite for food which does not follow.

However, breakfast has this much to be said for it: It is, as a rule, the one European meal at which butter makes its appearance. To be sure, this is generally in the form of the butter-ball—that airy spiral, that wraith of real butter—that is so popular in Europe; but, even so, it is greeted gladly, joyfully. In time it even becomes the occasion of a patriotic outburst called The Butter-Spangled Roll.

To eat this breakfast is quite bad enough; but to say that you like it, that it agrees with you so much better than the American repast, must be infinitely worse. Yet this is the task which every American woman abroad sets for herself. I don't believe this tale myself. I think that every one of them is struggling with a guilty yearning for nice appetizing ham and poached eggs, and a bowl of good cereal swimming in cream. I don't think for one minute that any one would voluntarily wobble forth to see five churches and five hundred pictures on one cup of poor coffee and one hard cement roll!

A pathetic instance of the American struggle to crush this plebeian longing for food at breakfast was furnished that first morning by a nice, comfortable woman who was sitting with her son at one of the side tables near me. The son, it seemed, had been in Europe for a year and had an air of vast experience—your regular cosmopolite, he! The mother had been in Europe for a day and she wanted a vast experience—that moment and with lamb chops!

In answer to this the son replied nervously, looking round to see whether any one had overheard his mother's shameful request:

"No, mother, they don't serve lamb chops over here at breakfast."

"But can't I even have fruit or a cereal?" almost wailed his mother.

"No, you can't," said Sonny, the cosmopolite. "You'll have to get used to not having that great big farmhand breakfast. Why, they'll think we're regular barbarians!"

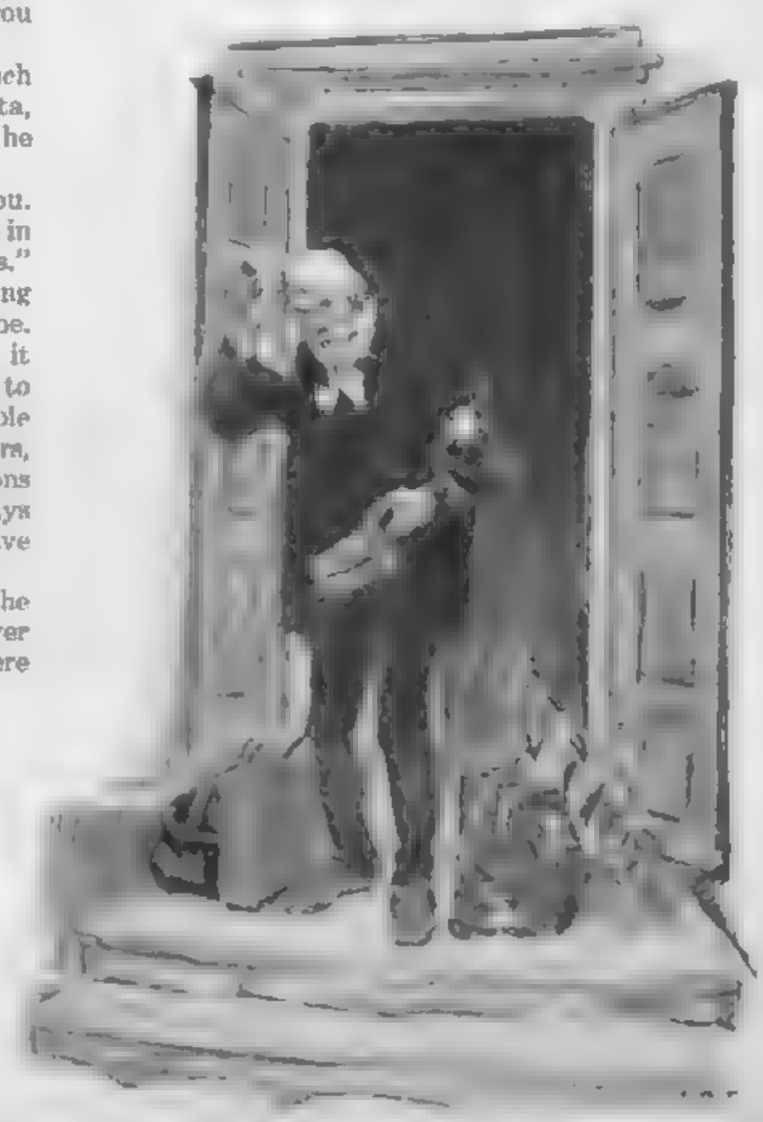
After which, of course, mother meekly attended to the pale coffee and immutable roll.

How Far the Little Candle Throws Its Beams

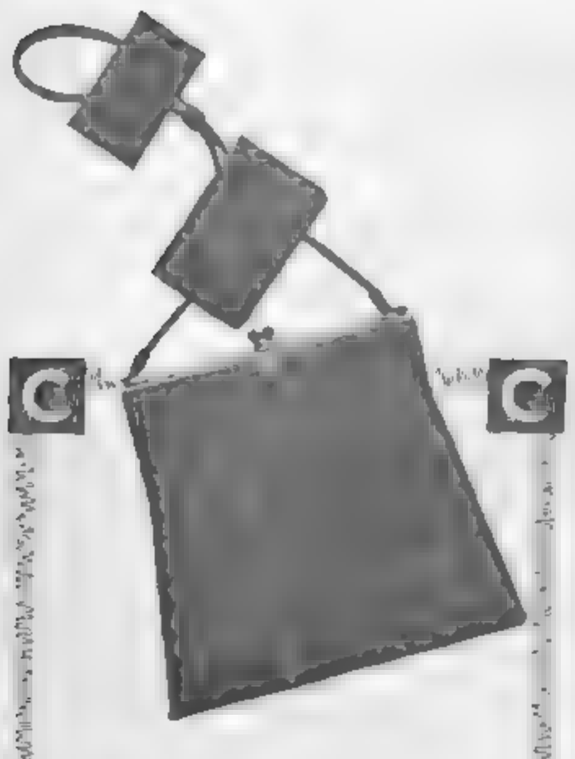
YET it is quite possible to get something to eat at a European breakfast. In order to do so one simply pays for an extra meal. For instance, one soft-boiled egg or a tiny omelet costs from ten to twenty cents. Meat would probably make the week's excesses dent a millionaire's pocketbook; in fact, even if one joins the ranks of the snobs who "so much prefer the Continental breakfast," one is likely to tolerate the softening influence of honey or orange marmalade, which is sold by the *pension* and which becomes quite a consideration in *pension* expenses.

At some of the Continental boarding houses you pay for electric light; at others it is given free. In both cases the illumination is the sparsest I have known. It would be quite impossible to read anything but a primer beneath its reserved beams. So, as a rule, one must eke out a bare lighting by the use of many candles, which always appear as an extra in the weekly settlement.

To add to the general bleakness, the bedroom is always cold, and one pens those "Wish you were here!" postals to friends at home with numb and aching fingers. Sometimes, of course, the room contains a quaint little stove which one may fill with quaint little fagots at extremely modern prices. And, as a rule, one invites the "extra" for such in preference to daring the *pension* drawing room.



Traveling Leaves You to the Mercy of Five Bundles and a Decrepit Porter



Cordova
Hand Bags

THE chemists and color artists of these shops have perfected a wonderful new leather treatment termed "Iridescent."

The "Iridescent" result is obtained by genuine gold and silver, so applied that it permanently permeates the leather. The effect is indescribable, always soft, rich, exquisite and very oriental.

The shades of Cordova Iridescent Hand Bags most widely selected for 1912 by the Paris shops to which we sell are Old Rose (to be worn with misses' white summer gowns), bronze, purple, blue and brown. There are 60 styles and shapes.

With many new and unique designs, we continue to make the most artistic modeled leather articles, now exceeding 1,000 pieces, as well as items in genuine seal and other high-grade leathers, all with exclusive frames and patterns. All work made at these shops carries the trade mark below, which is the emblem of superiority in leather goods.

Cordova articles are sold by high-grade stores everywhere. Send for booklet.

Cordova Shop Buffalo
Look for this trade mark

The Cordova Shops
Buffalo, N. Y.

New York Branch:
286-288 Fifth Avenue

This latter abode of bleakness is fitted up with moldy furniture, a few tattered volumes and nice-minded old ladies who do tatting and read guidebooks. The volumes are not likely to be anything more exciting than Who's Who, a Burke's Peerage and a Baedeker of the seventies; but you never can tell—in a *pension* at Assisi I was fortunate enough to find a throbbing, vital, beguiling bit called Improvements in Modern Dentistry.

As to the ladies, they discourse between glacial pauses on the butter in Munich, the way they like carrots, and the newest stitches in shawls. They also borrow each other's copies of Ouida and practice lessons in the foreign phrase-books. At times, too, they dwell on that inevitable person who died in the *pension* last year, just after she had come over to be near the grave of her husband.

On that first night in the Naples drawing room I was told that it was considered extremely dangerous to be out-of-doors at sunset. And when I got up to leave, the dignified British mitts stopped me on my careless way.

"Don't forget," said their owner in her proper voice, "that it is dangerous to leave your windows open at night."

"Why?" I asked in amazement.

"Oh," said she, "the night air in Italy is very noxious, you know; and then there are always the mosquitoes. One never knows when one is going to get malaria here. I myself have had it in my system ever since last year."

Typhoid, cholera, malaria and—a curse in the very sunset! That night I went to bed reeling with the perils of my situation and was aghast to see at the head of my bed a spectral white figure. It was about five feet in height and leaned over my pillows with what seemed a grinning threat. I gave a hysterical scream and ran from the apartment. When I had recovered my calmness they told me it was only the white mosquito-net with which most Italian bedrooms are equipped.

By this time I was determined to find out why so many American women spend their entire lives in a *pension*. And the next morning my reportorial zeal was directed toward a pudgy old lady whom I met at the foot of the kerosene marble four flights of stairs.

"Will you kindly tell me," said I with a winning smile, "why you like Europe so much?"

She looked at me in wonder.

"Because," she answered after a moment, "I can live so much more cheaply over here. Take this *pension* here—it is only one-fourth as expensive as a place at home."

"Ah," interposed I gently, "but how did you live at home?"

"Oh," she replied as she puffed up the third flight, "I lived very simply. I had a flat in New York and I kept one little maid."

"Yes," responded I fiercely, "and you had an elevator, and water that you weren't afraid to drink, and air that you weren't afraid to breathe! You had a bathtub; and you didn't have a Ku-Klux Klan mosquito-net standing at the head of your bed!"

Why They Live Without Luxury

This tale, I know, seems incredible; but you hear it repeated all over Europe. Hundreds of American women, who wouldn't be content for one moment to live in *pension* style at home, justify their residence abroad on the ground of economy. And when confronted with the confusion in their sense of values they invariably take refuge in that old explanation: "Oh, but it is so much more interesting over here!"

I wonder where that interest lies—that is, after one has gotten over the first fine careless rapture of being in strange places! Like a very Ulysses of the *pension* I sought it, and my Odyssey took me through many *pensions* in many lands. I looked for it all through Italy and in the immaculate toy country of Switzerland; I tried to grasp it in the gay, shabby little *pension* where I stayed in the Latin Quarter; I even dared in my pursuit the unmanageable feather-bed coverings and more unmanageable food of a German *pension* and I finally concluded in abject discouragement at a sparkling, well-kept and thoroughly matter-of-fact *pension* at The Hague.

Yet there must be something—some elusive element, some subjective enthrallment—which holds the American woman at the *pension*. Otherwise, how can one explain that dear old soul of sixty whom I met at a *pension* in Rome? She had spent the last six years at this same Roman *pension*; and, so far as I could observe, she had spent the entire six in knitting shawls there in the big, bleak drawing room of the house. She seldom went out—the Colosseum exercised over her no resistless domination; she probably never once realized that all the armies of the ancient world had swept over the streets about her. And once, when I asked her something about getting into the Sistine Chapel, she looked at me with a smile beautiful to behold.

"Do you know," said she, "I have never been there! I really want to go some time!"

Impossible! In Rome six years and had never once beheld the glorious, inspired creations of Michelangelo—had no conception, in fact, of all the thrilling past that constitutes the whole value of Europe in the minds of most of us! Yet she preferred knitting in Rome to knitting in Yonkers. Strange, baffling phenomenon it was!

Certainly most of the people with whom one is brought into contact at the Continental boarding house throw little light on the advertised interest of foreign residence. For, though it was my lot to encounter some charming, well-bred and clever folk, the stock assortment is not good. A large percentage of these people are the well-meaning English women whose curiosity regarding America is little short of insulting—to wit: there was that girl with the inevitable bracelet-watch, who was staying with me at an Italian *pension*. She had been inquiring the character of the American breakfast and I had been describing what I considered a typical repast, when, turning upon me the full wonder of her round blue eyes, she asked:

"And I suppose you don't have toast in America?"

Her mother, who was a whit more sensible, tried to hush her, and the other Americans at the table giggled outright; but I solemnly assured her that even such civilization had penetrated our bleak shores.

The American Child Abroad

There are others whose attitude to this country of ours is even more directly offensive. I shall never forget, for instance, the case of that large and aggressive Swedish woman who sat opposite me at my Florence *pension*. She told me she had taught ten years in a school in New York and she ended by beating upon her breast in violent declamation:

"I am tiret off the vulgar Americans. They are s-s-so gr-r-r-eedy—s-s-so gr-r-r-asping! It iss s-s-so hart for a sensitif person like me to be among that kind of people!"

Here there occurred a diversion in the form of a large platter of chicken on which there were left four pieces of white meat. I wanted a piece of that white meat very much—but she wanted first; and with a gasp of dismay I saw the "sensitif" soul scoop in to herself every one of those coveted four pieces!

Most persistent of all American types is the widow who is living abroad with her daughter. Mother is generally an earnest soul, who tells you that they are letting Florence or Munich or Paris, or wherever they may happen to be, "soak in." Daughter is a meek little soul, who looks up into her mother's face and says: "What was that church we saw this morning?" In both the process of absorption is a most painful thing to watch.

Of all who wander through the European *pension* in the leash of that "cheaper and more picturesque to live abroad" theory, none certainly is more pathetic, more wistful, more forlorn than the American child. He doesn't find it interesting in Europe; he groans over the necessity of seeing old canvases and wearily wonders if he has to visit another church. None illustrates his plight more vividly than a dear little ten-year-old boy of my Paris stopping place. "I'm sick of this place!" he confided to me over a game of checkers. "I hate these French kids and I hate their old schools. What do you think they never even heard of baseball over here!" Poor little alien, deprived of his baseball and obliged to live in a land where big lads wear silly socks and never get any more exciting sport than sailing boats on a little park pond! There wasn't a soul in the place who didn't long to pack him up and bundle him off home on the next steamer.

Even more tragic in its ultimate results is the American child who has formed a taste for European culture. There was one such in my Florence *pension*. She was only eight years old and she could tell the difference between a Perugino and a Botticelli, and could discourse on the art of Cimabue. Poor child! There is, I am sure, a dark future in store for her.

No; I have not forgotten him! I was only saving him until the last—that baron who is always the hero of the magazine *pension* story. He really does exist at quite a few *pensions*—perhaps because they recognize him as a "property" and pay him for staying; but the thrill of his presence becomes somewhat less poignant after you have seen him eat and witnessed the unbaronly quality of his table manners. However, he possesses one unwavering charm—and that is that he, together with a few teachers, artists and poets, represents the masculine element. The *pension* is, indeed, essentially a woman's resort; and, as one little American schoolgirl expressed it, "Men look out of place in a *pension*."

I have saved up until the last a grudge against the *pension* which, in spite of its insignificance, seems to tarry most irritatingly in my memory. It is the shoeshining inefficiency in the European boarding house. What makes this so bad is that shoes are a pretended specialty of the *pension*. Each institution has its "boots" and each evening one's shoes are placed in front of one's door for the observance of this functionary. This custom naturally gives to the corridors of the *pension* a most uncanny look, and I shall never forget the first evening that I made my way through those aisles of waiting, gaping, yawning shoes!

This would all be very well if they employed skilled labor; but I had not been in Italy very long before I decided that all the home talent was busy shining up shoes on Broadway. I used to look at my shoes in the morning and wonder whether "boots" had forgotten them—so absolutely dull, drab and dingy was that morning face of theirs!

Yet, after all, that which constitutes the real objection to the *pension* as a residence of American people is not the house itself, but the surroundings of the house. It would be a different thing if your *pension* was just a little isle of discomfort lapped by waves of unending joy; but no one can claim that life in European cities is unending joy or anything resembling it. It is, on the contrary, full of constant pricks. Streets in Italy are often mere curbstones, and you walk with a carriage wheel grazing your heel. Streets pretty much all through Europe—save in Holland and Germany—are fearfully dirty.

The Return of the Native

In every place one is grappled by beggars. The postal-card vender spoils your noble joy in beholding any place of interest. You are obliged to tip everybody who answers a civil question. Traveling is a nightmare which permits no checking of trunks, but leaves you to the mercy of five bundles and a decrepit porter. And if you wish to prove the reliability of that old, syrupy, reassuring "Oh, everybody speaks English over there!" just go out some time when you are in a hurry and try your English on porters, policemen, soldiers, passers-by or some one from whom you wish information.

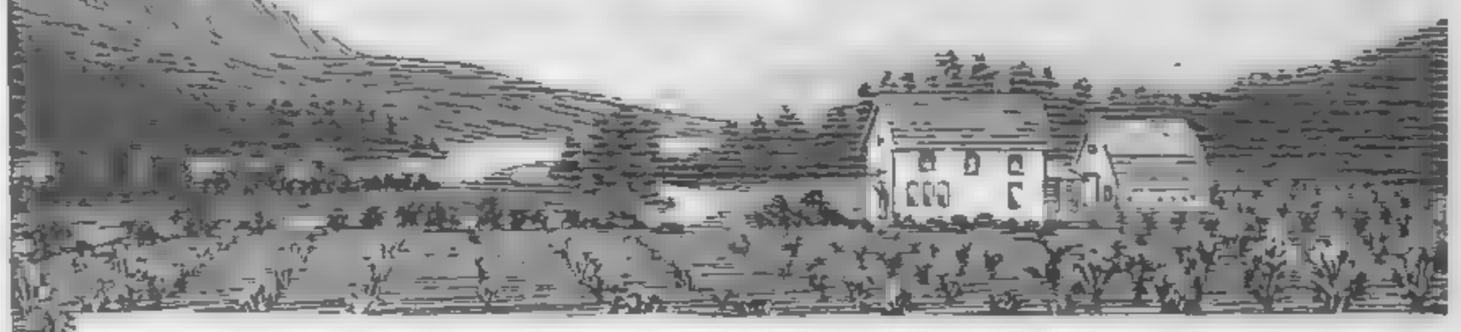
There is this much to be said for the woman or man who lives permanently in the *pension*. She does not get "stung." Unlike her countryman who takes a thousand dollars and a little flyer in European picturesqueness, she puts all her Yankee shrewdness to work and meets the European brigand more than halfway. Save for the inevitable "extras" of *pension* life, she makes, indeed, a very creditable showing.

Yes, yes; she is shrewd enough in money—this woman who lives in *pensions*; but she is not shrewd enough to see that she is sacrificing the years of her life.

Brought squarely up to this carefully elaborated thesis, it was my immeasurable joy to witness one conversion. It was that of a nice spinster of fifty who had been wandering malarially about Italy for pretty nearly six years.

"I'm going home," said she one day. "I've just engaged my passage and I sail on Saturday. My system is so chock full of quaintness I'll never be able to get it out. I'm tired of talking to these English women in *pension* drawing rooms, and I'm sick, sick, sick of their beautiful voices! I'm going back to breathe and to drink water and to walk on clean streets. I'm going back to Terre Haute!"

From Farm-Home and Palace



SAGINAW FRUIT RANCH

A. T. RICHARDSON

R. F. D. THREE
NORTH YAKIMA, WASH.

Aeolian Company,
New York.

Gentlemen:

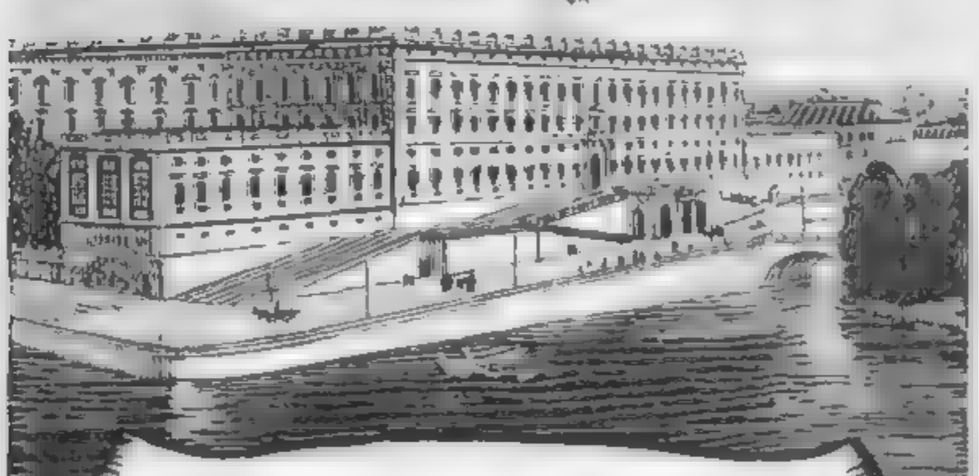
Perhaps it may interest you to know that we have been celebrating the fifteenth anniversary of an old friend of ours—the little old Aeolian which was one of the first purchases of our early housekeeping. That was before the days of Pianolas, and when a $300 46-note Aeolian seemed a pretty good thing. And a good thing it has proved! Although better devices have arisen since its day, its music is still as good as we thought it then; and its tone is as sweet and true and its oak case even handsomer than it was at first.

Your workmanship has always been a wonder to me. I have never had to call in any outside help to keep it in order, and I am quite sure we have not spent over a dollar or two for repairs in the fifteen years. And the old instrument has certainly been used hard, too; we have raised the children on it. Two blessed four-year-olds are performing something out of "Orpheus and Eurydice" as I write this, working side by side, their heads barely reaching above the keyboard

For my part, I am glad that they can have nothing but good music in their ears, from the time of their first recollections until they are put to school; they get enough of the other kind after that. We laid in a large stock of your best music at the beginning, and this was fortunate for there came later a change in the place and manner of our living, and there has been no buying of music of late years; but it is a source of great satisfaction to me that the children could be brought up in an atmosphere of Haydn, Schubert, Mendelssohn and men of that kind. I think it will count in their later life, and I feel like expressing to your company a little of the debt that I think we owe you, and wishing you well in your work

Very sincerely yours,

A. T. RICHARDSON



CABLEGRAM

From our London Branch

To the Aeolian Co., Dec. 22, 1911
New York, U. S. A.

"Take pleasure in notifying you have received Royal Warrant of Appointment to the Court of Sweden."

London, Eng. *A. J. MASON*

Royal Appointments have also been received from

H. M. George V. King of England
H. I. M. William II. German Emperor
H. M. Albert I. King of Belgium
H. M. Alphonso XIII. King of Spain
H. M. Ferdinand I. Czar of Bulgaria
H. M. Ernst Ludwig, Grand Duke of Hesse
H. H. Pope Pius X

WE publish herewith two testimonials recently received—one from a King's palace; the other from a small apple ranch on the Yakima River in the State of Washington.

The first notifies us of the receipt of a Royal Warrant of Appointment to the Crown Prince of Sweden—the Royal method of expressing high approval.

The other is quite different. It is a simple statement of appreciation from an American citizen.

We esteem both. This company is frankly proud of its commercial success. It is proud that its instruments have been installed in the leading palaces of Europe and that it holds so many Royal Appointments—certificates of distinctive merit that mean so much more than is generally understood here.

To be the leading commercial organization in the music industry is a high distinction. To have this leadership extend to every country throughout the world constitutes a recognition of superiority seldom accorded to any article of manufacture—never before to a musical instrument. Commercial supremacy, however, is not this Company's sole aim.

Mr. Richardson's letter—typical of a vast number of similar missives we have received—illustrates *the good* that Aeolian instruments are doing in thousands of homes throughout the world, and we place this splendid letter second in importance to no communication we have received from any source whatever.

The Home Instrument of Today —the Pianola Piano

THIS ranchman writes us about their Organ—the little old Aeolian Organ of 15 or 20 years ago. We have not made one of these in a long time—we make something infinitely better now, but the principle is the same.

He says it is a source of great satisfaction to him that his children are being brought up in an atmosphere of *good music*. And he is right. No greater kindness can be shown a child than to provide means for enabling it to hear an abundance of good music. This is to lay the foundation for a refining pleasure that will last through life.

In the case of these farm children, this is being done with a very primitive instrument and a slender stock of music.

Stop to think what you could offer to your children if you chose. In place of the old Organ, a Pianola Piano—perfect for hand-playing and practice, as well as Pianola playing. Instead of a few well-worn music-rolls, a vast Library of over 16,000 different selections, providing a constant supply of new music at trifling expense.

Combine Pleasure for Yourself with Educational Advantages for your Children

THE pleasure of playing the piano *yourself*—of personally rendering your choice of the world's beautiful melodies—which the Pianola Piano gives its owner, is beyond estimation.

When you realize in addition what this instrument will do for your children—how it will *help them in their music-lessons* and aid their teacher in making them educated musicians—you will not hesitate another moment about putting a Pianola Piano in your home.

THE STEINWAY, WEBER, STECK, WHEELOCK
and STUYVESANT PIANOLA PIANOS from $550

Moderate Monthly Payments

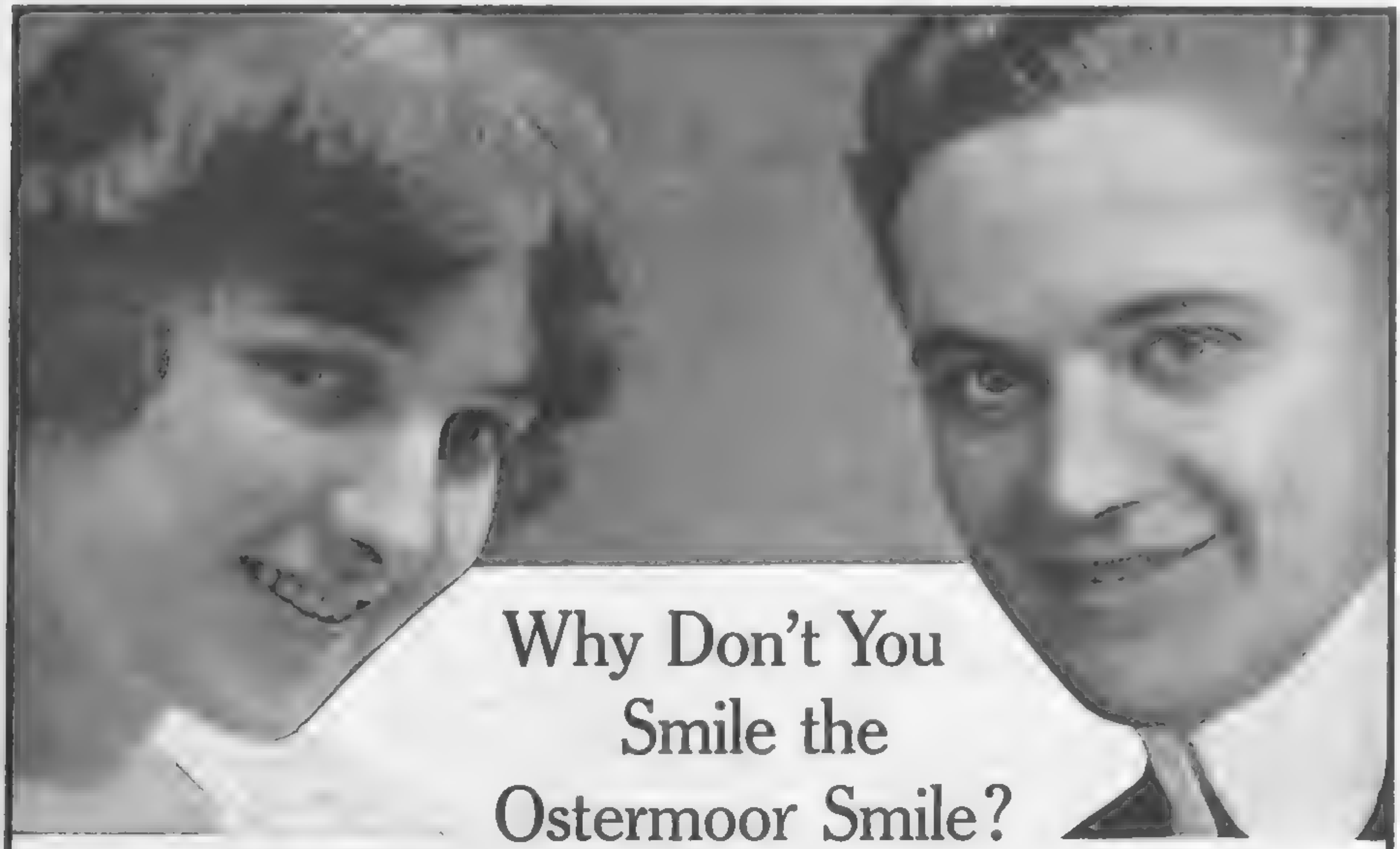
"THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE IN MUSIC" by Gustav Kobbé—famous musical author and critic—tells in a most fascinating booklet, the great educational advantages of the Pianola—Post-paid on request

The Aeolian Company is represented in all the principal cities of the world and maintains its own establishments in the following cities

CHICAGO 408-10 Michigan Ave. | ST LOUIS 1004 Olive St. | CINCINNATI 25 West 4th St. | INDIANAPOLIS 237 N Pennsylvania St. | DAYTON 131 W. 3rd St. | FORT WAYNE 208 W. Berry St.

THE AEOLIAN CO. 362 Fifth Ave. **AEOLIAN HALL** Near Thirty-fourth Street NEW YORK

The Largest Manufacturers of Musical Instruments in the World



Why Don't You Smile the Ostermoor Smile?

Write for 144-Page Illustrated Book and Samples—Free

Before you buy a mattress you should read the book. It shows the essential differences between the Ostermoor and the best of ordinary and jerky goods. The unique Comfort of an Ostermoor mattress comes from the patented process by which soft layers of downy cotton are interwoven and built up a mattress of real resiliency, free from bumps and lumps.

The Ostermoor is the one mattress that retains its resiliency through years of hard service. It *is* mat-proof, moisture-proof, vermin-proof, and germ-proof.

Don't be deceived into buying an imitation. The name *Ostermoor* on every genuine mattress is put there for your protection. If desired, we will ship mattress by express PREPAID same day your check or money order is received. Your mattress will come packed in leatherette paper and burlap, clean, perfectly dry (in any weather) and shapely.

Satisfaction guaranteed—money back if not satisfied after 30 days' trial. Send a postal *now* for the book and samples.

Denver, Strong & Co.
Denver, Colo.
Mesrs. Ostermoor & Co.

Gentlemen: It is about fifteen years since I received from you a wonderfully comfortable Ostermoor mattress.

Although we have had an [illegible] service. Our Ostermoor Mattress is [illegible] tion. Very truly,

G. H. STRONG.

Port Jervis, N. Y.
Messrs. OSTERMOOR & Co.

Gentlemen: The Ostermoor Mattress I bought of you just [illegible] in my house, apparently in as [illegible]

I [illegible] way to the very best of hair mattresses.

P. P. CURTIS.

Cheerfulness that means strength, a refreshed body and strong nerves, is the source from which bubbles forth the Ostermoor smile. Ostermoor rest is *more than sleep.* The billowy softness of the Ostermoor mattress brings *restful* slumber that straightens the kinks out of overwrought nerves and smoothes the wrinkles from the careworn brow. You will be in good spirits after a night's rest on an

Ostermoor Mattress *Built—Not Stuffed* $15.

Ostermoor Comfort lasts. We have thousands of letters proving that Ostermoors have given comfort-service uninterruptedly for terms of years up to a half century. Such evidence is worth more than a world of claims. Get the Ostermoor book—it tells the reasons for this enduring comfort.

OSTERMOOR & COMPANY, 101 Elizabeth Street, New York

CANADIAN AGENCY: Alaska Feather & Down Co., Ltd., Montreal

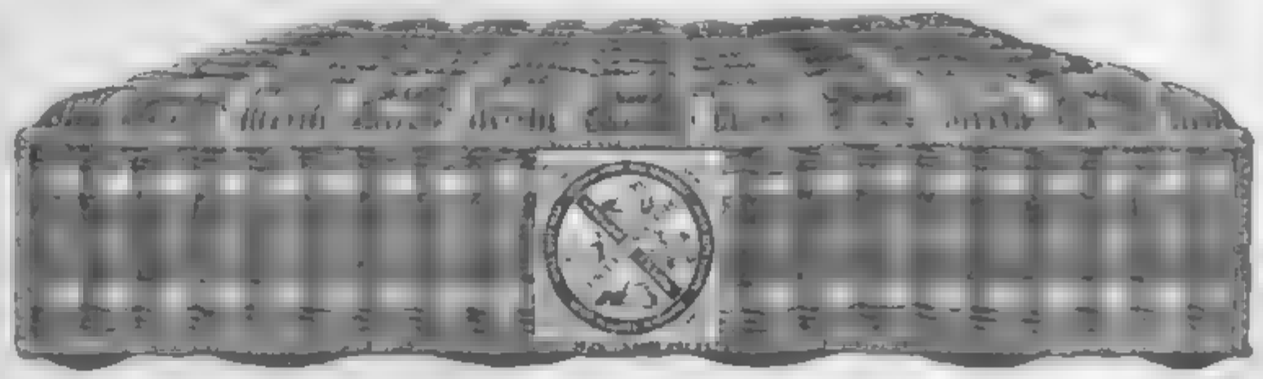
MATTRESSES COST
Express Prepaid

Best Blue and White Ticking 4' 6" Wide, 45 lbs., $15.

In 2 parts, 50c extra

Best grade of Satin Finish Ticking, $1.50 more

Mercerized French Art Twills, $3.00 more



The Senator's Secretary

THIS sort of thing happens half a dozen times a day in Washington:

A leading citizen, from some point outside, comes gallumphing into the corridors of the Capitol, into a hotel lobby, into the White House, into the office of some member of Congress he knows, or into any other public or semi-public place.

"Hey!" he gasps, "why don't you do something? What's the matter with you people? Ain't you got any sense? It's all over, I tell you! You're skinned - beat done! They've double-crossed you. You're a fine lot of dubs, you are!"

"What's all over?"

"Why, this nomination business. Roosevelt's going to be nominated, sure's a gun! Roosevelt! What do you think of that? He's got Taft on the run. He's going to grab it. Roosevelt! Sitting back there and playing his cards. Get busy! Do something! You're licked, I tell you!"

By this time the leading citizen is out of breath and he is asked to pause, recover his poise and tell what he knows.

He repeats his story. It's all Roosevelt. Nothing else to it.

"How do you know?"

"Well," he replies slowly, trying to arrange his information in his mind, "I saw a lot of newspaper polls; and I've just come in from the West and everybody I talked with on the train was for Roosevelt. I hear a lot of talk everywhere; and look at what the papers are printing. It's in the air; and —— Oh, you know as well as I do that I'm right!"

"But," puts in the other, "who were those people who were shouting for Roosevelt?"

"Why, I don't know them. Fellows I met—you know—men you run up against when traveling; and, besides, the Roosevelt sentiment is very strong back home."

"Are any of these men who are yelling for Roosevelt delegates to the Republican National Convention?"

"No."

"Do any of them control any delegates or will any of them control any delegates?"

"Not that I know of."

"Do any of them control the machinery that will elect the delegates?"

"I don't suppose so."

"Well, cheer up; maybe it isn't so far gone as you think."

Runners Out for Roosevelt

That will answer for a dozen conversations a day between men in Washington who are looking after the interests of Mr. Taft and the visitors from all parts of the United States who are seeing and hearing things. They come in panicky over the prospect of Roosevelt, or the great wave of Rooseveltism that is sweeping over the country; and they go out convinced that perhaps it is just possible there is more noise in the Roosevelt boom than delegates. Also, it is impressed on them that it takes delegates regularly seated on the floor of the convention, placed on the rolls with full credentials, to nominate a candidate for president, and not newspaper straw votes or proclamations by Insurgent governors, or resolutions passed by meetings, or chatter in hotel lobbies and on trains.

The Roosevelt propagandists have done good work. They have engineered "spontaneous" enthusiasm meetings in many parts of the country. They have started newspaper polls in places where the people naturally are for Roosevelt against any man—as in Kansas—and have made a tremendous showing. They have obtained more miles of newspaper space than the Taft people, merely because the average editor's job isn't to promote the candidacy of any particular man, but to make news as well as print it. And anything Roosevelt does in the present circumstances, or anything he does not do, or anything he may be imagined to do or not to do, is "good news."

It is folly to assume the Roosevelt boomers are proceeding without an understanding of the situation—that is, it is folly to assume that at the time this is written. Politics shifts rapidly, and it may be The Colonel will say or do something before this is printed that will eliminate him from the contest; but the chances are he will not. Meantime the shouting and the tumult continue; and the leading citizens arrive in Washington in droves and go back in somewhat calmer frames of mind.

That large bodies move slowly is an axiom that is early impressed on the human mind. That Mr. Taft is a large body is sufficiently well known. So far as his renomination is concerned, he has been moving very slowly. Instead of beginning to shape up things for a renomination as soon as he was comfortably in the White House, he let things drift. Six months or a year ago he made the announcement that he felt he was entitled to a renomination and would ask for one. Being of a non-political temperament, he thought that would suffice. Being also of a cheerful and amiable disposition, he did not bother to look into the reports that Roosevelt would oppose him, and set these reports down to the activities of the friends of The Colonel whom he had, in many instances, been obliged to divorce from jobs of one kind or another, or on whose toes he had felt impelled to tread occasionally.

Large Bodies That Move Slowly

The fact is, President Taft had his head up in the stars a bit, and did not bother with the actualities of practical politics. Also, he is impatient of bad news. He does not like to hear it. In many instances he laughed off reports of what was being done against him. In other instances he characterized these reports as bluffs. It is not easy to tell the president of the United States what he does not want to hear. The President was comfortable. He did not want his comfort disturbed by disquieting reports—and he got few of them.

The result was that until two months or so ago there really was little done toward securing the renomination for Mr. Taft beyond the statement that Mr. Taft desired to be renominated. It was held to be a sort of settled thing; and Mr. Taft busied himself with whatever came his way, and had a lot of fun, and made a lot of speeches, and traveled round, and wasted hours and hours of time over trifling details—and was happy enough after his own way. Then the reports of the activities against him began to get insistent. After a time—a long time—the President became convinced that there really was a Roosevelt movement and that Mr. Roosevelt was a party to it. This hurt Mr. Taft deeply, not only because Mr. Roosevelt is apparently out against him, but because it brought home to him the truth that every political observer has known for two years at least; and that truth is that there is a very large element in the Republican party opposed to Mr. Taft, that will not vote for him next November, and that the Republican party, as it exists today, really has two branches—Taft and anti-Taft.

It is doubtful whether Mr. Taft knows the extent of this split even yet. He is slow to comprehend politics. Also, Mr. Hilles, his secretary, works slowly. Both Mr. Taft and Mr. Hilles, however, have finally awakened to the situation—to a degree, at least; and having awakened they are now at work. A large body may move slowly, but it moves with considerable momentum when it is started. There is no doubt at all that Mr. Taft, had he gone to work six months ago as he is working now, would at this moment be absolutely sure of renomination. He has the power and the place to secure this result. The delay has handicapped him, but he still has the position of advantage; and he is a long way from being beaten for the nomination—a long way.

The great, basic condition in securing a nomination for president of the United States under the present convention system is the control of the machinery. Mr. Taft and his friends still control the machinery, not only in a national sense, but in a majority of the states. The machine secures the delegates and the machine seats the delegates. It may so happen that the national committee, for example, that has the making of the temporary roll of the convention, will shift from Taft to Roosevelt—it may so happen, but it is hardly likely. A national committee is a non-emotional sort of organization rarely affected by outside noise; and when you come to sum it up all the preliminaries of the Roosevelt campaign have been noise. If the national committee, which, at its

"Sixteen different vegetables all in one soup!"

THINK of it!
Besides the nourishing stock made of prime fresh beef; with ham, sugar, spices and other fine ingredients—*32 in all.*
That's what you get in

Campbell's
VEGETABLE
SOUP

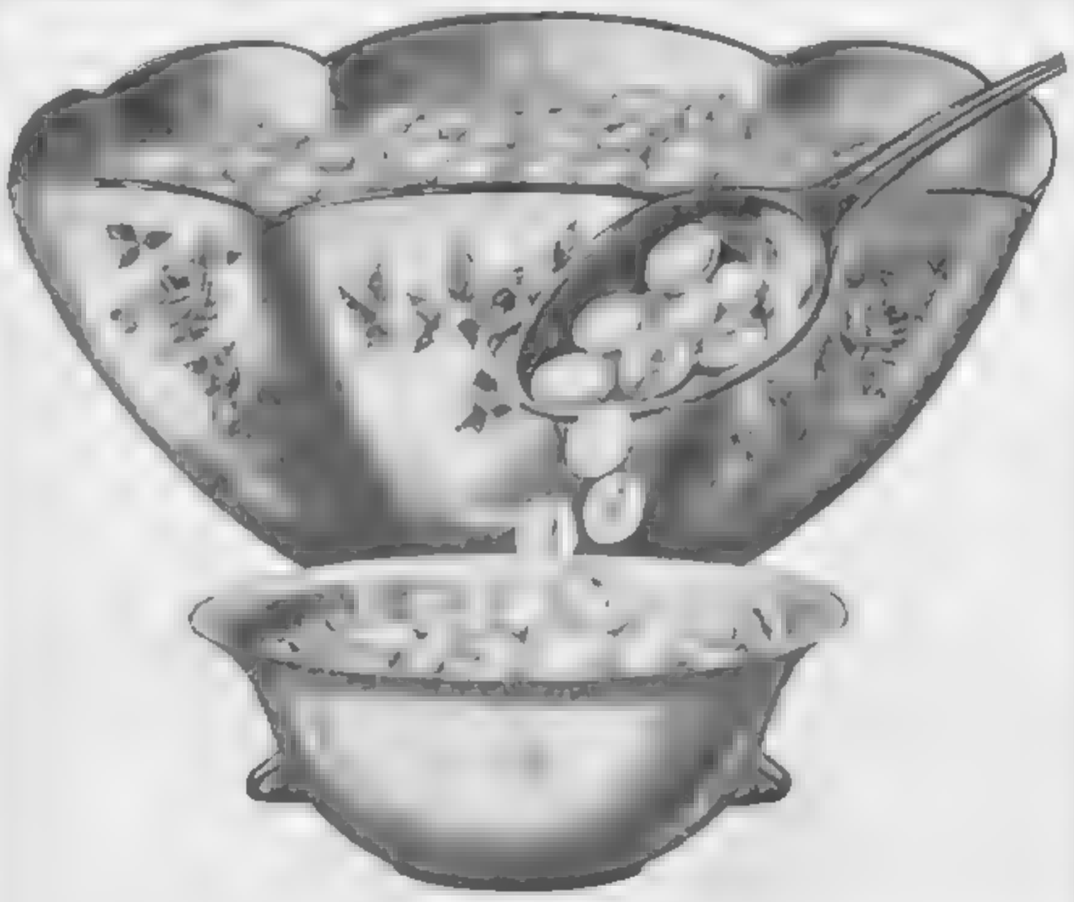
Could you make such a soup as that?
Hardly; even if you had your own vegetable garden close at hand and no end of time and patience.
Isn't it folly to bother with home-made soup? And isn't it a pity to deny yourself of a delicious soup-course for dinner *every day*, when you can buy such a pure, wholesome, perfect soup as this?—And 20 more like it.

"I'm a *Campbell* doll'y.
I am fed on *Campbell's* fare.
It makes me fat and jolly
So I'm welcome everywhere."

21 kinds
10c a can

Asparagus	Julienne
Beef	Mock Turtle
Bouillon	Mulligatawny
Celery	Mutton Broth
Chicken	Ox Tail
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Pea
	Pepper Pot
Clam Bouillon	Printanier
Clam Chowder	Tomato
Consomme	Tomato-Okra Vegetable
	Vermicelli-Tomato

Look for the red-and-white label



Wheat or Rice Toasted and Exploded

(Prof. Anderson's Invention)

These curious foods—so immensely enticing—have had a remarkable history.

A college professor—an expert on foods—exploded them first in a gas pipe.

He was trying, as men have for ages, to break up the millions of food granules. That's essential to digestion.

The partial result in baking, cooking and toasting he knew to be insufficient. So he set out to turn the grain's moisture to steam, then explode it. Thus to literally blast every granule to pieces.

Now Shot From Guns

The final result was to build bronze-steel guns. To seal up the grain, then revolve the guns in an oven heat of 550 degrees.

After an hour of this heat, inside of each grain there exists an enormous steam pressure. It penetrates every atom.

The steam is exploded by unsealing the gun. All the food granules are blasted to pieces.

The grains are puffed to eight times normal size—made four times as porous as bread. Yet the coats are unbroken. The grains come out shaped just as they were before.

And never before, in any grain, has digestion been made so easy.

Puffed Wheat, 10c
Puffed Rice, 15c *Except in Extreme West*

Another result is this:

A myriad cells are created, each surrounded by toasted walls, so thin that they melt in the mouth.

The crisp grains taste much like toasted nuts. They are used like nuts in candy-making, in frosting cake, in garnishing ice cream.

They are so delightful that people are eating 22,000,000 dishes per month. And others begin as fast as they find the foods out.

Their Unique Uses

They are served largely, of course, with sugar and cream. Or mixed with fruit at breakfast. But they also are eaten like crackers in milk. They form an ideal supper.

Children at play eat the grains like peanuts. Girls use them in candy-making.

They are eaten between meals, at bedtime—whenever one feels hungry. For they do not tax the stomach.

That's the best fact about them. They are whole grains made wholly digestible. And that's the ultimate in food.

When will you enjoy them?

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers—Chicago

December meeting, clearly was dominated by Taft, remains in that frame of mind a long step toward Mr. Taft's success is taken.

This applies to the various states also. Though the Roosevelt people are making most of the noise, it must be remembered that in some localities—indeed, in a good many localities—Mr. Taft has friends. He is not entirely deserted. Also, these friends are, in most cases, the men who control the machinery and who will, in many instances, name the delegates. It would have been far easier for Mr. Taft if he had pulled himself down out of the clouds six months ago; but, now that he is down, it will help him a lot if he can be persuaded to stay down and play the game. So soon as they got his feet on earth and convinced him of the necessity of playing politics instead of being academic about it, he went feverishly to work. He called in men from all parts of the country and began doing things. Some results were immediately apparent. Despising politics, Mr. Taft embraced politics eagerly once he woke up to the fact that his embrace was needed. He set the entire Federal machinery at work in his behalf. He made appointments for political purposes. He put old and tried politicians in charge. He is playing the game! And—as a good many of his friends would say—it is about time!

You remember the saying about the zeal of the new convert? Well, that applies in the case of Mr. Taft. He feels that he has given the people a Republican Administration—that he has been loyal to all of the precepts and policies of his party—that his failure to receive a renomination will be a repudiation of Republicanism; but, having discovered that these feelings on his part are not sufficient to allay opposition to himself and his renomination, he has decided to put on all the screws he can control. And, being unused to putting on screws, he is turning them eagerly and vigorously.

There is no doubt there is a great sentiment for Roosevelt throughout the country or that that sentiment is being skillfully fostered by the friends of Mr. Roosevelt on the one hand, and the opponents of Mr. Taft, posing as the friends of Roosevelt, on the other. Speaking in a general party sense, Mr. Taft has failed to make good as president. A large section of his party is opposed to him, not because they are losing faith in Republicanism but on personal Taft grounds. Still, there are several months before the convention meets; and, if Mr. Taft continues to play politics as he is now playing, it will take some very strenuous work and some very skillful work on the part of the supporters of Mr. Roosevelt to defeat Mr. Taft and nominate Mr. Roosevelt. As the situation now is, if Mr. Taft stays in the race as he declares he will, he has much the better of it for the nomination, notwithstanding all the Roosevelt clamor.

Delegates are what count—delegates who are seated on the floor of the convention and entitled to vote; and it is quite likely that in the final round-up Mr. Taft will have enough, or more. At any rate, as this is written, he is not beaten or anywhere near beaten, the Roosevelt shouters to the contrary notwithstanding. Mr. Taft may be beaten, of course; but he isn't yet.

CURIOSITY

AN IRISHMAN walked up Fifth Avenue, dropped into a Presbyterian church and immediately went to sleep. After the services were over the sexton came and shook him by the arm.

"We are about to close up," said that functionary, "and I'll have to ask you to go now."

"What talk have you?" said the Irishman. "The cathedral never closes."

"This is not the cathedral," said the sexton. "The cathedral is several blocks above here. This is a Presbyterian church."

The Irishman sat up with a jerk and looked about him. On the walls between the windows were handsome paintings of the Apostles.

"Ain't that Saint Luke over yonder?" he demanded.

"It is," said the sexton.

"And Saint Mark just beyant him?"

"Yes."

"And, still farther along, Saint Timothy?"

"Yes."

"Young man," demanded the Irishman, "since whin did all thim turn Protestants?"

Clean Teeth— White Teeth

Clean, white, sound teeth; each and all of these things depend upon mouth and teeth that are free from germ life and acidity and that are kept pure, sweet and clean. You are assured of these things by the use of

SANITOL TOOTH POWDER OR PASTE

The whole science of tooth soundness and mouth cleanness and white teeth put into dentifrice form.

Ingredients in these Sanitol Tooth Preparations that produce such white teeth are also what give them the power to overcome acidity in the mouth.

Ingredients that leave such a fresh taste and such *purely* clean teeth are also the ingredients that destroy all germ life in the mouth and so preserve teeth and health.

Sanitol Tooth Powder and Sanitol Tooth Paste are preventive media. Being germicidal they destroy harmful bacteria in the mouth. The use of Sanitol Powder or Paste and semi-yearly calls on your dentist to have your teeth examined will prevent all serious tooth troubles.

An Individual Package

of Sanitol Powder or Paste, Face Cream, Talcum Powder, Antiseptic Liquid or Shampoo sent free on receipt of your dealer's name and address and 4c to pay postage and packing.

CANADIAN OFFICE TORONTO, ONT.

Sanitol Chemical Laboratory Co. St. Louis, Mo.

No-Rim-Cut Tires—10% Oversize

Adopted by 127 Car Makers And by Some 200,000 Users

The claims made by tire makers can never settle the tire question.

The makers of cars and the users of cars—the men who buy tires—form the final tribunal.

These men, in overwhelming numbers, have decided on Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires. They have done this after years of experience.

No-Rim-Cut tires now far outsell any other tire, and the demand is fast increasing.

Last year's sale exceeded the previous 12 years put together. This year's sale, up to this writing, is running three times last.

Over 900,000 have been used to date, on perhaps 200,000 cars.

And 127 leading motor car makers have this year contracted for Goodyear tires.

When 200,000 motorists reach a certain decision, don't you know they can't be wrong?

Average Saving 48 Per Cent

23 Per Cent Here

Statistics show that 23 per cent of all ruined clincher tires are rim-cut.

Clincher tires are the old-type tires—the hooked-base tires—which No-Rim-Cut tires are displacing.

All that ruin—all that worry when a tire runs flat—is saved by No-Rim-Cut tires.

25 Per Cent Here

No-Rim-Cut tires, because of extra flare, are 10 per cent over the rated size.

They actually average 10.7 per cent oversize, in cubic capacity, compared with the five leading makes of clinchers.

But say only 10 per cent.

That means 10 per cent more air—10 per cent added carrying capacity. It saves the blowouts due to overloading.

And 10 per cent oversize, under average conditions, adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

That's how we figure 48 per cent saving. And tens of thousands have proved it.

It varies, of course, with proper care or abuse. Your cost for tire upkeep depends somewhat on you.

But this saving of rim-cutting, plus the added size, will cut the average tire upkeep in two.

No Extra Cost

When we had smaller factory capacity, these patented tires cost one-fifth more than other standard tires.

Now, with a capacity of 3,800 tires daily, they cost but an equal price.

Tires that can't rim-cut cost the same as tires that do. Oversize tires cost the same as skimpy tires.

You are offered that choice at an equal price. Which tire will you take?

The 13-Year Tire

We have built automobile tires for 13 years, every year better and better.

To make actual comparisons, we have tire testing machines, where four tires at a time are worn out under all road conditions.

There we compare formulas, fabrics and methods. There we compare rival tires with our own. We have done that for 13 years. And the final result is the Goodyear tire of today.

It is easy to claim a superior tire. But we go by the meters on that tire testing machine. And the actual mileage proves that no other tires compare with the Goodyear creations.

These final tires, made so they cannot rim-cut—made 10 per cent oversize—are what you get in Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires.

We Control Them

There are imitations of No-Rim-Cut tires, made to avoid our patents. Our Tire Book explains why they can't serve the purpose.

Don't judge this new-type tire by experiments. Made as we make it, it has become the most popular tire in existence. When you abandon the clincher, get the tried-out tire. Get Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires.

Our 1912 Tire Book—based on 13 years spent in tire making—is filled with facts you should know. Ask us to mail it to you.

Goodyear No-Rim-Cut Tire — **Ordinary Clincher Tire**

Both tires are fitted to the same rim—the standard rim for quick-detachable tires. The removable rim flanges are simply reversed in changing from one to the other.

GOODYEAR

No-Rim-Cut Tires

With or Without Non-Skid Treads

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities

We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits

Main Canadian Office, Toronto, Ont. — **Canadian Factory, Bowmanville, Ont.**

"The most for the money—

that is what women want nowadays" says the grocer.

The most for the money of quality, of nutrition, of purity, is contained in every bottle of Snider's Catsup—also in Snider's Pork and Beans and Chili Sauce. Snider Products *must* have both reputation and quality or they could not be, as they are, among the "best sellers" in the majority of grocery stores throughout the United States.

The reputation of Snider's Catsup has been "handed down" during 27 years of unequaled success. Women have known Snider's all these years, and they know it for the Catsup that is famed for being pure and delicious. Snider's has the quality—it has to have, for women are particular, careful buyers. They know what they are getting and they intend to have their money's worth. Be sure to ask for

Snider's Tomato Catsup

Snider's Catsup is made from selected tomatoes, only. These tomatoes are every one beauties—our standard is the highest. They are grown just in accord with our instructions, must be of certain superior varieties and picked at just the right moment to insure highest flavor and quality. Every ingredient is thus carefully chosen and prepared. The Snider recipe is famous. The care and precision exercised in the preparation put Snider's in a class by itself. It is the one and only Catsup, preferred for its absolute purity as well as for its unequaled quality.

Use Snider's Catsup, the wholesome relish, upon oysters, all meats and fish, hot or cold, especially roasts, cutlets, chops, steaks; also in spaghetti and macaroni dishes and as a seasoning for rice, vegetables and soups of all kinds.

Snider Process Pork and Beans, the most delicious dish of beans ever served upon any table, are seasoned with a luscious sauce made from Snider's Catsup.

Snider's Chili Sauce is a snappy, delightful, pure relish for all meats and fish.

See that your grocer supplies you with Snider's Catsup, Pork and Beans, Chili Sauce. If they are not better than any other brand you have ever used, your grocer will refund your money

SNIDER TOMATO SAUCE

This recipe should be pasted up in every kitchen.

2 tablespoonful butter. [illegible] teaspoon
2 tablespoonful flour. 1 cup water.

Heat butter in a saucepan. When bubbling, add the flour, stirring until smooth, then add Catsup and water. Boil two minutes, stirring constantly

"It's the Process"

THE T. A. SNIDER PRESERVE COMPANY

CINCINNATI, U. S. A.

All Snider Products comply with all Pure Food Laws of the World

OUT-OF-DOORS

The Plowman

HE RISES at dawn, the first citizen of this republic, for the duties of conducting a republic are many and hard. Yet he makes no attempt at physical culture, for the muscles on his somewhat stooped frame stand out definitely enough. He pauses but little in getting into the garments left near by on chair or floor—garments that still hold the smell and color of the soil. His bath is at the kitchen sink—or perhaps in a basin at the pump beyond. His hair stands strong, erect like a mane; his face is lean and hard, his hands large, his wrists heavy. As he walks he treads downright and firm, with little elasticity—the step that gives trouble for drill sergeants in the army. Literally he has been hopping clods; and he sets down his feet heels first as he did while staggering through the furrow all day long, his shoulders slightly bowed, his neck leaning forward, his chest not thrown back expanded—yet all of his figure tense and strong. The lines of his muscles are specialized—not meant for display, but for labor. And, that this republic may live, he labors day after day.

Perhaps he eats his breakfast in the same room where it was cooked, with the smoke and savor of it in the air about him. In all likelihood he eats in silence, for his manner of life does not make for loquacity. In the barn, with its roof of straw piled on poles, the horses, hearing his footsteps approaching, turn their heads sidewise to him, in anticipation of the food and drink they too must have before the day's work may be done. The dawn is red at the rim of the world when the cold harness falls on their backs and they turn out on their way to the field. They pass through the open gate and take the faintly defined trail to the fields. As they appear there arises the honking of wild geese that have been feeding on the stubble. The day and the world are young. When toil is duty and custom it is not wholly toil; and when the world is young its problems are few. Small need for complex nature in the man who comes now where the wild geese call. Life for him is simple. His duty is straight before him and he is certain of his ability to do his work.

The plowman rides a horse in at night when he is weary; but now in the early morning it is cold and he walks alongside of the team, urging it querulously, although the horses need little more guidance than he does. Presently they arrive at the edge of the field where the plow was left the evening before. The plowman looks to the clevis pin and there comes the jingle of the doubletree swivels as the team starts off with the plow. Its master holds the handle of one side down, so that it may slide and not bite into the soil until the appointed place is reached. The horses walk slowly, steadily, with drooping heads—mechanically ready for the day's work.

Our First Citizens

Now the plowman passes the reins, tied or buckled at the right length, across one shoulder and under the other arm, for he must have both hands to the plow handles. Indeed, his art is one that must be respected. You could not do this work yourself without training, simple as it seems—and some men never can learn to do it well. At county fairs prizes are offered for the man who can plow the straightest furrow with no guide save his eye, and can lay under a field in the most regular and exact fashion. Almost any one can soon learn the guiding of an automobile, which is done by the lightest and gentlest motions with the wrist. The art of the plow is harder to acquire.

From our field the wheat has been removed. The purr of the thresher—droning when busy, roaring and screaming when the cylinder went empty—has droned and roared its way across the country some days since, and the stacks of sheaves are now stacks of straw. Ten miles across the level alluvium show the tall pillars of the elevators at the railway town. The wheat that grew here has begun its journey—perhaps is now upon your table. The stubble, still white with the frost of early fall, stands upon the field close and thick, like the hair of the plowman, on which rests any sort of shapeless hat. Into this stubble now he cuts with the one sword that not any force or all the forces of the world—not even all the armies of kings and emperors—ever have been able to withstand—the sword of the plowshare, which never can be beaten back, which is the conquering sword of swords.

The plowman's eye is calm and untroubled. His muscles begin to be more supple now—to feel less the cramp of a fatigue steeped in sleep. His hands are light on the handles; yet something of his weight goes into the touch. He holds his course by instinct, by training, by habit. Of his feet he is careless. They must follow as they may, stumbling once in a while when clods fall down into the furrow. Yet the ground is soft underfoot. He goes on steadily, almost softly, methodically.

An hour. The day has begun. Two; three—it has advanced. The team plods on. The wild geese on the distant roosting bar begin to think of their second flight for the midday feed on the stubble. Before long the plowman will hear their honking as they come out and see the long black lines against the sky, scolding him for turning under the table where they have fed. He does not note them much and does not pause. Here is his day's work. Steadily, almost slowly, he goes on at a pace that none the less would kill the man not used to it—back and forth, across and across his field, the line of the black upturned soil, moist and shining in the sun, growing wider and wider back of him as the plow eats into the field—toward the ultimate dead furrow of the middle land. His tissues lean and hard, he perspires but little, though the day grows warmer. Streaks of sweat break out on the flanks of the horses, which sometimes sigh or cough at the end of the furrow. It is rare that the plowman bursts into any sort of song or ventures a whistle at this time of the day, unless he be very young. His melodies are those heard at the town yonder, or at the cottage organ or phonograph of the home parlor.

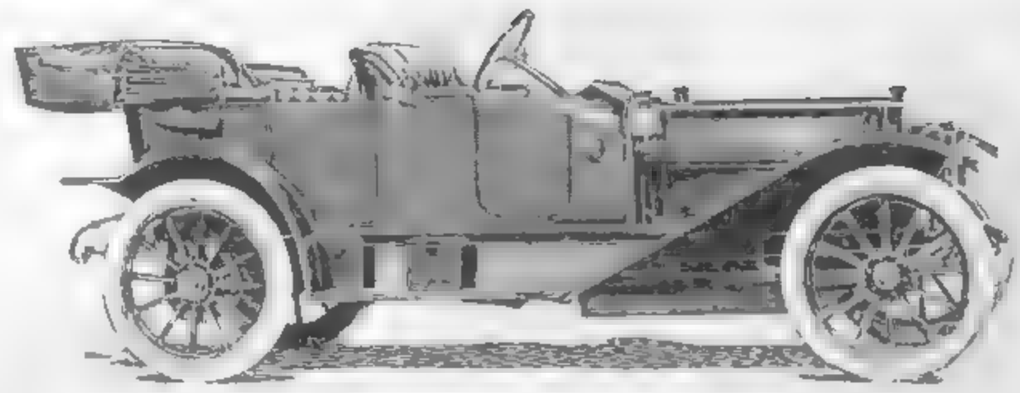
A Day's Work

The day grows warmer now. Certain plovers have swung in across the field, swooping down from their southbound flight to feed and rest. They alight far back of the plow, combing the soil for food. Many blackbirds—occasionally a robin—boldly follow along close behind the plowman, hopping near and voicing their displeasure that he plows no faster than he does and finds no larger and fatter worms for them. The birds look to him for sustenance, even as we do.

Noon approaches. The sun burns the skin, though the winter solstice is now at hand. The plowman carries no watch, but instinct keeps him in pace with the hour. At one furrow he stands, his brown face turned inquiringly, his hat pushed back on his tawny hair as though he waited for something. It comes—the clangor of the expected bell, summoning man and horse for a brief rest. They must eat or the work cannot be done. The plow also rests as they leave it and plod off toward the house for the noonday meal. Again refreshment at the pump. Again a hearty meal, probably eaten with small speech for those who make it ready.

He comes out into the shadow of the house and looks off across the country, without much query in his eye. The afternoon will be much like the morning for him. In some way the hours pass after he has returned. The heat of the sun grows less. After a time he hears the calling of the wild geese going home for the night; and when the dusk has fallen yet a little more he, too, turns toward his home. He climbs now upon his favorite horse and rides in, the harness jingling. All the world is drooping, quiet, tired. He finishes feeding his team and himself. Before very long he will seek the bed from which he rose, leaving near at hand, upon the chair or floor, his garments, with the smell and color of the soil upon them. The first citizen of this republic has finished his day.

On his march—endless, continuous—all our life and hope depend. He must walk



BUYING an automobile is an important matter to most persons. A few are rich enough to buy on impulse and change if they find they were mistaken, but with most persons the automobile is, next to the home, the most important purchase.

Mitchell cars are built for the people who can't afford to make a mistake; the more you know and the closer you investigate, the more you'll realize that Mitchell cars give the most for the money and are made to last indefinitely.

Mitchell cars are economical cars to operate, and in appearance they class with cars that cost three times as much.

Don't buy a car hastily; look around; learn the important points; study all the cars you can; every step in such things will emphasize the conviction that the value offered in a Mitchell car is the greatest value in the automobile field today.

Seven Passenger Mitchell-Six

Horse Power	60
Cylinders	6
Ignition	Splitdorf dual
Lubrication	self-contained in crank case
Transmission	selective, 3 forward, 1 reverse
Rear Axle	full floating
Rims	demountable
Tires	36 x 4½
Wheel Base	135 inches
Tread	56-inch or 60-inch if desired
Body	7 passenger, fore doors

Price equipped, $2250

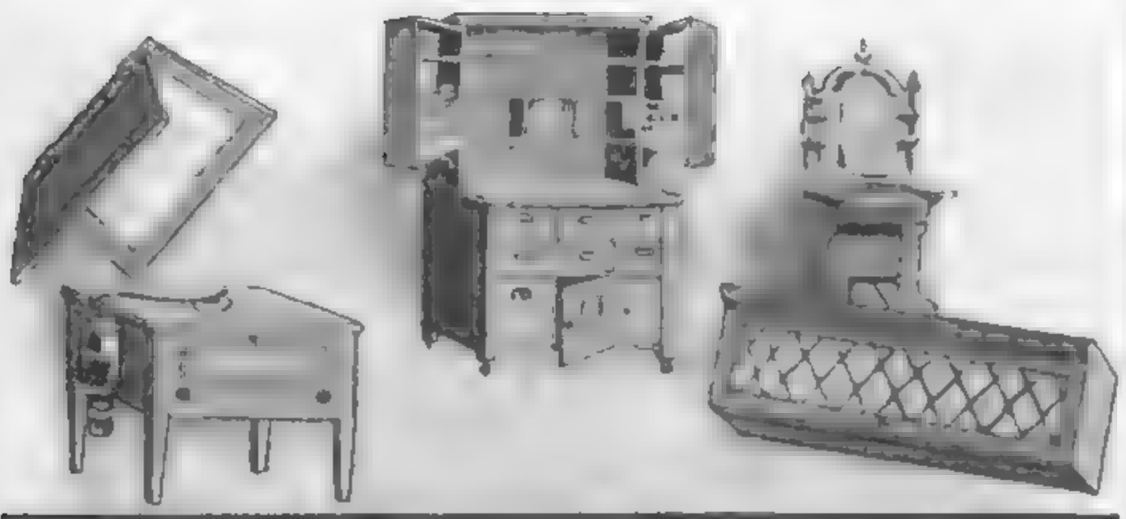
Five Passenger Mitchell-Six

Horse Power	48
Cylinders	6
Ignition	Splitdorf dual
Lubrication	self-contained in crank case
Transmission	selective, 3 forward, 1 reverse
Rear Axle	full floating
Rims	demountable
Tires	36 x 4
Wheel Base	125 inches
Tread	56-inch or 60-inch if desired
Body	5 passenger, fore doors

Price equipped, $1750

The four cylinder, five passenger Mitchell, 30-H. P., equipped . . . $1350
The four cylinder, four passenger Mitchell, 30-H. P., equipped . . . $1150
The four cylinder, two passenger Mitchell Runabout, 30-H. P., equipped, $950

Mitchell-Lewis Motor Company
124 Junction Avenue
Racine, Wisconsin
New York, Philadelphia, Atlanta, Dallas, Kansas City, Seattle, London and Paris



How Manufacturers Are Increasing Their Profits By Using

Compo-Board

The Modern Wall Lining

Hundreds of manufacturers have improved their products and made them more salable by using Compo-Board in their manufacture. Hundreds of manufacturers have put it to severe tests and found it the best material for backs of mirrors, medicine cabinets, wardrobes, wall cases, book cases, picture frames, calendars, for lining incubators, refrigerators, cabinets, for blackboards, for lambrequin work, for advertising figures, stage scenery, and for any number of other uses too numerous to mention.

What Compo-Board Is

Compo Board, as its name implies, is a composition board. It has three principal parts: its surfaces of heavy paper, the wooden core and the cement. The paper is heavy, close pressed. The cement is of very great strength, and the slats thoroughly dried and put in indiscriminately as to grain, which prevents warping.

The whole, after the parts are assembled, being subjected to very heavy pressure and intense heat, makes a smooth, straight sheet of very great strength—one quarter of an inch thick, and four feet wide.

Compo-Board being air tight is impervious to cold, heat and moisture. It is tough and durable. It cannot warp. It presents a smooth surface for papering, kalsomining or decorating in oil or water color.

Here is one of many letters from well known manufacturers.

"For several years we have been using Compo-Board [illegible] ordinary kitchen, and the Compo-Board stands the strain the best of anything we have ever used in that place. You will please feel at liberty to refer anyone in the same line of business to us."

Minneapolis Furniture Company

SEND FOR SAMPLE

You may be able to use Compo-Board to good advantage in your own product. Surely you will sooner or later find economical use for it about your factory. If you build a home, a barn, garage, factory or warehouse, Compo-Board will serve you somewhere better than any other material. Write us and get posted. Send for sample and booklets. Compo-Board is sold in strips 4ft wide and 1 to 18ft. long by dealers in nearly every town.

Northwestern Compo-Board Company

4303 Lyndale Avenue **Minneapolis, Minn.**

The top and bottom border of this ad. are cross-section views of Compo-Board, slightly magnified.

This Magazine

Free to Painters

Among the subjects treated last year were

Cracking and Scaling

Two Thick or Three Thin Coats?

Effect of Adulterated Oil

Painting Pitch Pine and Cypress

Bleaching of Certain Colors

[illegible]

[illegible] to keep up with the march of progress in his profession.

If you do not receive "The Carter Times" regularly, ask to have your name entered for a free subscription.

THE PAINTER'S PAINT

Find the painter who has made a success of his business, who has established a reputation for doing first class work, and you will find one who pins his faith to pure white lead and linseed oil, mixed to suit the requirements of each individual job.

Find the *progressive* painter, who observes and tests his materials carefully, and you will find him using

CARTER WHITE LEAD

"The Lead with the Spread"

It is the same strictly pure white lead that he learned to use when learning his trade, only whiter and finer, because made by a modern process, which has enhanced the beauty of paint and has increased the covering power of a pound of lead.

The same reasons that have induced painters to adopt Carter, should induce property owners to *specify* Carter. It insures paint satisfaction and ends paint troubles.

Every property owner who plans to do any painting this Spring, should have our book "Pure Paint." It is a text book on housepainting and the color suggestions [illegible] illustrated by six handsome color plates of real houses correctly painted. Sent **Free** on request.

Carter White Lead Company

12080 S. Peoria St., Chicago, Ill.

Factories: Chicago and Omaha

or we must starve. Literally we depend upon him. The wild game of the world would not long feed us, the fish would not support us, the herds that once sufficed would no longer serve. Only as this man walks, following the plow, can our hunger be appeased, can our civilization endure, can our cities be builded or continued. When he stops we stop. When his furrow is done the world is done. His day's work is the day's work of the world.

Did you ever see a world before the plow had come? Look for it early or you may be too late. Perhaps in your case it is too late already. In different and separated lands some of us perhaps have seen it—the world that never knew the plow. It is very beautiful, covered as it is with wild grasses and sunflowers, with rosin weeds and small wolf-willows and sweet-williams, and the small wild rose, kindliest flower of the prairies. Over the surface of the earth, rippling in the grasses, waves continually pass as they do upon the sea, one following the other, coming no man knows whence, going none knows whither. Very likely across this wild land when you saw it, which lay there for the most part as the wildfowl found it before the ship of Columbus plowed the sea, there ran the faint and scarce-repeated trace of wheels. The wheels mark the soil even ahead of the plowshare. You came across a country without fences, following what they called the main-traveled road; and now the road has split and wandered and thinned—and here at this little ridge has disappeared, so it would seem. The grasses have almost all stood up again.

From where you stand you look out across a wide and flat green valley over which the sun of springtime is shining bravely. It lights now a fleck of yellow over yonder. That is the raw roof of a crude new home. Beyond it gleams something long and black, shining moistly in the sun. It is the first furrow in the turf, the first work of the advancing plow. Your young new world is old; it is done—it is old. The plow will not turn back. This picture, green and lined with black, soon will be all black—and later, gray, as the soil dries out. A home has come here, possible because of the plow and the man who knows its use—an outpost of the people that will not be driven back—the man who plows, conquers and permanently prevails. Four thousand million miles he walked last year, back and forth, across and across his field; but of those miles not one foot was backward—each one was in the advance.

We of the cities, juggling this man's deeds while he is far away, sometimes think we are this man's leaders; but he is our leader and our master. We follow him. We are the robins, the curlews, the blackbirds—hopping, twittering, complaining in his trail. His is the greatest and gravest figure of all in the picture framed within the lines of our republic. From your desk, from your loom, perhaps you at first did not recognize him—perhaps did not call him the first citizen of this republic. Perhaps in November you have called him brother. In reality, in that month and all the other eleven, he is not your brother but your master.

BUSINESS HELPS

WHENEVER I hear men complain that they have had no opportunity; that their ill luck, their failure to succeed, is due to Fate; that if they had been differently situated they would have made good—that, in short, there has always been some malign influence or other, without any fault, any shortcoming, of their own—I think of two men whom I have got into the way of terming the Two Men in a Boat.

For these two men, each in his own and separate way, have done the seemingly impossible—attained the unattainable, achieved the unachievable. I was a passenger on their boat and it came about that each of them told me his story—though, oddly enough, I think neither knows the story of the other. I am going to tell their stories here, for I know of nothing more encouraging to those who feel they are penned in, circumscribed and held back by adverse surroundings. What these men did was to win success in business on shore while at the same time they attended most thoroughly and satisfactorily to their water jobs and spent far the greater part of each year afloat.

. . . . . .

The boat was one of the great steamers of the Great Lakes; one of the men was chief engineer—the other second mate.

Navigation on the Great Lakes is annually put an end to for a while by cold and ice. All sailormen, therefore, are likely to have some weeks of enforced idleness, as it is difficult for them to obtain regular work on shore in winter, because that is a time, in the lake region, when great numbers of other men of various occupations, skilled and unskilled, are also out of work on account of the weather. Most of the lake sailormen practically rest and loiter and stagnate through the winter, for there really seems to be nothing else to do. And, indeed, the only thing that can be relied upon is creative work.

Two Men in a Boat

Now, most people have come to believe that creative work means something like writing poems or making pictures; but, as a matter of fact, it means anything a man creates himself—and the man who creates a job for himself where there was no job before is doing creative work of a mighty valuable kind. That is what these two men in a boat did—one of them, the mate, being started on his way by stress of being "in a boat" figuratively as well as literally; and the other, the engineer, being moved by a laudable ambition that Chance had turned enthusiastically into an unexpected line.

The engineer, when I met him, was but little over thirty and had won his place of responsibility without the aid of technical training. He was thus one of the many examples which illustrate that young men with an ambition for technical work should not despair merely because they can graduate only from the schools of experience and correspondence.

He had married when he was twenty-five and at that time had saved a thousand dollars. At first, he and his wife had planned to rent for a while; but houses were hard to find, there having recently been a boom in manufacturing, and consequently such an increase in population in their city as to cause desirable houses at reasonable rents to be snapped up quickly. Naturally enough, therefore, there came the desire to build—to have a house of their own; and the necessary extra money was arranged for by borrowing.

A Beginner at the Building Game

The engineer tried hard to have the house finished with the approach of spring, before going aboard the steamer. It was odd, he thinks, as he looks back upon it, that his only ambition was to leave his wife in her own home when he should have to go. "I knew all about the general situation as to houses and their values in a growing city, but it did not occur to me that I could or ought to act upon that knowledge," he said to me, thus expressing the general reason why hosts of people do not make money. They see opportunities—safe opportunities—but keep pegging away at their own line only and leave the opportunities to others.

However, in this case of the engineer Chance was kind; for an unexpected thing happened. Before the house was finished some one offered to buy it in its unfinished condition, and the engineer promptly closed with the offer, for it meant—for house and lot together—a clear profit of nine hundred dollars.

It was this that opened his eyes—this that set his mind and his imagination at work. Why not make a business of building houses? He had sold one house—why not build and sell others? Clearly, there was money in it. The idea was fascinating.

Yet, being a wise young man, he did not throw up his well-paid situation. He went to his steamer and worked faithfully during the long months of the season; but in all his spare time he was thinking and planning in regard to the possibilities that had so interestingly opened up. A ship is a good place for thinking—leisure hours, with the stars shining far overhead and the water stretching off mysteriously on every side, are apt to be fruitful of ideas that are worth while if it happens to be an earnest person

who is thinking. And so it came about that when this engineer went home again he had his system pretty well planned out. He had planned it as thoroughly as possible because, knowing that his time on shore must necessarily be limited, he wanted to make every hour of that time pay.

. . . . . .

"I went to the courthouse and studied the records to find land on which there were unpaid taxes, for it seemed obvious that the man who couldn't pay his taxes must be hard up—or, at least to some considerable degree, in want of ready money. From the various plots of land that I found listed with taxes due I picked out only such as were in the general part of the city I had decided upon for my ventures.

"That I knew the city very well, and how it had grown and was growing, was a strong point in my favor. It was not like guessing in strange territory. That is something I have kept in mind from the first. There have been times when I was tempted, touching at different cities as I do, to make speculations at some of the other places when surface indications seemed good and I feared that the growth of my own city was becoming less active; but I have never let myself get into untried territory. I have kept right on where I had the basis of local knowledge, leaving the other places to the men who knew them.

"And I did not attempt to handle land that already had a house on it. I wanted just the land, and I would do the building. I am not sure I had a particularly good reason for this, except that I had to concentrate my efforts as closely as possible on account of my limited time. And I felt sure that I could buy to better advantage if I went after vacant lots rather than houses; for I knew that houses were pretty easy to rent in the good neighborhood I had picked out and that their selling price would therefore be high. And right here I ought to put in that I never for a moment let myself think of going into any neighborhood that had begun to show signs of falling behind, even though the prices might be wonderfully enticing and even though I could see no reason why the neighborhood should deteriorate. Real estate is a freaky thing, and one must never argue with its facts, no matter how unreasonable those facts are. One neighborhood goes ahead and another falls behind—all you can do is to accept each situation as it is.

"Well, when I found a likely bit of land I would hunt up the man who was behind in his taxes on it and find out what was his very lowest price. Then I would dip considerably under his figure and offer spot cash. I made a point of knowing, of course, at what prices land had been selling, so that I should not go too high in my offer. I knew that, with a certain amount of cash as a basis, there were ways of readily getting the rest of the money needed—and I never for a moment forgot that the man with back taxes is likely to sell low. If I found one whose prices were too high I merely dropped him and went to another. It's a sure system for results."

Door Knobs and Wall Paper

"I saw, too, after my first experimenting, that I could do much better by giving out the work in a number of separate contracts—the parts that I did not do myself—rather than give it in one single contract. Perhaps, if I were not a man with a practical knowledge of mechanics, this would not be the best way; as to that I cannot say—but I know it is the best way for me."

At first, he found it necessary to have an architect, but it was only at the beginning. Settling upon a general type of house, as he has done, he soon found himself able to make all the drawings himself; for his training made plans and specifications and drawings and blueprints familiar and easy, and he closely studied the architect's first work for things to follow or to avoid.

"Any changes in type or detail I can see to myself. And I have certainly made some changes since my first efforts; for, after two or three single houses, I put up a double house, and now I am building what is called a terrace—being a group of four."

For six years this young man has been doing this kind of work and has built up a business that pays him handsomely. He aims to build for the people who do not wish to pay more than five thousand dollars for a home, and his profits have averaged over two thousand dollars a year, with a constant upward trend as his working capital has increased.

"My wife has a natural bent for things mechanical and can superintend building work most admirably. She sees to the running of things while I am away—and runs them mighty well! We keep in touch by letters—she knows when I am due at the different ports; and once in a while she joins me for a run between two ports. And, say! we've got a boy just five years old! And already he can tell one kind of wood from another—knows the difference between poplar and oak and pine—knows lots of things about building! That shows how early you can begin in a practical education and get a little chap intelligent about things worth while."

I was interested in some of the ideas of this engineer as to the handling of his property. "I aim especially to catch the women," he says—"catch the woman and you're pretty likely to get the man.

"I am always ready to be a little extravagant with two things—doorknobs and wall paper. It's astonishing how these two things impress people. And here is another thing: When I go through a house with a prospective buyer or renter—for I am always ready to rent for a while if I find any delay in getting a buyer at the right price—I watch closely any criticisms they may make. The criticism may be just a bluff to make me put my price down, or it may be sincere but mistaken, or it may be good. At any rate, it is an expression of feeling from people I want to do business with; and if it's worth while I'm sure to see to it that the matter is all right in the next house I put up."

Chickens on the Side

The success of the second mate is of a totally different character. Earning a salary less than that of the engineer, he was working patiently along, putting by as much as he could every year, and hoping, with his wife, for at least a modest and comfortable competence—when suddenly there came a change. His father, with no money saved, came to make his home with them.

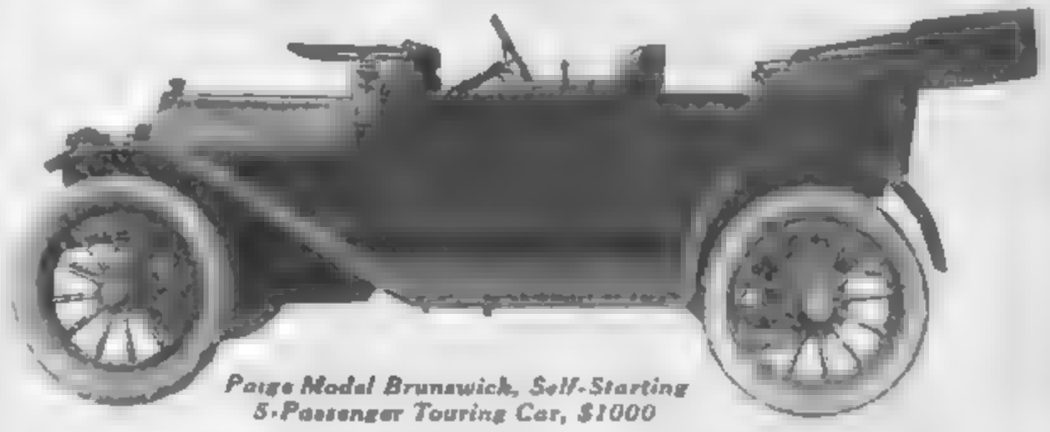
It seemed to spell tragedy, but the young man rose to the occasion. The emergency developed new qualities in him. As he paced the deck and looked out over the black waters, it gradually came to him that the situation held potential advantages—that it might be made of positive financial good. Really, for an earnest man, a ship is an excellent place to think!

He would buy a home—some little place just outside of the city where he had always lived—which did not, by the way, happen to be the city of the engineer. He would start a chicken business and would follow it earnestly, deliberately, with close and intelligent care and study. He himself would superintend and plan; his father would take charge of the daily running of the plant during the sailing season; his wife would help materially. There was no reason why the business should not make them rich!

He went into it with a sober deliberateness that fully counted the cost. A house and barn, with five acres, were purchased for seventeen hundred dollars. The place was just four miles from the city. A full outfit, purchased and built with the utmost economy, including incubator, brooder, coops, fencing and runs, cost three hundred and thirty dollars. Books were carefully studied. People who knew about chickens were consulted. No move was made without caution—but caution did not mean a particle of hesitation.

That was begun just a few years ago, and here are some of the results already: The property itself has increased in value through the natural growth of the near-by city, and is now worth, at a conservative estimate, over a thousand dollars more than it cost, as it was bought at a bargain. A horse and wagon have been purchased for daily trips to the city, and the sale of eggs and broilers gives a snug sum every week. The mate is at home to give his personal work and supervision at the very time of the year when he can do the most good; for it is special winter work that makes chickens pay the best. The off-season broiler is an expensive delicacy! The chickens are fed and tended and watched with such successful care that sickness is practically unknown among them; and the hens lay freely when eggs are dear. With prosperity, happiness has come to all—and the father is pathetically proud to show daily that he is not old enough to be shelved.

The organization which produces the Paige automobile means more to purchasers of Paige cars than the specifications of the car mean.



Paige Model Brunswick, Self-Starting 5-Passenger Touring Car, $1000

BY themselves, Paige specifications and construction are enough to make it distinctly the best automobile in *its price field.*

The Paige organization, the entire personnel of the Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company, is a staunch guarantee of the honest construction of every Paige automobile—a guarantee of careful selection of materials, a guarantee of high-grade workmanship, a guarantee of stability and permanence. And stability and permanence as typified in such an organization are of vital importance to the car owner.

The PAIGE Car

is not a car of mushroom growth, it is not designed simply to *sell,* it has been developed carefully and honestly by *men who know,* to meet every requirement and every possibility of the $1000 field.

Compare the Paige car part by part with every other car in the thousand dollar class, and it will *sell itself* to you even without that *unseen* strength of the organization back of it. And when you buy your Paige keep in mind the fact that these men collectively and individually vouch for the honest construction and durability of your car and a high-grade service to Paige owners.

The Paige Organization

PRESIDENT—H. M. Jewett, Detroit
President Jewett, Bigelow & Brooks, Detroit; President J. B. B. Coal Company, Twin Branch, W. Va.; President Detroit Lubricator Company, Detroit.

VICE-PRESIDENT—E. H. Jewett, Detroit
Vice-President Jewett, Bigelow & Brooks, Detroit; Director J. B. B. Coal Company, Twin Branch, W. Va.

TREASURER—Gilbert W. Lee, Detroit
President Lee & Cady, Wholesale Grocers, Detroit; Director First National Bank, Detroit; Director and Member Executive Committee, Michigan Sugar Company; Vice-President and Member Executive Committee, Lozier Motor Car Company.

SECRETARY—Wm. B. Cady, Detroit
Member of the law firm of Warren, Cady & Ladd; Director of Cheboygan Paper Company, Cheboygan; Director Fletcher Hardware Company, Detroit.

DIRECTOR—C. B. Warren, Detroit
Director of the law firm of Warren, Cady & Ladd, Detroit; President Michigan Sugar Company, Detroit; Director Old Detroit National Bank, Detroit; Counsel for the United States in North Atlantic Fisheries Arbitration of The Hague; General Counsel and a Member of the Executive Committee of the Lozier Motor Car Company, Detroit.

DIRECTOR—Chas. H. Hodges, Detroit
President Detroit Lubricator Company, Detroit; Vice-President American Radiator Company, Detroit; Director of the National Bank of Commerce, Director and Member of the Executive Committee of Lozier Motor Car Company.

DIRECTOR—E. D. Stair, Detroit
Principal Owner of the Detroit Free Press; Owner of the Detroit Journal; Owner of the Lyceum Theatre, Detroit; Director of the Old Detroit National Bank.

DIRECTOR—Sherman I. Depew, Detroit
Treasurer Pingree Shoe Company, Detroit; Director of the Lozier Motor Car Company, Detroit.

DIRECTOR—Willis E. Buhl, Detroit
President Buhl Sons & Company, Hardware, Detroit; Vice-President Buhl Malleable Iron Works, Director of Old Detroit National Bank; Director of Parke, Davis & Company, Detroit; Director of Detroit Copper and Brass Rolling Mills; Director National Car Company; Director Lozier Motor Car Company, Detroit.

DIRECTOR—Alex. McPherson, Detroit
President Old Detroit National Bank, Detroit; President Detroit Trust Company.

In each of its seven models, all built on the one Paige chassis and with one distinctive Paige power plant, the Paige is a beautiful, sturdy, reliable automobile. If you want to know how much of real automobile value you can buy for prices ranging from $925 to $1000 you will investigate the Paige thoroughly.

SPECIFICATIONS—All Models

Wheel base, 104 inches; cylinders cast en bloc, 3½-inch bore, 4-inch stroke; unit power plant; self-contained constant level splash lubrication system, maintained by plunger pump and sight feed on motor. Halcomb Electric Nickel Steel transmission gears; R. I. V. annular and Hyatt high-duty bearings. Cork insert multiple disc clutch running in oil; Delco ignition. Disco self-starter. Tires, 32x3½, Diamond or Firestone. Five black enameled lamps, horn, tools, jack, tire repair kit with each car.

Write us today for name of Paige dealer nearest you and our new 1912 catalog. The catalog shows models reproduced in beautiful color plates and tells fully everything about Paige construction. Address

PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR CO.

265 Twenty-first Street **Detroit, Michigan**

What Do YO
Sugg

One of the greatest laws in all hum
You are attracted to a passerby in the st

him with something his clothes suggest. With poverty, wealth, refinement, vulgarity—often even with failure or success—with any of a *thousand* of the pursuits, passions, or possessions of humanity.

A stranger steps into your office to address you. *Click!*—the second your eyes are focused upon him—your mental camera has snapped an impression. And that impression, science itself tells us, sometimes lingers persistently through years of later relationship.

Here then, is a principle, so tremendous that no man can afford

The Royal Quality Impression

There is something in the very basic idea of Royal Made-to-order clothes that is in harmony with the world's success standards. These clothes stand for precision, accuracy, infinite nicety of detail and all-around rightness.

There is nothing "pretty-nearly" right about a good made-to-order suit; it is right one hundred per centum—for it is planned and moulded especially to the man who wears it. And so, in his very

Every Man Can Now Have

appearance the Royal Tailored Man *advertis* that he "wants what he wants when he wants One Hundred Point Man.

Not all tailor-made men live up to their clothe kind. But if clothes are one form of advertisement don't you want clothes that will typify the *best* ideals will set a high mark for you to live up to!

The BEST tailored-to-order clothes are not HA dealer in your own business neighborhood—is ready

That Royal Tailored Look
telegraphs to the spectator's mind an
[illegible]

T h e R o y a

Joseph

Chicago

Look for the Royal Tiger Head trade-mark on all woolen samples you are shown. Beware of substitutes.

Now Over 8000 Royal Dealers

Pretti

Copyright 1912 The Royal Tailors

OUR Clothes
est?

han nature is the law of *suggestion.*
reet. Instantly your mind associates
to disdain it—whatever his place in life.

You may feel that you can live down the inevitable first impression. You may feel that you can succeed despite any belying suggestion your appearance may give. *And perhaps you CAN!*

But *why* the self-imposed handicap? *Why* go the way of strongest resistance? If you really want to attain and fill the part of Success, why not *look* that part? Why not *wear clothes* that *suggest* the aims and attributes, the power and prosperity you cherish?

Broadway Tailored Clothes

es that he is a seeker after perfection—
it" and GETS it—that he is, in fact, a

s. Some men disprove their credentials of every
of the inner man—which they certainly are—
—"just right" clothes—clothes that every day

RD to get or expensive to get. Your home Royal
o take your measure for a Spring Suit or Overcoat

Call On Your Royal Dealer To-day

to be cut and draped to your individual body and mental dictation. And at a price that will make that "just right" Royal all wool garment an actual source of money-saving as well as a wardrobe perfection ($20, $25, $30 and $35).

Your local dealer now has the full resplendent Royal exhibit of new Spring woolens now on display—ready to show you. Surely—with decades of clothes-buying needs ahead of you, this system is worth at least an investigation. And our 8,000 dealers have authorized us to extend to *Post* readers the freedom of their stores—without any obligation to make a purchase.

Even an able man may

l Tailors

nt

148 Branch Royal Stores

In the finished garment, the Royal Silk Label with the Tiger Head woven in, is your safeguard

New York

The Clothes That Real Men Wear

The Open Doors

On the Bell Highway

The Bell system opens more than six million telephone doors, so that each subscriber can talk with any other subscriber.

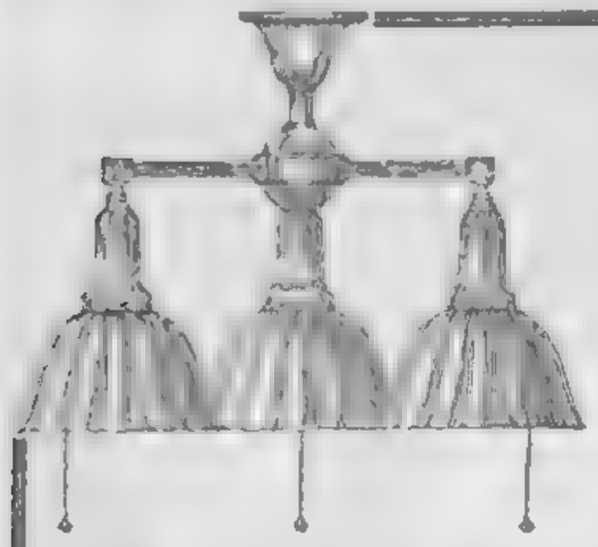
It provides a highway of universal communication to open and connect all these doors.

It also furnishes the vehicle for use on this highway, to carry speech from door to door throughout the land.

The Bell highway is used daily by more than twenty million people—all telephone neighbors—by means of universal service.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*



House Owners! Have Bryant Pull Sockets on Your Electric Light Fixtures

PULL Sockets because of their great convenience—one pull turns light on—another turns it off. *Bryant* Pull Sockets because Bryant stands for the newest *practicable* ideas and the finest possible workmanship in all wiring devices. The *Bryant New Wrinkle* Pull Socket is a little marvel of ingenuity. Always works. Wears for years. You'll find it worth while to send for the "Pull Socket" booklet giving full information.

Bryant Electric Company
1425 State St., Bridgeport, Conn.
CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF DOLLAR DIPLOMACY

Continued from Page 4

using the capital of the country in the foreign field in a manner calculated to enhance fixed national policies. It means the substitution of dollars for bullets. It means the creation of prosperity which will be preferred to predatory strife. It means taking advantage of the interest in peace of those who benefit by the investment of capital. It recognizes that financial soundness is a potent factor in political stability; that prosperity means contentment and contentment means repose." *

The most striking instance in which dollars have been used and have succeeded where bullets would have done naught but add to the misery of an unfortunate people, occurred in Santo Domingo. In 1904, that country having been torn for years by internal dissension and revolutions, the Dominican people found themselves in a position where the revenues of practically every port in the republic were pledged for the payment of debts held mostly in Europe. There were no funds left with which to carry on the work of government. The total revenues from imports and exports had for years been insufficient to meet even the interest on the outstanding indebtedness, and the people of the island were face to face with bankruptcy. They were also face to face with the prospect of seeing the custom houses seized by European powers for the protection of European creditors.

At this point the United States, armed with dollar diplomacy, came to the assistance of the Dominican republic. An agreement was entered into in 1907 by which the customs revenues of the island were to be collected by an American receiver-general. To this the foreign bondholders, by reason of the practical guaranty provided by the interest of the United States, were glad to agree. Since the inauguration of this system the country has enjoyed peace. The custom houses could not be seized by incipient revolutions, and therefore funds could not be procured to make such revolutions successful. Last year the total customs revenues collected in the Dominican republic amounted to the record-breaking sum of $3,485,000. Of this sum $1,442,500 is devoted, under the convention, to the payment of the interest and the sinking fund of the foreign debt. Thus the bondholders receive the interest on their investment and are assured that the principal is safe and will by means of the sinking fund be returned to them at the maturity of the loan. In round numbers, $2,000,000 thus went to the Dominican government for the administration and development of their country.

Hope for Nicaragua and Honduras

Compare this situation with that which existed before the dollar diplomacy of the United States was invoked, when the Dominican government had nothing, the country was racked by revolutions, the bondholders received no interest, and an Italian gunboat was actually dispatched to Dominican waters for the enforcement of agreements with Italian subjects.

There are now awaiting ratification by the United States Senate conventions of this same nature with two Central American republics—Nicaragua and Honduras. Both of these countries have been the field for almost incessant revolutions, which prevent all progress and development and confront the people with the prospect of national bankruptcy and possible intervention on the part of foreign governments in the interest of foreign creditors. The present situation of each of these republics, in whose prosperity and peace we must necessarily take such an active interest, is analogous to that which existed in Santo Domingo in 1904. It is confidently expected that by the operation of the conventions now pending in our own Senate—Nicaragua has already ratified the convention with that country and is eagerly awaiting its adoption by us—the peace, credit and prosperity of both will be firmly established, as has happened with the Dominican republic. This phase of dollar diplomacy is no longer an experiment.

Another typical work of dollar diplomacy has been our help to Liberia. Since that small African republic was founded by Americans and colonized by liberated slaves it has been our ward, and its welfare has naturally always been of great interest to us, especially so to our citizens of African race and to those particularly interested in them. Pressure of frontier troubles, fighting with turbulent tribes and onerous foreign loans reduced the country to a stage of tottering weakness where apparently it was about to disappear from the map. Under a treaty with the United States, Liberia sent a commission here to ask aid. We sent a commission to Liberia to investigate and report, and as a result we got American bankers to interest themselves in the rehabilitation of Liberian finances. The governments of Great Britain, France and Germany, having commercial or neighboring interests, joined in the work, and their bankers coöperated with ours. The result is an understanding by which an American is about to enter on his duties as general receiver of customs for Liberia, and we are sending three or four military officers, at Liberia's request, to instruct and drill an efficient constabulary to maintain order. We hope that we have thus succeeded in guaranteeing not only continued existence, but also prosperity and welfare to the republic of Liberia, which has excellent resources and which it was our moral duty to assist and preserve in accordance with our present interest in the country and its future possibilities.

Improved Trade Conditions in China

The Spanish War left us with extensive possessions in the Far East, and immediately thrust upon us a direct interest in the affairs of that part of the world. When President Taft, early in his Administration, found himself called upon to announce his Far Eastern policy, he declared it to be not one of territorial aggrandizement or of merely commercial expansion but a policy that should tend to the continuance of the sovereign and territorial integrity of China and the "open door."

This declaration was not hastily made. While he was Secretary of War and long before his nomination for the presidency, Mr. Taft in a speech at Shanghai had firmly taken the same attitude:

"If in helping China to preserve her sovereign and territorial integrity economic and commercial factors enter into the problem, that is because we are working in an actual world where practical interests operate and clash. We must reckon with the ordinary human motives in popular and governmental action among all the powers and make use of the everyday purposes and instrumentalities of life. Our activities in the Far East none the less express a logical, worthy and beneficent program altogether consistent with the principles and ideals of our Government, because of the fact that American dollars are made to perform a high moral duty."

The main points in the development of this policy may be briefly stated: In the Treaty of 1903 with the United States, China agreed among other things to abolish the system of internal taxation called "likin," which impeded the free circulation of commodities to the general detriment of trade; to adopt adequate measures for the protection of industrial and literary property; to revise the mining regulations and encourage mining operations; and to provide for a uniform system of national coinage that should be legal tender in the payment of all duties, taxes and other obligations throughout the empire.

Early in 1909 the Department of State ascertained that capitalists of three great financial powers, Great Britain, France and Germany, had all but completed an arrangement with the Chinese government for the building of certain trunk lines of railway in Central and Southern China. It was learned at the same time that the revenues pledged in connection with these railway projects vitally affected the national reforms in which this country was so deeply interested.

The American Government did not demand that these railways should be built or that American capital should necessarily

* From the address of the Honorable Huntington Wilson, Assistant Secretary of State, at the Third National Peace Congress, Baltimore, May 4, 1911.

be employed. Its demand was that if the railways were to be built, and to be built with foreign capital, American rights and American interests in the development of China, based upon the Treaty of 1903, should be duly recognized.

It has been stated in some hostile quarters that the recent upheaval in China was caused by the injection of American enterprise into the situation. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The railways would have been built if Americans had never appeared on the scene, but with this difference, that the control of the principal revenues throughout the heart of China would have been pledged to other foreign powers, and America would have been deprived of any voice at the council board at which the important questions involved in the disposition of these revenues were determined.

After some negotiation the claim of the United States to equal participation with other powers in all respects, including the disposition of the securities, the supplying of funds and of materials, was admitted by the foreign financiers and governments concerned.

Later the Chinese government, knowing the interest which the United States had long taken in the currency reform, applied to us for financial assistance in carrying out the project. The Department of State had but recently demanded for Americans the right to share in the railway project. Moreover, it recognized the treaty rights of the other powers and the vital importance of coöperation with them in the working out of the currency reform. The occasion was therefore seized to forward the policy of the open door, or equal opportunity, which had always been so strongly advocated by the United States since the time of John Hay; and the door was opened, with China's consent, to the financiers of the other powers already associated in the railway loan.

America has frequently been criticised in past years for trying to exert an influence in Chinese affairs out of all proportion to the importance of its vested interests there. The successful completion of the two projects mentioned has given the United States for the first time, since our early carrying trade, such a substantial interest in the material development of China as to give us more than a moral right to a voice in all questions affecting China's welfare. Our Far Eastern policy has been brought "back to earth." In addition, our interests have been so associated with those of the other leading powers by common financial ties that it is to the benefit of all alike to join in maintaining the political integrity of China and to unite in sympathetic and practical coöperation for its peaceful development; for where nations invest their capital there they are intent upon preserving peace and promoting the development of the natural resources and prosperity of the people. No better proof of the wisdom and effectiveness of the policy adopted could be found than the way in which the powers have worked together to protect their common interests and to avoid all unnecessary interference during the recent disturbances in China.

So, you see, dollar diplomacy has substituted peace and prosperity for bloodshed in Santo Domingo and is at work to do the same for Nicaragua and Honduras. Dollar diplomacy is working for coöperation and concerted support to help China toward material development, modernization and peace. Dollar diplomacy is carrying out the moral duty of the United States to Liberia.

If the name dollar diplomacy is to be understood as popularly applied in a general way to the diplomacy of President Taft's Administration, I could show you how methods dubbed dollar diplomacy, which sounds very materialistic, have literally prevented or terminated a war between Ecuador and Peru; a war between Haiti and Santo Domingo; a war in Honduras; not improbable war between Panama and Costa Rica; and chaos sure to lead to war in Nicaragua.

In a régime styled dollar diplomacy an American president has taken the world's greatest step toward universal peace through the French and British arbitration treaties. During the same period, through our new treaty with Japan, the so-called Japanese immigration question, at one time so troublesome and by many declared impossible of solution, has been settled permanently and satisfactorily. There have been more resorts to arbitration and more peaceful settlements of just claims and more brushings away of misunderstandings than seem to have occurred in any other corresponding period.

The effective work done by the consular service is just beginning to receive recognition, and during the last two years the diplomatic service has been aroused to the fact, which long ago was well recognized by other powers, that one of the most important functions of that branch of the foreign service is to help promote trade. The consuls have been extending unusually efficient help in the way of keeping American exporters in touch with the commercial situation and the opportunities in their districts. They have opened up many new avenues of trade through the information forwarded, which is transmitted to American manufacturers and exporters. A notable feature of the work in Washington, so far as it relates to trade relations at least, is the large number of important American business men who now come to the department for personal conferences and to secure advice and suggestions either at the Bureau of Trade Relations or from the experts in charge of the politico-geographical divisions.

All these modern activities of the Department of State and the foreign service are entirely dependent upon that professional efficiency and up-to-date method and organization which have been the aim of President Taft's Administration, and, of course, the rigid application of the merit system is indispensable. I do not think it is generally appreciated that during this Administration there have actually been more appointments of consular officers and secretaries in the foreign service made, in proportion to population, from the Southern than from the Northern states. This is to equalize the representation of the states and territories in the service along the lines of the new regulations which the President has urged Congress to give the force of law.

There is another thing perhaps not generally realized, namely, that with an export trade of over $2,000,000,000, the total cost to the American taxpayer of the whole foreign service establishment, including the Department of State, the diplomatic service and the consular service, in 1911, was only $1,760,000 net in round numbers. Thus last year, the year of its greatest activity, the whole foreign service establishment, which is expected, besides extending foreign trade, to conduct our foreign relations and, through a just and conciliatory diplomacy, to preserve us in peace and amity with the nations of the world, cost the American taxpayer less than $2,000,000—surely a ridiculously small sum when one reflects that during the same year the cost of the military and naval establishments of the United States, exclusive of pensions, reached the enormous total of some $215,000,000!

Of course our enormous coastline, our outlying possessions, our position as a world power and as a commercial nation demand a powerful navy; but surely where we spend one hundred dollars for military and naval establishments we ought at least to be able to spend more than one dollar upon the cultivation of international commerce, good neighborhood and peace.

FITFORM CLOTHES
FOR YOUNG MEN

Here are good and sufficient reasons for selecting FITFORM clothes in preference to all others—why you get the smartest, most distinctive and desirable clothes when you buy them.

FITFORM clothes are designed and cut with minute and exact reference to the young man's figure. They are superior in fit, style, fabric, tailoring.

They give the figure the appearance of physical strength and grace; they add tone, distinction; command respect and win admiration for the wearer.

They are the only real "college men's clothes"; they give the professional young men prestige; they make business friends; meet all requirements of the social "mixer".

Ask your dealer for FITFORM. Write us for Style Book and beautiful McFall Art Poster

Ederheimer, Stein & Co.
CHICAGO

Overland

How Factory Facilities

Showing Why the Greatest Factory in the

ANY one with enough capital to buy a few parts can make a line of automobiles. Frames, motors, transmissions, bodies, axles, etc., can be delivered in at least thirty days from part makers all over the country. Just get a stock design—put these parts together—find out how much the parts and the assembly cost you—add what you consider a fair profit—then go out in the open market and start your business.

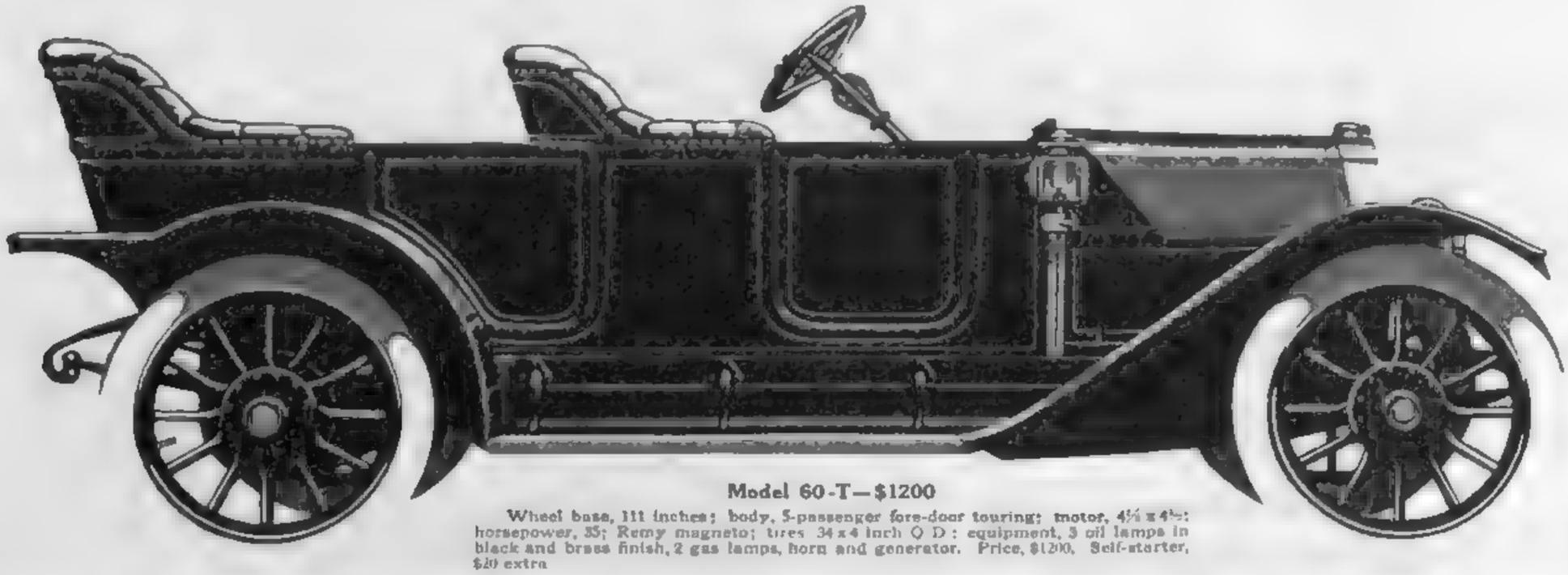
This description represents the small assembly shop. They buy everything and make nothing. Therefore it must cost them more to do business than the larger factory, for every single part of their car is bought from some outside source. They must pay the part maker a profit as well as themselves, *and the consumer is forced to pay both of these profits.* If, for instance, this maker is producing a forty-five horsepower touring car, it must cost you a good thirty per cent. more than the finely finished Overland car of that type. Generally this grade of factory turns out about 1,000 to 2,000 cars a year. *Why should you pay their higher prices?*

The next step, in automobile manufacturing, is the plant that markets 5,000 to 6,000 cars a year. This plant is not much different from the smaller plant, except that it is a little larger in appearance. Here you may see some little manufacturing. You see men drilling and filing, and possibly you will find quite a few lathes in operation. Their motor is probably built from a special design, *but built by some one else.* This grade of plant also has to pay the middlemen a profit, and get its own profit besides—*all of which the consumer must pay.*

Compare this plant with what you see at the enormous Overland factory, where 25,000 cars a year are made. Here the middleman does no business. Nothing is bought from the outside. There are *no* extra profits to be provided for, for which the consumer must pay. Every single part of the car is made in the Overland plant. Our buildings cover over 80 acres. 5,000 men are employed. Millions are invested in automatic machinery. A few of the things you see in the Overland factory which are absent in the smaller plants is the great die cutting plant. You see lamps, radiators and wind shields being made. You see the most modern expert gear cutters. You see huge machine stamping outfits—turning out pressed steel frames, fenders, mud guards, hoods, etc. You see the enormous body building plants and the great drop forge plant. You see the bronze and aluminum foundry. You see what seems like miles of automatic machinery; in fact, you see the greatest and most modern automobile plant in the world.

In the automobile business—like everything else—the facilities—first, last and all the time—govern the selling price of each individual car. The greater the facilities, the lower the market price of the

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio



Model 60-T—$1200

Wheel base, 111 inches; body, 5-passenger fore-door touring; motor, 4½ x 4½; horsepower, 35; Remy magneto; tires 34 x 4 inch O D; equipment, 3 oil lamps in black and brass finish, 2 gas lamps, horn and generator. Price, $1200. Self-starter, $20 extra

Affect Automobile Prices

Industry can Give You More for Less Money

Overland

automobile. Where we make 25,000 cars the average plant will make but 5,000, and less. What the smaller plant must buy, we make. What they do by hand, we do by machinery. Where they employ 500 to 1,000 men, we employ 5,000. Where they buy material in small quantities and pay the long price, we buy in large quantities and pay the small price. We are not handicapped by any financial water. Every share of the Willys-Overland stock is owned by John N. Willys—the president. He controls and directs. No one else in the world has a word to say. And the net result is: a better car for less money than any other maker can produce. Two values, typical of what we do in the way of economical production, are shown here.

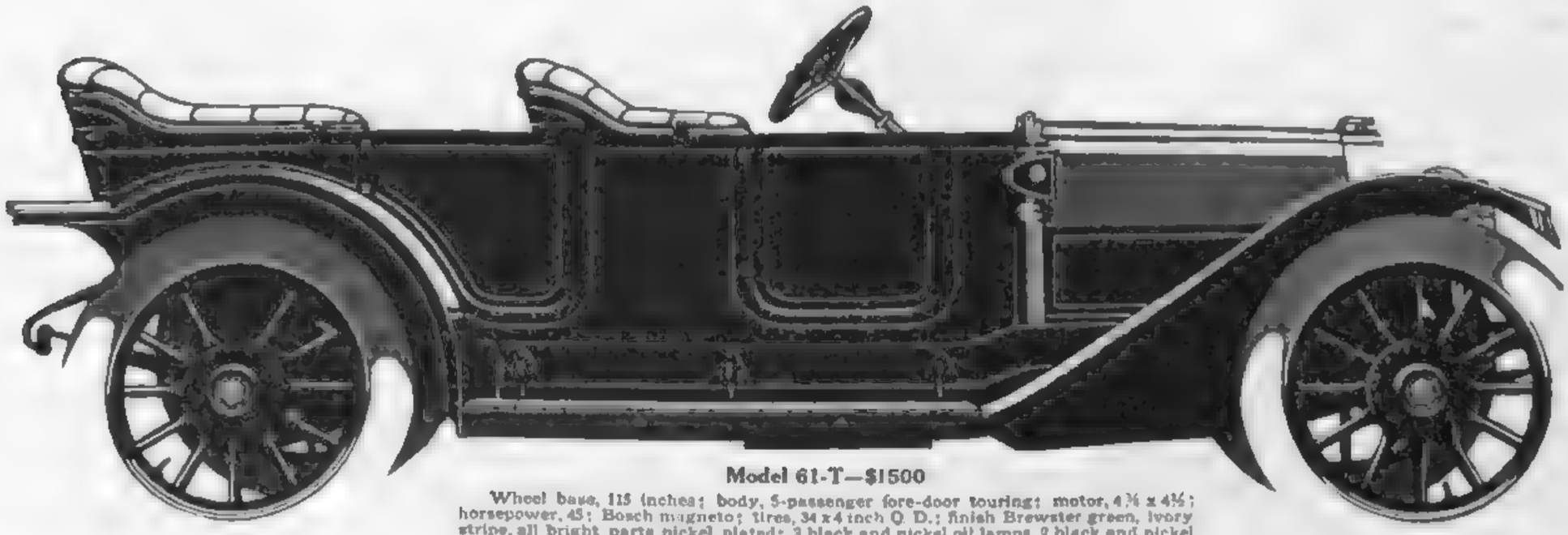
Model 60 (left hand page) is a thirty-five horsepower touring car priced at $1200. It is a big five-passenger car—comfortable and with lots of room. It has a powerful thirty-five horsepower motor, which can easily develop fifty miles an hour. The wheel base is one hundred and eleven inches. The transmission is of the selective type—three speeds and reverse—fitted with F & S bearings, which are used in the most expensive cars made. Crank and gear casings are made of aluminum. The frame is of cold rolled pressed steel. The operating levers are in the center of the car. The body lines are graceful and pleasing. The upholstery is of good leather hand stuffed with fine hair. We equip this car with our simple self-starter for only $20 additional.

Can you duplicate this car for much less than $1500? If you want a machine of the thirty-five horsepower touring car type, would you pay $1500 when you can get this car for $1200?

Model 61 (right hand page) at $1500 is another exceptional value. This car has a forty-five horsepower motor; seats five people. The wheel base is 115 inches. The front axle is a one piece drop forged I section fitted with Timken bearings. The rear axle is full floating, also fitted with Timken bearings. The pressed steel frame has a double drop. It is equipped with Bosch magneto. Tires 34 x 4 inches. The big handsome body is finished in rich Brewster green, ivory striped. All bright parts are heavily nickel plated. Upholstery is of the best leather and genuine hair. This car is big, strong and magnificent. It is hard to figure what more anyone could possibly want in an automobile. It is complete in every detail, having all those little modern refinements that make for comfort. The price for this car is $1500. Self-starter only $20 extra. Go over the market with a fine tooth comb and you will not find its equal for less than $2,000.

Our 1912 book gives you all the further facts. Write for a copy today and see the difference in automobile plants. Please ask for book A 23.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio



Model 61-T—$1500

Wheel base, 115 inches; body, 5-passenger fore-door touring; motor, 4¾ x 4½; horsepower, 45; Bosch magneto; tires, 34 x 4 inch O. D.; finish Brewster green, ivory stripe, all bright parts nickel plated; 3 black and nickel oil lamps, 2 black and nickel gas lamps. Price, $1500. Self-starter, $20 extra.

LOWNEY'S "CREST"

CHOCOLATES

"Crest" Chocolates are the latest Lowney product. Certainly we have provided the finest chocolate coating that can be made. By the choice of special natural products from the tropical countries where good things grow **Lowney's "Crest" Chocolates** are made more delicious than chocolates ever were before. Every box with the crest and name on it is sold at one dollar a pound, and is worth it and more. No girl can resist their lure. They are packed with the greatest care for appetizing appearance. They are a perfect gift. They are what the most exacting connoisseurs have been searching for.

Get them of your dealer if he has them. If not send us amount and we will forward promptly, prepaid, with card enclosed if desired:

Lowney's "Crest" Chocolates, assorted, ½ lb., 1 lb., 2 lbs., 3 lbs. or 5 lbs. at $1 a pound.

Lowney's "Crest" Caramels, ½ lb. or 1 lb. at $1 a pound.

Lowney's "Crest" Nougatines, ½ lb. at 50c. for the half-pound.

Also, Lowney's Fancy-Full, no cream centers, 1 lb., 2 lbs., 3 lbs. or 5 lbs. at 80c. a pound.

Lowney's Vesta Creams, all soft centers, 1 lb. at 80c.

THE WALTER M. LOWNEY CO., BOSTON

Wear Faultless Shirts With The Patent Nek-Gard and AVOID THAT SPOT!

The Patent Nek-Gard prevents the *front* collar button from touching the neck. Avoids pinching, bruising and that unsightly collar-button spot.

Faultless Shirts

This feature is confined exclusively to Faultless Shirts and they are the *only* shirts made so that no buttons touch the neck. This improvement increases the unusual value which Faultless Shirts have always represented in style, fit and quality at $1.50 and up. If not at your dealer's, we will see that you are supplied. Look for the Faultless label.

E. ROSENFELD & CO., Dept. S, BALTIMORE, MD., U. S. A.

Makers of Faultless Night Shirts and Pajamas—"The Coxydoxy Kind."

THE NEK-GARD KIND

ON MAIN STREET

(Continued from Page 6

and is deftly and quietly piloted out into the cool night air and folded up in a cab. On still rarer occasions, some exhilarated roisterer of a village cutup opens the front door and enters with a whoop; but he never gets past the oyster counter. There is no record of a person rolling a whoop that ever did get past the oyster counter, because this department is in charge of a gentleman who opens oysters for a living and removes disturbing elements for pleasure. He is a wide, thick person, and the "muscles of his brawny arms are strong as iron bands"; and he could open oysters with his thumbnail, though generally using the edged tool provided for that purpose. He is likewise gifted with the calm, judicial temperament; and he never lets his disposition or his hair get rumpled. The cutup, entering, utters his preliminary whoop. The oyster-shucking gentleman lays down the implements of his calling, wipes his hands on the front of his apron, thereby practically hiding the apron for the time, and comes swiftly out from behind. There is a brief flurry, a squeal as if some one had stepped on a mouse, and the person who whooped is out on the sidewalk in practically a whoopless state, yet entirely unhurt and wondering vaguely how he got there without walking. And that is positively all there is to it.

Not a ripple of excitement has been communicated to those sitting at the tables—the diners dine on in ignorance of what has taken place at the front door; but the sightseers sit and sit and sit, waiting wall-eyed for the customary evening's contest between the gridiron heroes and the waiters. Finally Mr. Town Mouse, speaking in the disappointed tones of one who really can't get his proper night's rest until he has seen two or three Freshmen mangled up, will say: "Well, old man, it looks pretty quiet tonight; but last night, if you'd only been here, you'd have seen some lively scrapping—believe me!"

Here, of late, it has come to be the custom among those who are seeing the town to drop into one or another of two or three big, gaudy restaurants for the so-called cabaret shows that start after midnight and continue until everybody goes home or to sleep. This cabaret stunt is supposed to be the very capsheaf of rollicking, reveling deviltry—the latest importation in the acting-up line from dear old Paree—in short, the last word in refined and expensive wickedness. It is supposed to have brought a new fillip of sensation to the sated and jaded palates of the Broadway *boulevardiers*. One is told that all the society people and all the theatrical set and all the clubmen and all the men about town are just held spellbound by it! And generally one is given to understand that it is just a little bit the spiciest, sauciest thing that ever came to town. That is what one hears—but what does one see?

The Latest in Café Naughtiness

Very well, Rollo, since you must know, here is what one sees. One sees, on a given signal, several couples hired from a theater or specially retained—dancing between the tables, back and forth among the diners and the drinkers. It is apt to be rather ordinary dancing, done in a rather ordinary way; but because the dancers don't dance on a platform or a stage, but right down among the tables, why, that—don't you see?—makes it just too piquant and scandalous for anything!

And so, with first one thing and then another, the giddy, delirious night wears on and wears out; and along about four A. M. our two devil-may-care friends come forth upon Broadway. Broadway at this hour looks like almost any other street anywhere at four A. M. The electric signs which made it to glitter like a gambler's bride are now turned off; and Broadway, which naturally is about the worst-lighted street on earth, has become a long, dim, drafty cañon, through which occasional footsteps echo hollowly. Save for the occasional taxi, the semi-occasional victim of the sleeping sickness hanging to a lamp-post, and once in a great while a tired policeman paddling by in his overshoes, it is empty and deserted. It is also cold and raw and dismal, and the air tastes of coming day; but, somehow, to the doctored imagination of the stranger, Broadway, even at four A. M., is invested with hidden deviltry and wanton wiles and mocking laughter and silken swishings, and to the bottom of his illusioned soul he is satisfied. For has he not done New York? He has.

And when he wakes up in the middle of the next day he finds that New York, following its pleasing custom, has also done him. He has seen and heard the same things that he could have seen and heard, had he been so minded, in any town of a hundred thousand inhabitants in the United States—seen and heard them on a larger and louder and brisker scale, perhaps, but nevertheless the same things; and for the entertainment he has paid about nine times as much as the smaller town would have charged him.

Just as bogus as the stock wickedness of Broadway, but of a different sort, is the stock wickedness of the East Side. Great numbers of persons from remote points are nightly demanding to be led to the East Side in order that they may look with their own eyes upon the sordid sin of the metropolis as contradistinguished from the glittering and tinsel brands of sin. Assuredly they are led—there are persons specially in the business of leading them.

The Highly Respectable Bowery

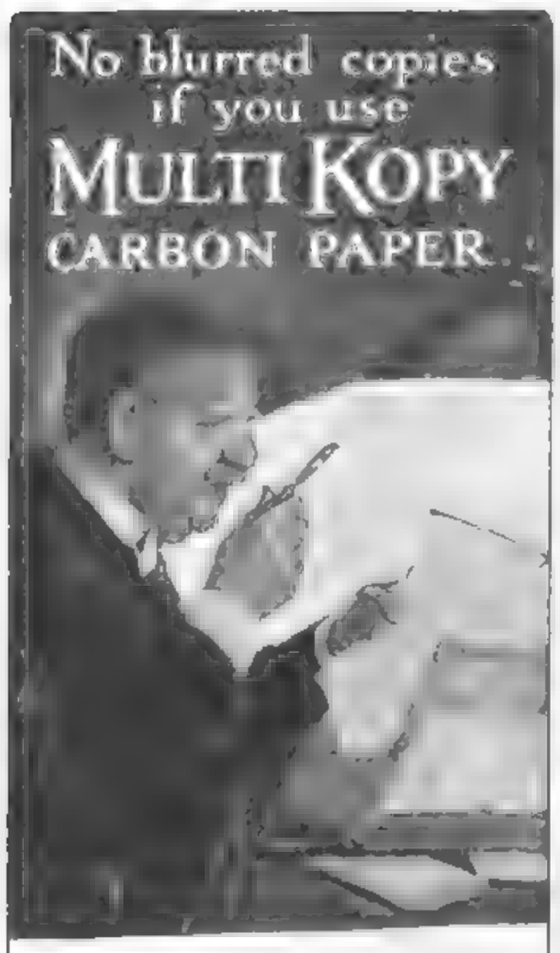
First off, of course, they must see the Bowery—the wicked, dangerous, deadly, desperate Bowery of song and story, particularly song. Well, maybe it was all of that once—say, about the time of the Mexican War; but not any more. Gone is Suicide Hall; gone is Steve Brodie's; gone are all the rest. The Bowery of today and likewise of tonight is almost altogether a business thoroughfare. For every shabby dive that still lingers along its length, it has half a dozen big factories and wholesale houses; for every ginmill sitting room, a dozen moving-picture shows; for every barroom, a block of soda fountains and jewelry shops and dairy lunches and retail clothing stores.

The sightseer will look in vain for the roistering, rowdying swarms of blue-jacketed sailor boys; he'll wait in vain to be robbed and maybe slugged by a low-browed highwayman. The kind of sailor boy that makes up Uncle Sam's navy today is more apt to be uptown somewhere, sitting in a two-dollar seat at a high-class theater, or consulting books of reference at a public library; and the nearest the stranger will come to being robbed is when a souvenir postcard purveyor tries to charge him five cents for a postcard that was meant to sell at two for five.

The depraved monster who will take the job of killing a man for five dollars or maiming him for two-fifty is strangely not on the job. This bloody-minded but accommodating party isn't there any more; and, to tell you the truth, he never was. It is true that on the Bowery you can get a shave for five cents and a haircut for fifteen; but, except in the "mellerdrammers" and the dime novels, there never was any cutrate schedule on murder down there. Eighty per cent of the resident population of the Bowery is made up of hard-working longshoremen and laboring men, who live in the Bowery lodging houses because they are cheap places and handy to their work; and fully ninety per cent of those who pass through the Bowery by night are hardworking, law-abiding, sleepy-headed tenement dwellers. The rest are mainly sightseers looking for excitement and not finding it. I sort of hate to deal a blow to a time-buffed tradition; but, to tell you the truth, a slummer is infinitely safer in the Bowery at any hour than he would be in any one of half a dozen lower West Side streets, of which, probably, he has never heard. And, for that matter, he would be reasonably safe on any of those streets, too, so long as he minded his own business with any degree of success.

When the Bowery fails to come up to its press notices, and the slummer shows signs of a slight swelling in his bump of disappointment, the official guide steers him through Mulberry Bend, after warning him to be on the lookout for Blackhanders and hurtling bombs. The slummer emerges from that quarter breathless but safe, not having seen any Blackhanders or bombs—and he wouldn't, either, if he hung round a week, waiting—and then he is steered into Chinatown for the real thrill.

New York's Chinatown covers about two square acres of ground, speaking roughly,



You appreciate this picture if you have felt the exasperation of being "held-up" by an unreadable carbon-copy (for instance, a "1" in an important date looking like a "7"; a letter in a man's name being indistinguishable, etc.). But if you haven't yet been troubled that way, it's all the more reason why you should absolutely prevent its occurrence by instructing your stenographer to use only

TRADE MULTIKOPY MARK
CARBON PAPER

Its wonderful chemical preparation, the result of years of experimenting and experience, makes it absolutely non-fading. You can rub your finger across one of its copies and not make a blur.

This scientific manufacture is further shown in that a sheet of MULTIKOPY makes 100 clear copies before usefulness is ended. And it is shown, too, by making 20 copies at the same writing, saving time and energy.

Not only is MULTIKOPY more economical than any other, but many a man has saved the decision of a lawsuit by showing a clear MULTIKOPY carbon record. Say "halt" to all future carbon-copy troubles—**send today for a free sample sheet of MULTIKOPY.**

MULTIKOPY is made in Black, Blue, Purple, Red and Green in six varieties that will make the following number of copies at one time. Regular Finish, lt wt., 20; Medium, 8; Billing, 6. Hard Finish, lt. wt., 16; Medium, 6; Billing, 4.

Star Brand Typewriter Ribbons

are guaranteed to make 75,000 impressions of the letters "a" and "e" without clogging the type so as to show on the paper.

F. S. Webster Co. 335 Congress St., Boston, Mass.

Address all letters to the Home Office

SALES OFFICES { New York, 246 Broadway; Chicago, 1240 Michigan Ave.; Philadelphia, 908 Walnut Street; Pittsburg, 439 Diamond Street

and includes one very short, very crooked street—Doyers—and sections of two longer streets—Pell and Mott. It contains a number of Chinese restaurants, Chinese joss houses, Chinese curio stores, Chinese groceries, Chinese clubhouses and Chinese laundries, some Christian missions, an undertaking establishment—Caucasian—a drug store and several saloons, also Caucasian. There is wickedness and to spare in Chinatown, wickedness of a slinky and furtive oriental type, but it keeps itself hidden away on the upper floors of dark rear tenements and behind blind walls, where no uninitiated outsider ever finds his way; and the wickedness that is on tap for every casual eye to see is made-to-order wickedness, which Chinatown wears, like a false face, for the benefit of the impressionable visitors who flock there.

There have been shootings in Chinatown, just as there have been shootings on Main Street, in Pokeville; but no honest Pokeviller hangs round Main Street waiting for more shooting to take place. He reserves that form of idiocy for his trip to Chinatown. The pilot cautions him beforehand to be ready to flee for safety at the first crack of a gun—and he is ready to flee. Of course, if he stopped to think it might occur to him that a Chinese tong fighter would hardly be likely to wait until a large crowd of tourists came along, before pot-shooting his chosen victim in full view of the audience; but he doesn't stop to think. He is not in New York for that purpose.

It has been found necessary and profitable to devise dens of iniquity for the benefit of Chinatown visitors. There used to be one place in Chinatown, a bat-cave of a cellar, smelling like everything unsainted—admission, twenty-five cents—where the entranced vision of the tourist might rest upon a group of Chinamen engaged in what he was told was a gambling game for enormous stakes. And there used to be another place and probably is yet, unless the police have shut it up—where, peering through a grimy glass door, the visitor might see lying on a bunk—oh, true word, bunk!—a fair-haired creature, smoking opium—charge, one dollar. Maybe a regular opium den wasn't something to go back home and tell the fellows about!

Places That Do Not Exist

Chinatown is chock-a-block with steerers, who make their living introducing visitors to Chinatown's make-believe wickedness. One of these is affectionately known among his friends as Willie the Fits, through the circumstance of his having occasional epileptic seizures. Willie the Fits was escorting a nervous covey of slummers—mainly females—through Doyers Street one night; and seeing a fee of augmented size in sight he was moved to apply the local color with a heavy brush.

"Gents and loidies," spake Willie the Fits impressively, "dere's been a moider for every foot of asphalt in this here street." Instinctively his listeners drew closer together. "Every brick in this here sidewalk is stained wit' huming blood. In them houses above yous the Hip Sings and the On Leongs and the Four Brudders kills their victims and hoils down the dead bodies. At any minute they's liable to be a bleeding corpse droppin' at yore feet!"

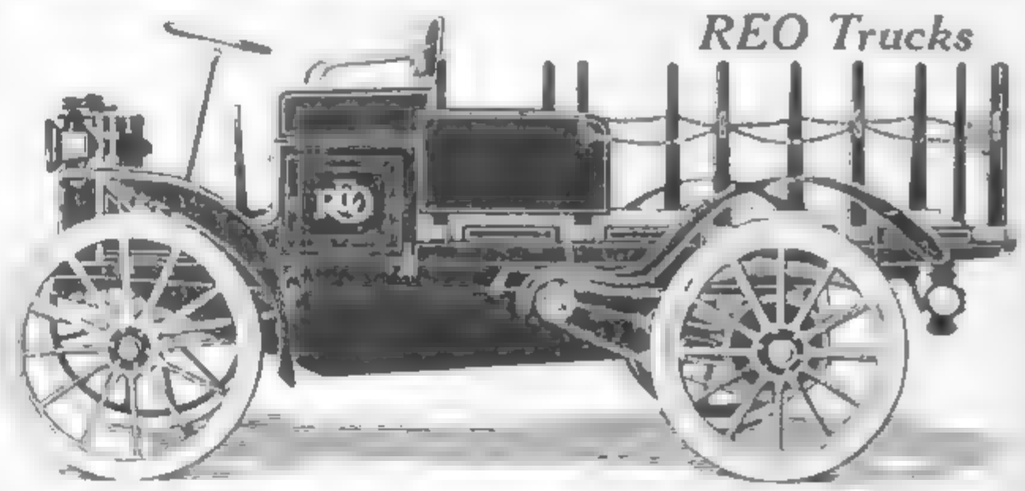
At this moment a negro, who was washing windows on the second floor of a saloon two doors below, so far forgot himself as to fall out and strike the pavement with a loud and painful splash. There was a mad medley of shrieks, a clatter of flying feet; and Willie the Fits stood alone, minus his flock—and, worse than that, minus his tips! Too much realism had been his ruin. Willie the Fits lay down and had one.

To get the right idea of New York wickedness, ask a policeman. Approach one of these stolid guardians of the public peace, as he stands post on a corner in some so-called slum district, and ask him the whereabouts of one of those typical New York dives you read of, where cutthroats plan their nefarious crimes while drinking deep potations from black bottles, and rat-eyed thieves slink in the shadows, and crime—as they say in the evening newspaper headlines—and Crime is Rampant! This has been tried before now by verdant strangers and almost invariably the policeman in his answer mentions the name of William Tell's brother, Wat.

"Wat Tell?" he says. "Wat Tell? G'wan now, and run along back where you belong! There ain't no such a place!"

And no more there ain't.

REO Trucks



Wheel base, 90 inches—Horsepower, 10 to 12—Length behind seat, 6 feet—Capacity, 1,500 pounds. Front seat top, $25 extra.

Only $750

And Built by R. E. Olds

Please mark that price, and note this truck's capacity.

Most trucks which do what this truck does, cost from $1,200 up.

We are building trucks on a business basis—at a dray-wagon profit

They are built in a separate factory, with a capacity of 5,000 trucks per year

And they are sold through the thousand dealers established on Reo cars

To pay more than we ask for a truck like this is rewarding inefficiency

The Famous Designer

It goes without saying that R. E. Olds knows how to build a truck

The dean of designers, with 25 years of experience. The builder of myriads of pleasure cars. The creator of Reo the Fifth.

Mr. Olds should be—and he doubtless is—the best qualified man in the business.

Mr. Olds' method of perfecting this truck was to put hundreds of them into use.

They were operated in city and country, on hills and plains, in all sorts of business service.

One loaded truck ran from New York to Oregon. Two carried the baggage in the Glidden Tour, from New York to Jacksonville.

These tests have now covered two years. And never has a truck of this size and capacity shown better records in service.

50 Cents a Day

This truck is built so a 12-year-old boy can drive it. There is nothing to get out of order—nothing to do but steer

It is immensely economical. On a six months' test, covering 4,553 miles and making 3,773 stops, the cost for gasoline, oil and repairs averaged 50 cents per day.

The average of many accurate tests shows the cost of delivery by Reo truck to be 60 per cent the cost of delivery by horse.

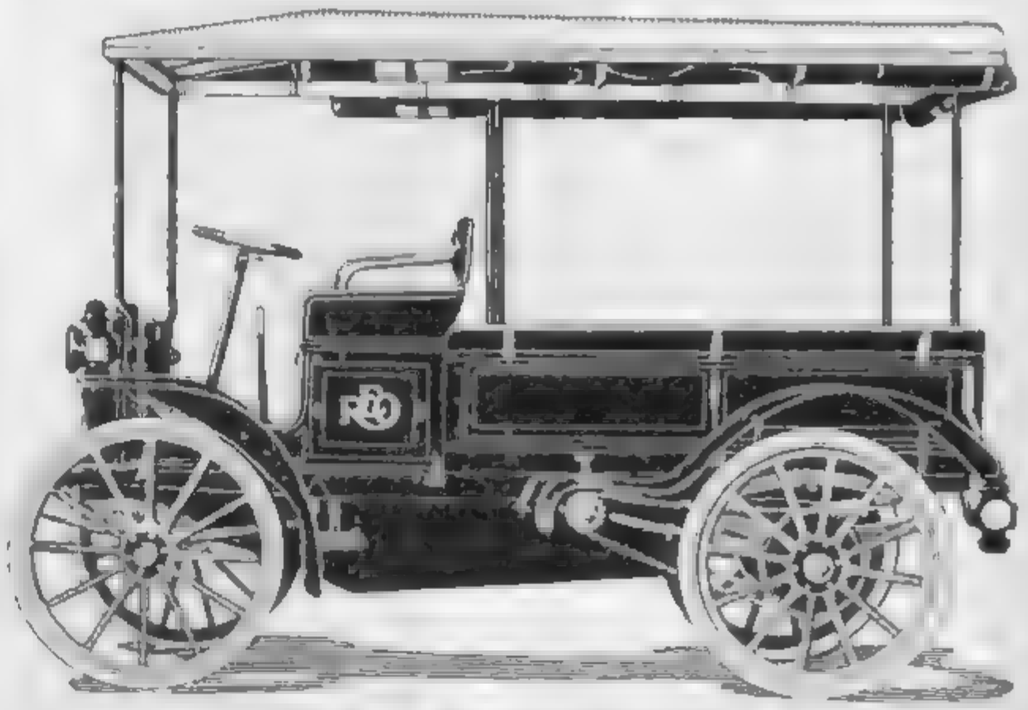
It does five times the work of a one-horse truck, and does it three times as quick

It is always ready—never gets tired. Nothing can feaze it—heat or cold, rain or snow

The Reo dealer—right in your town—will demonstrate the truck. He will teach your men to run it. And he is always there to take care of it.

Write us for information.

R. M. OWEN & CO., General Sales Agents for REO MOTOR TRUCK CO., Lansing, Mich.



Price $750 f. o. b. Factory. Top over all, as shown in cut, $50 extra

Ford

¶ The Lightest-Weight, Lowest Price, Four Cylinder Motor Car in the World—size, power and capacity considered.

¶ There is intense significance in the above fact—to be so light in weight demands the very highest quality in all the materials for construction.

¶ To be light in weight demands the utmost simplicity and greatest strength, coupled with scientific accuracy in design.

¶ Ford Model T brings you the living endorsements of more than 100,000 owners who are every day using this splendid car.

¶ Ford branches and dealers in all cities, towns and villages are at your elbow with Ford Service for Ford Owners.

Ford Model T Touring Car, 4 cylinders, 5 passengers, fully equipped, f. o. b. Detroit $690

Ford Model T Torpedo, 4 cylinders, 2 passengers, fully equipped, f. o. b. Detroit $590

Ford Model T Commercial Roadster, 4 cylinders, 3 passengers, removable rumble seat, fully equipped, f. o. b. Detroit $590

Ford Model T Town Car, (Landaulet) 4 cylinders, 6 passengers, fully equipped, f. o. b. Detroit . . $900

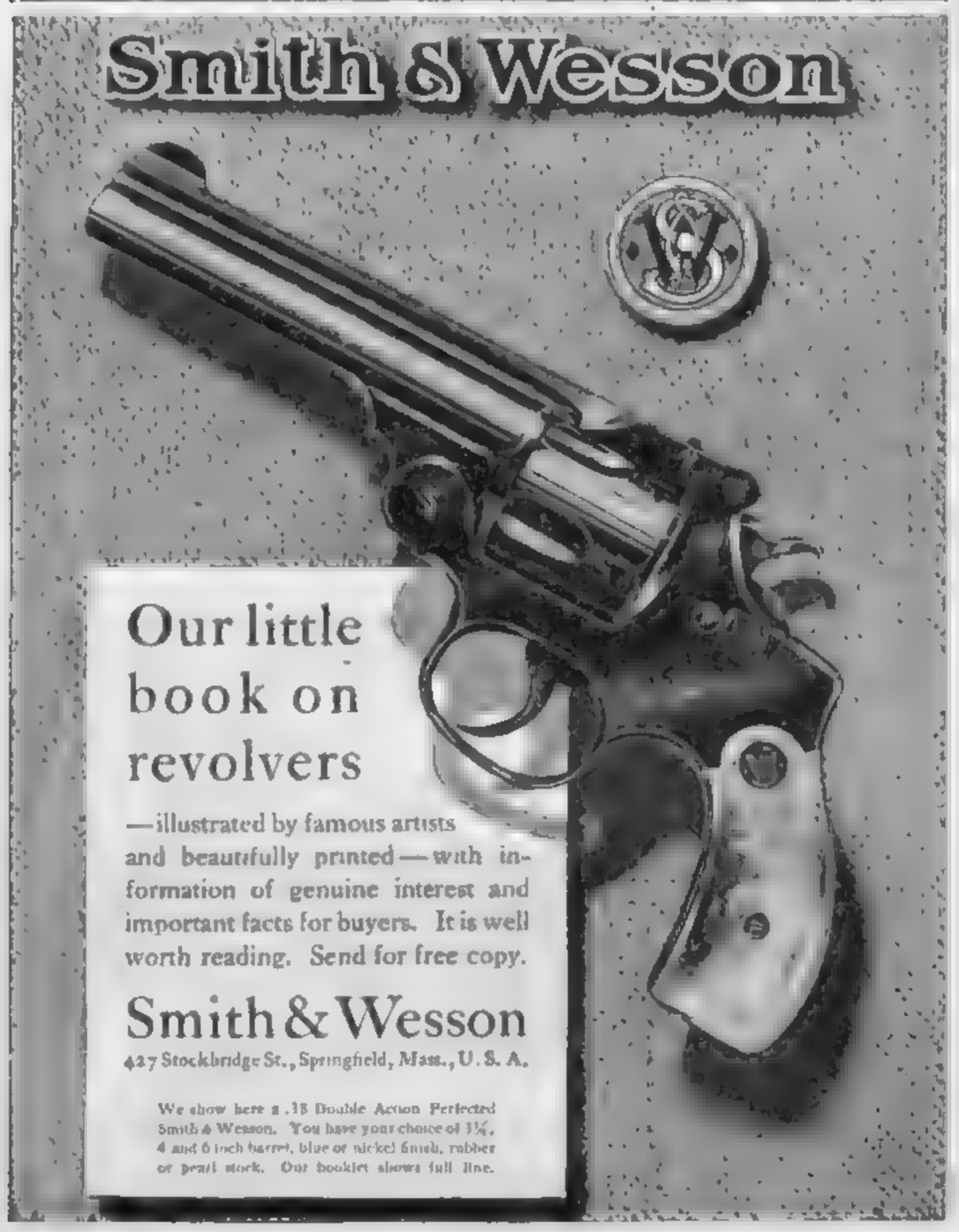
Ford Model T Delivery Car, capacity 750 pounds merchandise, fully equipped, f. o. b. Detroit . . $700

The ONE chassis with different bodies.

Write today for booklet on "Vanadium Steel" and learn the quality of Ford construction. Address Dept. P.

Ford Motor Company
DETROIT

Smith & Wesson



Our little book on revolvers

—illustrated by famous artists and beautifully printed—with information of genuine interest and important facts for buyers. It is well worth reading. Send for free copy.

Smith & Wesson
427 Stockbridge St., Springfield, Mass., U. S. A.

We show here a .38 Double Action Perfected Smith & Wesson. You have your choice of 3¼, 4 and 6 inch barrel, blue or nickel finish, rubber or pearl stock. Our booklet shows full line.

The Box-Office Value of Laughter

(Continued from Page 11)

Swede, but without success. The Spaniard, the Italian and the Russian have never been accepted generally as good laughter-provoking propositions.

The "yap" drama, with a lot of country "rubes" in it, is only popular in the city; in the neighborhoods where "rubes" do most abound it is received in solemn silence. If you don't believe this go to a performance of The Old Homestead in some New England town and see for yourself. The same thing is true of the mining drama. It is far more successful in the East than in the West. And, on the contrary, the farther you travel toward the setting sun the better they like the Yankee play.

Why do audiences laugh over and over again at the same old jokes—at the same minstrel gag, for instance—that they have heard for years? Do not be deceived by the bored and weary criticisms that you read of the minstrel gag. Believe me, the experience of all those who know is that there is nothing so safe to rely upon as a very aged gag. People seem to have the ability to laugh indefinitely at something that has amused them once. They not only thoroughly enjoy it themselves, but will take their friends to see the show and enjoy it over again seeing their friends laugh.

The Professional Woman's League determined once to give a minstrel show for a benefit. It was to be a women's minstrel show. Primrose & West's Minstrels were playing at a New York theater; and, as the benefit was to take place there, Mr. William West very kindly offered his entire scenery for the first part and also his services to get our performance into the proper shape.

With an absolute ignorance of the requirements of minstrelsy we had foraged about among our friends for new jokes with telling points. Also we had marshaled our fine singers and had asked them to get the last thing for the singing in cadenzas and roulades and fine operatic work.

Time-Honored Favorites

When the matter for our first part was selected and ready Mr. West strolled in to stage-manage it for us. He listened with a very peculiar and quizzical expression to our jokes as we bandied them about between Bones and Tambourine. After we had performed our first part for this wizard of minstrelsy he took our stage manager aside and said to her: "I think you have made a great mistake in your minstrel gags. It would be far safer simply to select from the time-honored lot that have served so well since the advent of negro minstrelsy."

We were much surprised and inclined to be very argumentative on the subject; but Mr. West was so calmly superior that we decided to abide by his judgment. Great was the disgust of all concerned as those dear old things that we had all heard from the beginning were rolled out, one after the other.

Sure enough, however, on the day the performance was given, though we might be said to have, in a sense, a selected audience, Mr. West's wisdom became very apparent as the old favorites—moss-grown and aged—were received with shrieks and yells of laughter and approval. The one or two of perfectly modern and up-to-date variety we had insisted on retaining met with a solemn silence. I do not remember even a snicker.

As to the operatic selections, which we had counted on as being a feature of the entertainment, we had a similar experience. A certain woman, who had a very fine voice and was a cultivated singer, had consented to take part only if she were allowed to give us a difficult aria from grand opera. After rehearsal she executed this amid the tumultuous applause of the hundred women concerned. Mr. West, with a rueful face, suggested it would be far wiser for her to sing Nellie Was a Lady, and said she would be sure to win favor with the audience.

The singer in question was called down for a conference with him. She upheld the banner of operatic music with great spirit and used many arguments to persuade him that the novelty of a grand-opera selection was what the general public was hankering after. He remained obdurate; and it took the combined effort of all concerned to bring her down to the simplicity of the old

Chiclets
REALLY DELIGHTFUL

The Dainty Mint Covered Candy Coated Chewing Gum

Look for the Bird Cards in the packets and learn how you can secure a beautiful Bird Album.

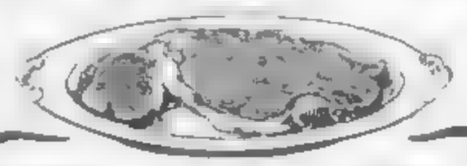
Half a million folks of all kinds—including grown-ups, children, teachers, etc., are collecting our wonderful **Bird Studies**—faithful reproductions of American birds in full colors, with descriptions of the birds' plumage, habits, and how to know them on sight. You will find one beautiful bird picture in each packet of Chiclets. Send us any fifty of these pictures with ten cents in stamps and we will send you our splendid Bird Album.

The refinement of chewing gum for people of refinement. It's the peppermint—the *true* mint.

For Sale at all the Better Sort of Stores

5c. the Ounce and in 5c., 10c. and 25c. Packets

SEN-SEN CHICLET COMPANY
Metropolitan Tower
New York



Steaks Roasts

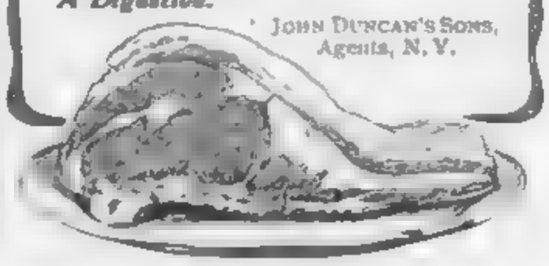
Best Cooks

use Lea & Perrins' Sauce. It has a rare and subtle flavor which no other condiment possesses.

LEA & PERRINS'
SAUCE
THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

Imparts a delightful relish to Soups, Fish, Gravies, Stews, Chops and Salad Dressings. *An Appetizer. A Digestive.*

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agents, N. Y.

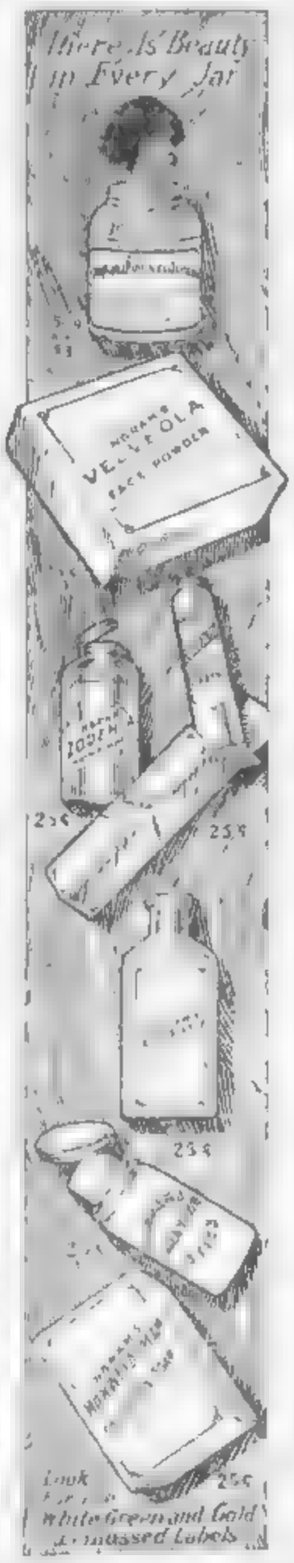


Ask for "The Beauty in Every Jar" Line of Celebrated

Ingram's

Toilet Specialties

FOR two generations the toilet specialties of the House of Ingram have been the choice of leading beauties of the age—theatrical and operatic stars—and hundreds of thousands of women who know the "Beauty in Every Jar" Line and have long praised Ingram Products both publicly and to their personal friends.



Ingram's Milkweed Cream

There's Beauty in Every Jar. Improves bad complexions. Preserves [illegible] Possesses properties of [illegible] Sample free

Ingram's Velveola

The Milkweed Cream Face Powder. [illegible] Milkweed Cream wins. 25c. Sample free

Ingram's Zodenta

Paste or Powder for the teeth. [illegible] to pearly whiteness without injuring the enamel. Antiseptic, cleansing. 25c. Sample free

Ingram's Eliteine

Relieves chapped skin delightfully pleasing. Evaporates without leaving greasy or sticky feeling. Applied immediately after shaving [illegible] Usually all dealers 25c

Ingram's Shaving Stick

In sanitary [illegible] universally used and publicly praised by particular [illegible] 25c. Guest Room size 50c

Ingram's Milkweed Cream Complexion Soap

Aids Nature to keep the skin [illegible] Luther's [illegible] neutralize ill effects of hard or alkaline water. Price 25c. Recommended to be used with Ingram's Milkweed Cream

NOTE—We also recommend Ingram's Tooth Powder 25c and Ingram's Cream Talcum 25c. Our latest delightful creation, Ingram's Lavender Ice, 25c, not like ordinary smelling salts, but better

Druggists Know and Will Tell You So—Or Write Direct to Us

INVITATION

Madam or Sir—Confer a favor upon us by requesting us to see that you are supplied with liberal samples of Ingram's Specialties that you desire—through your druggist or direct from us if you have any difficulty in getting what you ask for.

Frederick F. Ingram, President

Frederick F. Ingram Company

Manufacturing Pharmacists and Perfumers

55 Tenth St., Detroit, Michigan, U.S.A.

Windsor, Ontario

slave ballad. At last, purely out of a great desire to be helpful, she did consent to degrade herself and her art to that level. On the afternoon of the performance she sang Nellie Was a Lady with great beauty and simplicity. She received five encores for the song, and I think the people would have been applauding now if it had been possible to sit there up to this time.

Never was the knowledge and experience of the man who has learned his part of the business accurately through years of ministering to the public better illustrated than in that case where Mr. West superintended those amateurs in a minstrel show. He knew what the people wanted.

The thing that people know is funny they laugh at, because they know it is safe. In the play Seven Days the part that brought down the house with laughter for minutes at a time was where the thief in the dumb-waiter pulls himself up to the second floor, the policeman misses him and rushes down, the thief comes down again while the policeman rushes up—and so on. This was called "a novelty," whereas, as a matter of fact, we recognize in it the old clown-and-pantaloon business.

A story is told of a serious sketch which was produced in a vaudeville house. It was a good story, splendidly told and conscientiously acted. There was not a laugh in it. It held the audience and won six or seven recalls. The manager, sitting in his office with the door open, attending to other duties, became conscious that there was no laugh in the theater—and grew instantly apprehensive. He saw that his audience was interested—there was no question about that; but that did not satisfy him. Being pressed later for a reason why he should object to this sketch which had held the audience and won their approval, he replied characteristically: "But it makes them think—it makes them think; and you don't want that—you don't want an audience to think; it hurts the laughing things that come afterward."

When the World Laughs With You

In modern drama an actor must not laugh at his own comedy. This is the basic reason of the success of men like Raymond Hitchcock and Nat Goodwin. They can be in the most amusing situations and never appear to be conscious of it. This was not the case in Shakspere's time. He makes his comedians take a great deal of enjoyment in their own states of mind. It has even come to be a joke among Shaksperean actors that, with Shaksperean comedy parts, you are sure of one laugh—and that is your own. In Sir Toby Belch, for instance, or Falstaff, the business is at certain points long and continued laughter by yourself at situations and speeches that you make yourself. In modern times this would be considered fatal. Evidently those old audiences did not laugh easily and the actor helped them along.

I think it is more true of comedy than of serious drama that the writer has a natural instinct as to how to produce his effect. It is easier to produce laughter than tears. The person who writes comedies, as a rule, from the very fact that he elects to do it, shows that he has an instinct with regard to the provocations of laughter. When a man is writing a serious play he is far more likely to muddle it. Granted the instinct to get at the funny side of things, the talent to get your first effect requires far less serious consideration.

This applies to Americans. Howells said—and it is the greatest definition of the American that I ever heard—"The American is a man who, when he is not trying to make money, is trying to make a joke."

It is in the nature of us to try to make things have that comedy touch—even the serious things we try to lighten up. And our drama is written along these lines. As a nation, it is the instinct of us to bring out the comedy of life. The most serious American has usually a very strong touch of the humorous. Therefore you have your audience very ready to respond to comedy—and the touch can be light. I think that is why the German comedians seem to me always so exaggerated. It is because of the difference in the audiences. Even the French comedians are too mannered for me. The American is so much quicker—and yet, strange to say, American humor lies largely in exaggeration! We see this when we think of Mark Twain, Bret Harte or Josh Billings. Imagine anybody but an American writing A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur!

Higher power-efficiency than its rated 40 H.P.

We want you to study this picture of the Westcott chassis.

Because it shows you the working parts of the car—clean, simple, unencumbered.

And, further, because the Westcott is a notable example of the latter-day, common-sense practice which insists upon simplicity of construction, with the elimination of excess weight, and, through these, the increase of power-efficiency.

On the basis of motor rating, the Westcott is a 40 horsepower car.

In relation to its weight, its power-efficiency is actually much higher.

Because it is 600 to 800 pounds lighter than the average car rated at 40 horsepower; and its motor is not handicapped by excess weight that adds nothing to the car's structural strength.

This unique advantage is supplemented by the perfect relation and balance of working parts; by the almost frictionless roller bearings of the Timken full-floating rear axle; and by the 36 x 4 inch wheels and tires.

And these, in turn, topped off with an ease of riding, due to the 120-inch wheel base and the long, flexible springs; a completeness of equipment and a degree of detail refinement seldom encountered in a car of approximate price.

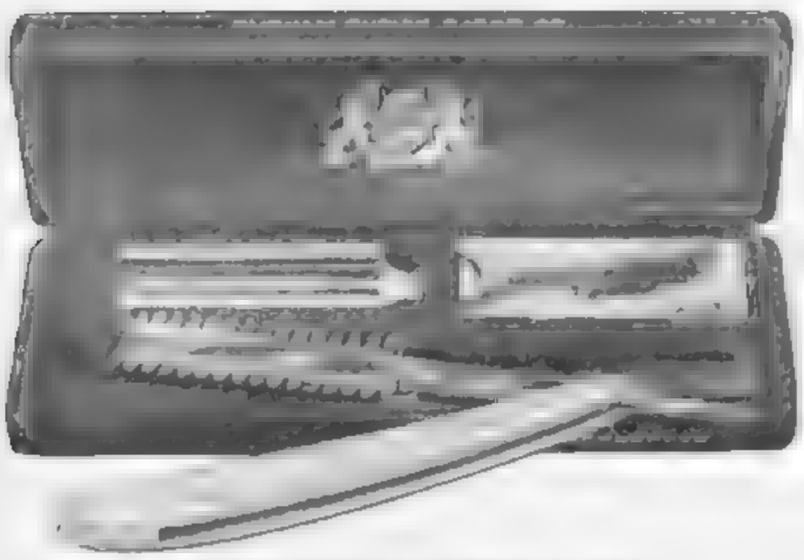
The Westcott catalog and the name of the nearest dealer should be in your hands—Write for them.

Westcott Motor Car Company, 506 N. 12th Street, Richmond, Ind.

Westcott

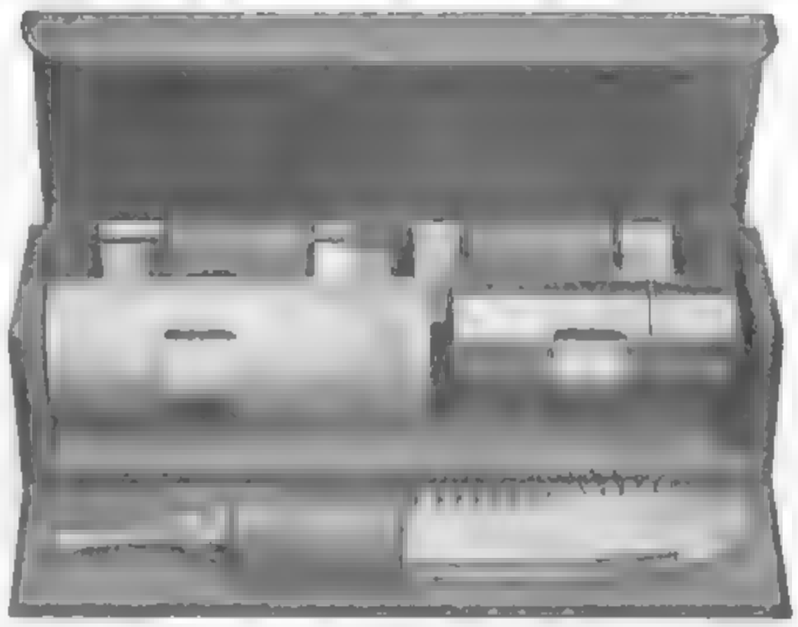
Model L—Four-passenger Torpedo $1800 including equipment of top, glass front, demountable rims, gas tank, enameled lamps, etc.
Model K—Five passenger Touring Car—$1800. **Model M**—Two-passenger Roadster—$1800.
Model R—Seven passenger Touring Car, same as above except 4½ x 5 inch engine—$2250
Disco, Presto, or Shur-go starter—Extra

We make this remarkable razor offer to back the DURHAM-DUPLEX idea



STANDARD SET—PRICE $5.00

Down in the right hand corner of opposite page you'll find a coupon. Take that coupon to any of the dealers whose names are given below or mail it to us and get a Durham Demonstrating razor for 35 cents. You incur no obligation of any kind. The razor will be yours.



HOLD-ALL OUTFIT—PRICE $8.00

This Durham Demonstrator is simply a working model of the Durham-Duplex. It is equally as good a shaving instrument as our regular razor.

It comes to you all ready to shave, with one Durham-Duplex Blade. Other blades may be purchased from any dealer who sells razors. 12 cutting edges (6 blades) cost 50 cents.

Use this razor and you'll see why we can afford to back the Durham-Duplex idea. It's the right idea for right shaving. It's the real razor that's really safe. It has the hang and set and correct diagonal stroke of the old style straight razor without the dangerous naked blade.

The 35 cents you pay doesn't begin to cover the cost of making and distributing the Durham Demonstrator. We stand the extra expense to show you how fine the Durham-Duplex way of shaving is, and the quality of Durham-Duplex Blades.

We have made the Durham-Duplex Blade the standard of the world and as such we will maintain it or we would not dare to make this offer.

DURHAM-DUPLEX RAZOR CO.

New York Factories—Jersey City, and Sheffield, England **London**

ALABAMA

City or Town	Dealer
Anniston	Elam Hamrick Drug Co.
Birmingham	Birmingham Arms & Cycle Co.
Mobile	Sutton Bros.
Montgomery	Montgomery Fair
"	Snow, Tullis Hardware Co.
Selma	Tillman Drug Co.

ARKANSAS

Fort Smith	Palace Drug Store
Little Rock	Reed's Drug Store
Texarkana	Hodge Drug Store

CALIFORNIA

Bakersfield	Baer Bros., Druggists
"	A. Weill Hardware Co.
Fresno	H. Graff & Co.
Los Angeles	Broadway Department Store
"	Bullock's
	Dean Drug Co.
	Hoffman-Marks Hardware Co.
	Sun Drug Co.
	Tuffts-Lyon Arms Co.
Napa	Morris Drug Co.
Oakland	Brittain & Co., Broadway near 9th St.
	Lancaster & Lancaster
	A. W. Ludemann & Co., Druggists
Pasadena	Pasadena Hardware Co.
"	Sun Drug Co.
Redlands	Sun Drug Co.
Riverside	Keystone Drug Co.
Sacramento	Ing & Allee Co.
	Kimball Upson Drug Co.
	Weinstock, Lubin & Co.
San Bernardino	Towne, Seccombe & Allison Co.
San Diego	Eagle Drug Co.
"	A. L. Frick Hardware Co.
San Francisco	Bennett Bros., Hardware
	Brittain & Co., Market and Mason Sts.
	Calegaris' Prescription Pharmacy

CALIFORNIA (Continued)

City or Town	Dealer
San Francisco	The Emporium
"	Gus E. Greiff, 833 Market St.
"	Ed Jones Hardware & Tool Co.
"	No Percentage Drug Co.
"	Osborn Hardware & Tool Co., 615 Market St.
"	"That Man Pitts," 771 Market St.
"	"That Man Pitts," Fillmore and Geary Sts.
"	Red Raven Drug Co.
"	Shreve & Barber Co.
"	Wakelee's Pharmacies
"	The White House
San Jose	Boschken Hardware Co.
"	Fischer & Pellerano, Druggists
"	Augusta Magnolia, Cutlery
"	University Drug Co.
Santa Ana	Rowley Drug Co.
Santa Cruz	Farrington & Gillen
Santa Rosa	Ketterlin Bros., Hardware
Stockton	Branch's, Sporting Goods
"	Holden Drug Co.
"	Willard-Morgan Co.
Vallejo	Brownlie Hardware Co.

COLORADO

Colorado Springs	Lowell & Meerservey Hardware Co.
Denver	Card's Pharmacy
"	A. S. Carter, 531-16th St.
"	Joslin Dry Goods Co.
"	The May Co.

CONNECTICUT

Bridgeport	Riker-Jaynes Drug Co.
Hartford	Goodwin's Drug Store
"	Page's Hardware Store
"	Rapelye Drug Store
New Haven	John E. Bassett & Co.
"	Samuel H. Kirby & Sons Co., Inc.
"	Riker-Jaynes Drug Co.
Waterbury	Apothecaries Hall Co.

DELAWARE

Wilmington	Alfred D. Peoples
"	H. W. Vandever Co.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington	Barber & Ross
"	Christiani Drug Co.
"	National Sporting Goods Co.

FLORIDA

Jacksonville	H. & W. B. Drew Co.
Tampa	Tampa Hardware Co.

GEORGIA

Athens	H. R. Palmer & Sons
Atlanta	Anderson Hardware Co.
Augusta	Bowen Bros.
"	J. B. White & Co.
Columbus	Wheat Drug Co.
Macon	Jos. N. Neel Co.
Savannah	Knight Drug Co.

IDAHO

Boise	Overland Pharmacy
Moscow	Economical Pharmacy

ILLINOIS

Chicago	The Boston Store
"	Kraut & Donald, 36 S Clark St.
"	Pomper & Fulton
"	Stebbins Hardware Co.
Joliet	Barrett Hardware Co.
"	Clint E. Dice, 212 N. Chicago St.
Peoria	R. D. McDougal
"	Schipper & Block

INDIANA

Terre Haute	Root Dry Goods Co.

IOWA

Boone	Hanson Hardware Co.
Burlington	Smith-Ludman Drug Co.
Cedar Rapids	Boyson Drug Co.

IOWA (Continued)

City or Town	Dealer
Council Bluffs	Clarke Drug Co.
Davenport	Louis Hanssen's Sons
Des Moines	Monrad Co. Pharmacies
Dubuque	J. F. Ris & Bro.
Fort Dodge	Oleson Drug Co.
Fort Madison	W. A. Sheaffer
Iowa City	Smith & Cilek, Hardware
Keokuk	C. H. Collins & Co.
Marshalltown	La Shelle Cigar Co.
Muscatine	McQuesten & Sawyer Co.
Ottumwa	Central Drug Co.
Sioux City	Davidson Bros. Co.
Waterloo	B. W. Schuneman & Co.

KANSAS

Atchison	Walters & Behrens
Chanute	Brown Pharmacy Co.
Emporia	Newman Dry Goods Co.
"	Ryder & Leatherberry
Fort Scott	Prichard Blatchley Drug Co.
Iola	Burrell's Drug Store
Kansas City	Shepherd & Hammond
Lawrence	B. G. Gustafson
Parsons	Ed Bero, Jr.
Pittsburg	Deruy Hardware Co.
Topeka	Brunt Drug Co.
Wichita	Dockum Drug Co.

KENTUCKY

Bowling Green	Jenkins & Sublett
Covington	Mersman Hardware Co.
Henderson	Lambert-Walker Hardware Co.
Hopkinsville	Anderson-Fowler Drug Co.
Louisville	J. Bacon & Son
"	Sutcliffe Co.
Owensboro	T. J. Turley Co.
Paducah	"Get It At Gilbert's"

LOUISIANA

Monroe	Southern Hardware Co.
New Orleans	W. L. Brown Co.
"	Kats & Besthoff, Ltd.
Shreveport	Mayfield Drug Co.

MARYLAND

City or Town	Dealer
Baltimore	J. R. M. Adams
"	A. G. Alford Sporting Goods Co
"	"Little Joe's"
"	Morgan & Millard
"	Stewart-Crook Hardware Co
"	Thomas & Thompson
"	"Tuerke, Baggage Builder"
"	Williamson & Watts, 17 W. Lexington St.
"	Williamson & Watts, Howard and Franklin Sts
"	Williamson & Watts, Baltimore and Eutaw Sts
"	Williamson & Watts, Eutaw and Lexington Sts
Salisbury	Smith Drug Co.

MASSACHUSETTS

Amherst	Deuel's Drug Store
Brierly	Morse Drug Co.
Boston	Chandler & Barber, 122 Summer St
	S. H. Davis Co.
	S. J. Diab, 743 Washington St.
	Emerson Thompson Supply Co.
	Epstein's Drug Store
	Hubbell & McGowan Co.
	Iver Johnson Sporting Goods Co.
	Jordan-Marsh Co.
	Klein's Drug Stores
	Liggett's Drug Stores (4 stores)
	Riker Jaynes Drug Co (10 stores)
	Walker-Rintels Drug Store
"	Woodward Drug Co
Brockton	W. A. Chaplain Co., Drugs
	Hall & Lyon Co
	Riker-Jaynes Drug Co.
"	J. S. Sargent & Son
Cambridge	P. J. McCormick, The College Pharmacy
Charlestown	Stacey Pharmacy, F. P. Downey
Fall River	J. C. Brady
Fitchburg	Iver Johnson Sporting Goods Co.
Gloucester	L. E. Andrews & Co.
Gardner	Garland Pharmacy
Haverhill	Hall & Lyon Co.
"	Norton's Pharmacy
"	Riker-Jaynes Drug Co.
"	N. C. Tozier
Holyoke	A. F. Gliesmann
"	Green, the Druggist
"	Hall & Lyon Co
Lawrence	Riker-Jaynes Drug Co.
Lowell	F. P. Crawford & Co.
	Hall & Lyon Co
	Howard, the Druggist
	Riker-Jaynes Drug Co.
	Ervin E. Smith Co.
	Thompson Hardware Co.
Lynn	J. M. Harriman Drug Co.
"	J. M. Nelson, Drugs
"	Riker-Jaynes Drug Co.
Marlboro	J. J. Hanley
	Arthur C. Larson
Natick	Jacobs & Southwood
New Bedford	De Wolf & Viall Hardware
	J. A. Lawrence Hardware
	C. H. & H. A. Lawton Co
Newburyport	A. E. Power
	Albert F. Wilson
Newton	Arthur Eastman
Newtonville	W. M. Quinton, Druggist
Salem	Hall & Lyon Co
"	W. S. Lee Co
"	Riker-Jaynes Drug Co
South Framingham	W. B. Frost
Springfield	Green, the Druggist
	Riker-Jaynes Drug Co
West Lynn	John D. Lorry, 7 1/2 Western Ave.
Worcester	Green, the Druggist
"	Hall & Lyon Co
"	Riker-Jaynes Drug Co

MICHIGAN

Battle Creek	Baker Drug Co.
"	Dobbins Hardware Co.
Detroit	Gray & Worcester
Grand Rapids	R. H. McAllister Co.
"	Spring Dry Goods Co
"	Weed's Drug Stores
Jackson	Floyd Meteles
Kalamazoo	Van Ostrand-Mattison Drug Co.
Lansing	Larrabee's Sporting Goods Store

MINNESOTA

Duluth	Kells Hardware Co
Minneapolis	Vorpahl Bros. Drug Co
"	C. D. Winkler
St. Paul	Gordon Ruhl
Winona	Edwin A. Brown

MISSISSIPPI

Gulfport	Jones Bros. Drug Co
Hattiesburg	Hays & Field
Jackson	T. McLelland Hardware Co.
Meridian	Marks & Rothenberg Co.
Vicksburg	Lee Richardson & Co., Inc.

MISSOURI

Kansas City	Jones Store Co.
"	Schmelzer Arms Co., 1216 Grand Ave.
"	Schmelzer Arms Co., 7106 Main St.
St. Louis	Maryland Hotel Cigar Store
"	Scruggs, Vandevoort & Barney Dry Goods Co.
"	Wolff Wilson Drug Co., 6th St. and Washington Ave
St. Joseph	W. D. Webb, 615 Felix St
"	C. H. Weyer, 508 Edmond St
Warrensburg	Seth H. Garrison

MONTANA

Billings	Billings Hardware Co.
Bozeman	H. B. McCoy
Butte	M. J. Connell Co.
"	J. E. Davis, Hardware
Great Falls	Strain Bros.
Helena	A. M. Holter Hardware Co.
Livingston	A. W. Miles Co.
Missoula	Missoula Mercantile Co.

NEBRASKA

Beatrice	Ray W. Weaverling
Fremont	Pohl's Drug Store
Grand Island	R. H. McAllister Co
Kearney	C. F. Bodinson Hardware Co.
Lincoln	Kostka Drug Co.
"	H. C. Wittmann
North Platte	Derryberry & Forbes
Omaha	Beaton Drug Co.

NEBRASKA (Continued)

City or Town	Dealer
Omaha	James Morton & Son Co.
"	Sherman & McConnell Drug Co (5 stores)
"	Townsend Gun Co.

NEVADA

Reno	Nevada Hardware & Supply Co
"	Weck Drug Co.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Manchester	John B. Varick Co.

NEW JERSEY

Asbury Park	J. Edgar Sooy, 516 Cookman Ave
Atlantic City	Philip Leigh, 1612 Atlantic Ave
Camden	Bleakly Bros., 542 Federal St.
Jersey City	Nathan & Co
"	Wlupple Hardware Co
Millville	E. J. Fath & Brother
Mount Holly	H. B. Allen
Newark	R. R. Brant
"	E. G. Koenig's Sons
	Menk's Pharmacy, 106 Market St
	Riker's Drug Stores
Paterson	W. G. Duryea
	Jaynes Bros.
	Riker's Drug Stores
Princeton	F. W. Lippincott
Red Bank	James Cooper, Jr., Broad St
Trenton	F. S. Stryker
"	S. B. Dunbar & Co.
	F. S. Kuser & Co.
	Riker's Drug Stores

NEW YORK

Albany	Albany Hardware & Iron Co.
"	Chas. H. Turner Co
Auburn	Adams Drug Store, 71 Genesee St.
Batavia	John Holley Brodish
Binghamton	Frank S. Bump Co.
Buffalo	Adam, Meldrum & Anderson Co
"	Steere's Drug & Specialty Shop, 381 Main St
"	Walbridge & Co
Elmira	Barker, Rose & Clinton Co
"	Gerity Bros. Drug Co.
Fulton	Hawkins & Druse
Gloversville	E. L. Durkee & Co.
Haverstraw	Baum Bros.
Johnstown	John G. Ferris Hardware Co
Lockport	Burt J. Le Valley
"	Webber Hardware Co.
Mt. Vernon	Riker's Drug Stores
Newburgh	Lawson Drug Store Co
New York City (Brooklyn)	Christopher Bros., 161 Fulton Ave
"	John J. Greenan, 261 Bway St
"	L. Pessano & Son, 5 Ave
"	Riker's Drug Stores
"	E. A. Schweiger, 864 Grand St.
"	E. A. Schweiger, 1519 Broadway
"	Wilson's Pharmacy, Cor. Flatbush and 6th Aves.
" (Manhattan)	Culbert Leather Goods Co 29 Maiden Lane
"	J. Davega, Jr., Inc., 125 W. 125th St
"	Davega's Sporting Goods Store, 405 Broadway
"	Frasse Co., Hardware, 30 Church St
"	Chas. Friedgen, 114th St. and Amsterdam Ave.
"	Chas. Friedgen, 120th St. and Amsterdam Ave
"	Hegeman & Co
"	Alix Hudnut Pharmacy, 1020 Third Ave.
"	Kalish Pharmacy, 4th Ave. and 23rd St.
"	Kaufman Pharmacy, 626 Madison Av
"	New York Sporting Goods Co., 17 Warren St
"	J. A. O'Donnell (Cutlery), 332 Sixth Ave.
"	C. L. Pope, 112th St. and Broadway
"	C. L. Pope, 160th St. and Broadway
"	Reid, Yeomans & Cubit, 140 Nassau St
"	Riker's Drug Stores
"	H. Roth & Son, 1 Madison Ave
"	Rubin Bros., 102 Delancey St
"	Schoverling, Daly & Gales, 302 Broadway
"	Standard Drug Co., 50 Church St
	A. Weiss, 67 Wall St
	Chas. W. Wurz, 22 Cortlandt St
Oswego	J. Jewett & Son
Poughkeepsie	C. D. Johnson Hardware Co
Rochester	Duke Drug Co
	E. M. Hyde Drug Co
	Stromberg, Wormser & Co
	Weaver Hardware Co
Schenectady	Quinn's Drug Store
"	Clark Whitbeck
Syracuse	C. W. Snow & Co.
Troy	A. E. Bonesteel & Co
Utica	Howarth & Ballard Drug Co.

NORTH CAROLINA

Asheville	C. A. Reuter
Charlotte	John S. Blake Drug Co.
Durham	Durham Cigar Store
Elizabeth City	Fowler & Co.
Greensboro	Odell Hardware Co
High Point	Ring Drug Co
Raleigh	Tucker Building Pharmacy
Salisbury	Smith Drug Co.

OHIO

Akron	Lamparter & Selzer
Bellefontaine	Gilbert M. Frazer
Cambridge	Brenan & Wilson
Chillicothe	Chillicothe Hardware Co.
Cincinnati	Dow Drug Stores (10 stores)
"	The Fair Co.
"	Geo. W. McAlpin Co.
Cleveland	W. Bingham Co.
"	Standard Drug Co.
"	Stearn & Co.
Columbus	F. & R. Lazarus & Co.
"	Geo. F. Luft
Dayton	Burkett's Drug Store
East Liverpool	Huebner Webber Drug Co.
Elyria	Hubert Day & Sons, Hardware
Hamilton	Radcliffe Drug Co.
Lancaster	Reed & Walters
Marion	Henney & Cooper
Springfield	Folkhemer's Pharmacy
Toledo	Cooley Drug Co.
"	Lion Dry Goods Co
Youngstown	Strouss-Hirshberg Co
	Lamont Shop Co
Zanesville	Vance Hardware Co

OKLAHOMA

City or Town	Dealer
Oklahoma City	Schmelzer Arms Co.

OREGON

Astoria	Foard & Stokes Hardware Co.
Baker	Levinger, Druggist
Eugene	Berger-Bean Hardware Co.
Oregon City	Huntley Bros. Co.
Pendleton	Taylor Hardware Co.
Portland	Columbia Hardware Co
"	Meier & Frank Co
"	Portland Cutlery Co.
"	Woodard, Clark & Co.
Salem	Roy L. Farmer Hardware Co

PENNSYLVANIA

Altoona	Boecking & Meredith
	W. H. Goodfellow's Sons
	Penn Traffic Co
	V. H. & L. C. Wolfe
Beaver Falls	Francis F. Brierly & Son
	W. J. Davidson
Chambersburg	Thompson Drug Co.
Clearfield	H. C. Cronshore, 200 Main Ave
Charleroi	Might's Book Store, 509 McKean Av
Coatesville	Young's Pharmacy
Conshy	Durham Drug Co.
East Liberty	Graff Bros.
Easton	Chidsey & Green
	A. J. Odenwelder
Emporium	Emporium Drug Co
Erie	Jarecki Drug Stores (4 stores)
	Gund Hardware & Supply Co
Franklin	H. W. Sterling
Greensburg	Copeland & Borlin
	Marshall Harness Co.
Harrisburg	Harrisburg Hardware Co.
Johnstown	Harry E. Wertz
Lewistown	Stroman Hardware Co.
Meadville	Graham & McClintock
New Castle	Smith, Hutton & Kirk Co
Oil City	Central Drug Store
Philadelphia	Moskowitz & Herbach, 430 Market St
	J. B. Shannon Hardware Co.
"	Strawbridge & Clothier
"	James M. Vance & Co.
Pittsburgh	W. S. Brown, Wood St. and Grave Ave.
	Dickler's Quality Shop, 103 E. Ohio St.
	Graff Bros., 5912 Penn Ave.
	Hukill Hunter Co., 414 Wood St.
	Jenkins Arcade Pharmacy
	Kaufmann Bros
	McCulloch Drug Co., Duquesne Incline, 603 Smithfield St.
	McCulloch Drug Co., Union Station Pharmacy
	Panhandle Pharmacy
	Pennsylvania Hardware Co., 6103-5 Penn Ave
	Scarborough & Klauss Co., 3809 Fifth Ave.
"	Wirsing Drug Co., Second Ave. and Smithfield St
Scranton	Gunster Bros., 325 Penn Ave.
"	Sanderson Pharmacy
Pittston	Ed G. Loughran & Co.
Pottstown	Van Buskirk & Bro
Renovo	H. F. McFarland, Erie Ave.
Sayre	Geo. L. Roberts Co.
Stroudsburg	Le Bar's Drug Store
Towanda	Lester C. Gillette, 423 Main St.
Warren	Pickett Hardware Co.
Washington	R. S. Hemphill
West Pittston	John H. Furrer
Wilkes-Barre	Frank & Barber, Inc.
"	Green's Pharmacy
"	White Hardware Co.
Wilkinsburg	Smith Drug Co., 700 Wood St.
Williamsport	Harder Sporting Goods Co.
"	Millener Drug Co., 4th and Pine Sts.

RHODE ISLAND

Newport	Hall & Lyon Co.
Pawtucket	Fisk Drug Co.
	Hall & Lyon Co.
Providence	Barker, Chadsey & Co.
	Hall & Lyon Co.
"	J. M. Schmidt & Son

SOUTH CAROLINA

Charleston	Ball Supply Co.
Columbia	Thomas Drug Store, Inc.
Greenwood	Hodge's Drug Store
Rock Hill	J. L. Phillips Co
Spartanburg	B. S. Dorroh

TENNESSEE

Chattanooga	D. B. Loveman Co.
"	Miller-Mitchell Co.
Jackson	James & Nelson

TENNESSEE (Continued)

City or Town	Dealer
Knoxville	W. W. Woodruff Hardware Co
Memphis	Hanner-Ballard Drug Co.
Nashville	John Weis

TEXAS

Dallas	Marvin Drug Store
"	Sanger Bros.
"	H. N. Thomson Hardware Co.
Fort Worth	Covey & Martin
"	Will Hanna & Co
Galveston	R. L. Lawson
"	Jones Hardware Co
	Star Drug Co
Houston	Apollo Jones Hardware Co
"	C. C. Dowling
"	S. F. Kerr
	Lovett Bros. Dry Goods Co
San Antonio	Otto Meiller
"	J. Pfeiffer
"	San Antonio Hardware Co.

UTAH

Ogden	Browning Bros. Co.
"	Geo. A. Lowe Co.
"	W. H. Wright & Sons
Salt Lake City	Druehl & Franken
"	Salt Lake Hardware Co.
"	Smith Drug Co
"	Western Arms & Sporting Goods Co.

VIRGINIA

Bristol	Mitchell-Powers Hardware Co.
Charlottesville	Zimmerman-Link Co., Inc.
Danville	L. C. Clarke
"	L. C. Clarke & Co.
Lynchburg	Adkins Hardware Co.
"	Craighill & Jones
Norfolk	Law Building Pharmacy
"	White Hardware Co.
Richmond	Polk-Miller Drug Co
"	H. W. Rountree & Bro. Trunk & Bag Co.
Roanoke	Geo. MacBain Co.
"	Van Lear Bros. Pharmacy

WASHINGTON

Aberdeen	J. W. Baker Hardware Co
Bellingham	Eisberg's Pharmacy
Chehalis	Pheasant Pharmacy
Everett	Arthur Bailey
Hoquiam	F. L. Carmain
North Yakima	Yakima Hardware Co.
Seattle	Bartell Drug Co.
"	McCormack Bros.
"	McDougall & Southwick Co.
Spokane	Spokane Hardware Co.
"	Ware Bros. Co.
"	Whitehouse Co
Tacoma	McCormack Bros.
"	Ryner F. Malstrom, 938 Pacific Ave.
Vancouver	Sparks Hardware Co.
Walla Walla	Morrow-Drew Hardware Co.

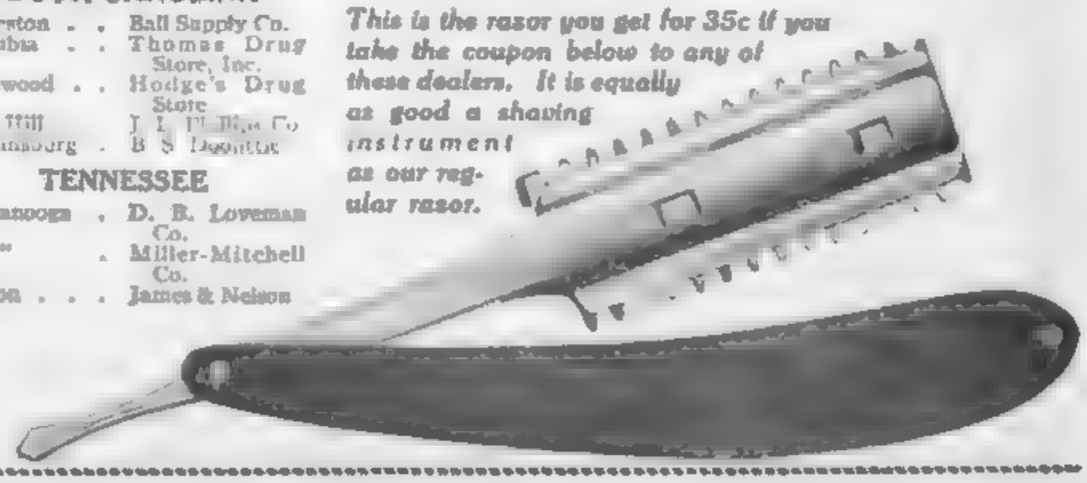
WEST VIRGINIA

Bluefield	White Pharmacy
Charleston	Scott Bros.
Clarksburg	Farrell's Drug Store
Fairmont	J. L. Hall Hardware Co
Grafton	Grafton Drug & Chemical Co.
Huntington	Emmons Hawkins Hardware Co.
Morgantown	Ream's Drug Store
Moundsville	J. H. Beam
Parkersburg	O. J. Stout & Co.
Wellsburg	John R. Tilson

WISCONSIN

Appleton	Downer's Pharmacy, 802 College Ave.
Beloit	Chas. H. Jones Pharmacy
Eau Claire	Brunstad's Rexall Drug Store
Fond du Lac	Ruh's Drug Store
Green Bay	Neven Drug Stores
Kenosha	W. H. Robinson (Book Store)
La Crosse	Hebberd & Co.
Madison	Menges Pharmacies
Marinette	McDonald's Drug Store
Milwaukee	Bartleson Hardware Co.
	A. Spiegel Drug Co.
Oshkosh	F. A. Horn
Racine	Kratowill Drug Co
Sheboygan	J. C. Thomas & Co
Superior	Ross-Hill Bros.
Wausau	Wertheimer's Pharmacies (2 stores)

This is the razor you get for 35c if you take the coupon below to any of these dealers. It is equally as good a shaving instrument as our regular razor.



DURHAM DUPLEX RAZOR CO.,—or any dealer mentioned
111 Fifth Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Dear Sirs:

Enclosed find 35 cents in coin (to pay postage, packing, mailing and distributing expense). Send Durham Demonstrator Razor with Durham-Duplex blade which you are to present to me without further obligation on my part.

*Name*____

*No. and Street*____

*Town*____

*State*____

Who's Your Tailor?

TRADE MARK REG. U.S.

BY GEO. PRICE & CO.

Order Your Easter Clothes Today

through our dealer in your city.. From no other source can you obtain such correct style, admirable workmanship and high quality in clothes

Tailored to Measure for $25 to $50.

Reserve the pattern you prefer while our Spring line of Woolens is new and complete. Delivery made to suit your convenience.

Geo. Price & Co.

Largest tailors in the world of GOOD made-to-order clothes

Price Building Chicago, U. S. A

THE RECORDING ANGEL

(Continued from Page 18

They read with an omnivorous appetite stories of actual wickedness that would revolt the average reader of decadent fiction. This is why the returned missionary is always sure of an audience and of an enthusiastic interest. He seeds his sermon or lecture with horror tales that appeal to this same diseased imagination. Paragons often have the most naïvely corrupt minds in the world. Mrs. Martin was herself a waddling encyclopedia of slum doings and heathen scandals. There was nothing that the worst woman in the world could do with which Mrs. Martin did not have a sort of sighing, praying, vicarious acquaintance, a fact largely responsible for the suspicion with which she regarded all dancing and strolling and courting. She never could see an unmarried man and woman exchanging sweetly Shaksperean glances without suspecting them in the light of all her moral reading. The question is, Which is the more reprehensible, the glances exchanged between lovers or the eavesdropping eyes of the saint who intercepts and reads them?

Mrs. Martin found the book of Leviticus very interesting. She had just finished a certain chapter and she was about to get down upon her fat old knees to pray, when two things occurred simultaneously to distract her attention. First, there was a soft, steamy explosion from the kitchen, attended by the disagreeable odor of burning cabbage. Her pot had boiled over! She leaped to her feet with astonishing agility. But she had not gone halfway to the door leading to the kitchen before she was appalled by a crash that rent the pleasant silence of the cloudless summer day like a thunderbolt.

She stood for one instant in frightful suspense between curiosity and the instinct to save her dinner, when again the terrific crash was repeated, and she yielded the cabbage and ran out upon the veranda to see if the world was really coming to an end. It is a fact that she had long expected this catastrophe, especially in Ruckersville where she knew wickedness to abound. It is a thing worth noting that a certain class of pious people do come to that stage of vindictiveness in their religious experience when they expect the Lord to get mad and destroy the world. You never hear of an atheist, or even of an agnostic, prophesying such a destruction. It seems that neither of these has the faith to believe the Creator will do so mean and sudden a piece of tremendous mischief. But ferocious saints are perfectly capable of entertaining the hope by way of justifying their own indignant opinion of sinful man, and are even capable of predicting the event. More than once Mrs. Martin had shaken her head at the goings-on in Ruckersville, with intimations about a day of wrath. But now as she stood on the veranda of her house, leaning with one hand against a tall white pillar of it and shading her eyes with the other, she trembled. When you come down to the uncertain feeling of it in your own bones, nobody wants the Lord to be too literal and comprehensive in His wrath.

She looked this way and that, working her features into a fearful smile. A flock of frightened birds flew past. A man driving a team had pulled up in the middle of the street and was sitting upon the pole of his wagon looking back over his shoulder. She saw the head of Mrs. Fanning-Rucker still in its nightcap sticking far out of her bedroom window, craning this way and that. Next there was a rush of feet on the sidewalk, and she beheld a long strand of men and boys running from the direction of the square. The captain led this flying company. His hat merely clung to the back of his little old bald head, his mustache bristled. He was hopping along with his thin arms spread like featherless wings, but the instinctive desire to fly was apparent in every movement.

Behind him came Luster and Magnis and Bilfire, all with their features sharpened to an interrogation point, while Elbert White shambled far behind, his knees hindering him as usual, his coat on his arm, his bloodshot eyes swimming beneath the swollen lids, his head lifted and his lower jaw sagging.

"Elbert," screamed the old lady, "what on earth is the matter?"

Elbert was short-winded; he had no breath to spare in words at such a moment. He merely waved his hand in a certain direction as he went by. She followed it with her eyes and beheld a sacrilege.

Upon a gentle eminence, among the huge bolls of many ancient oaks, she saw the old Joseph Rucker mansion, standing like an old woman whose nose and chin are about to meet. The long fluted columns that supported the gable roof of the front porch lay prone upon the ground, the roof itself sagged nearly to the floor below, while a dozen men leaped about upon the main building shoving and pushing at it with ramming beams. Even in that instant the nose and chin met, the roof groaned, dropped sadly, then fell, filling the air with the sound of splitting timbers and enveloping all with a cloud of dust.

Mrs. Martin stood dumfounded. If she had seen ghouls robbing a tomb in the old churchyard behind she could not have been more horrified than she was at this sight of men ripping off the weatherboarding and romping up and down the half-disclosed ribs of the ancient house. When the dust cleared she put on her glasses and distinctly saw Jim Bone, on the ground below, waving his arms and shouting orders to the destroyers. She looked about, like a mariner cast into a stormy sea, for a refuge from her own distracted senses. Then for the first time she caught sight of Amy White seated by the window of her little old house across the street, weaving her fingers in and out with a long thread among her shining beads. Her serene face showed in the shade like a gentle epitaph upon all human follies. Mrs. Martin was indignant. She threw her apron over her head and waddled down the walk from her house, flung the gate open, came out, slammed it, hurried across, opened the one to Amy's yard, which sagged and refused to close, flip-flapped in her old heelless slippers up the narrow path that led to the entry, set one foot upon the step and could contain herself no longer.

"Amy," she cried, "I do believe you'd sit there and never move if Gabriel blew his trumpet!"

Amy, lifting her blind face, curved her lips into a Paradise smile.

"I reckon I would, Rachel," she said.

"Do you know what's happenin' right here under your nose?"

"No; what?"

"Jim Bone's got a dozen niggers over yonder in the grove tearing down the old Joe Rucker house. Didn't you hear the columns fall?"

"I may have, but I didn't notice."

"Well! It jarred the ground, and you didn't notice'"

Amy laid down her band of beads, took the end of her thread and began to feel with it for the eye of her needle with that curious insistent intelligence of the blind.

"When I first lost my sight every sound frightened me. Then when I understood that it was no use, that I could never save myself from any danger, I ceased to be afraid. I reckon I have more trust than you who see. I used to be afraid of storms here by myself. But now the lightning could zigzag across my face and the thunder might shake the house, but I'd sit and fear not. When you are blind you come to the place where you can trust the thunderbolt as if it were a little child with flowers in its hands."

Rachel was looking up at her from the yard outside. She could not comprehend such trust as this. She was nervous about storms, she was always afraid there might be an earthquake. She did not like to think how she would feel if God did actually carry out His wrath and destroy the world. But as she stood there—the tall grass waving its little feathery seed plumes in the gentle breeze—bedimmed by this faith of her blind friend, she suddenly recalled the burning smell in the kitchen.

"Lord 'a' mercy, my cabbage! I left 'em boilin' over!" she exclaimed as she wheeled and trotted off, leaving Amy to dream out a sentence for her Book of Life about the marrow of faith being blindness of one sort or another.

On this same afternoon Miss Leonora Bell, who was that funny thing, the lady principal of the Ruckersville Academy, was returning home. She was preceded by a group of fat and lean little girls who were talking about her. This is what all little girls do for the distance of a quarter of a mile immediately after they have been

THE
Spencer
Steam or Hot Water
Heater

Positively reduces coal bills ⅓ to ½ by burning the smallest sizes of hard coal.

Ordinarily requires coaling but once a day.

Holds heat for 10 hours without attention.

These are strong statements.

But could we afford to spend the thousands of dollars it costs us to print them were they not true?

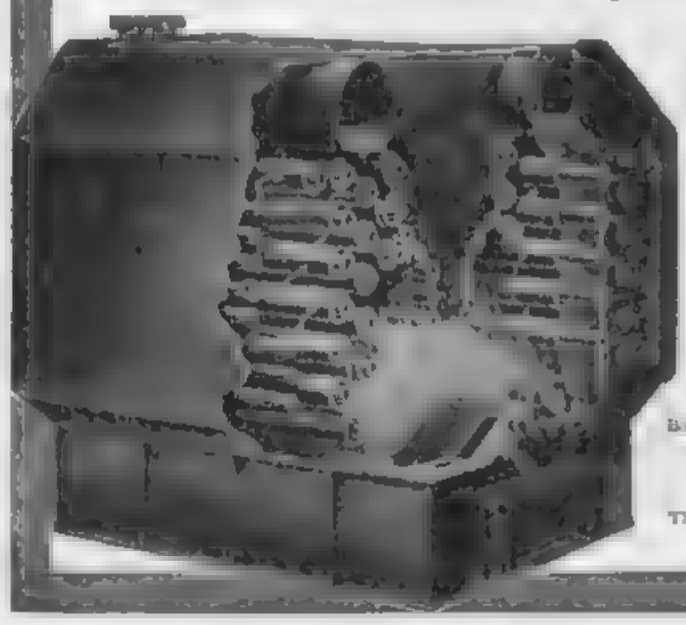
Would "Spencer" sales have increased nearly tenfold within the last six years, as they have done?

We are not trying to sell you anything directly by mail.

All we ask is an opportunity of proving the truth of our unusual claims, so that you can consult your architect or heating man.

This we can do by the endorsement of thousands of "Spencer" owners throughout the land, each of whom has proven for himself that the "Spencer" *does* reduce his coal bills ⅓ to ½; that it *does* hold a 24 hours' coal supply in ordinary weather (12 in severe); that it holds heat for 10 hours at a stretch without attention.

Is not such a heater at least worthy of your investigation before you decide on any new system? If you realized, as every "Spencer" owner *does* realize, what a wonderful money, time and labor-saving heater the "Spencer" really is, you'd write us *now.*



FREE BOOKS

Our new 40-page catalog and the experience of 57 "Spencer" users in various parts of the country will be gladly sent on request.

SPENCER HEATER CO.
200 Peoples Nat'l Bank Bldg., Scranton, Pa.

BRANCH OFFICES
New York City 50 Fifth Ave. Cor. 42nd St.
[illegible]

Canadian Sales Representatives
The Weston Co., Winnipeg, 9 Princess Street and Toronto, 208 Lumsden Building

"I Tell You, It's a Great Saw!"

When you get hold of a Simonds Saw you *feel* that you can "do things" better; and you *can*. A Simonds Saw cuts true and fast and easily. It has the right "hang"—and its glistening blade and polished handle are a constant pleasure to its owner.

Besides saw-making skill and "know-how," it is Simonds Steel that makes a

SIMONDS SAW (Pronounced Si-monds)

the most satisfactory one to own. We make our own steel, and our exclusive tempering process gives the teeth a toughness and hardness which enable them to hold their quick-cutting edges under long, hard usage. You can't keep saw teeth sharp if they are not tempered right, and a dull saw is almost worse than none. Take the word of the man who has used a Simonds Saw. He will tell you which saw to buy. Ask your hardware dealer.

Send for "GUIDE BOOK FOR CARPENTERS"—free—and learn how to care for a saw.

Remember Simonds Hack Saw Blades and Files are most efficient. Simonds Circular, Band and Cross-cut Saws are the American and Canadian lumbermen's accepted standard

SIMONDS MFG. COMPANY (Founded 1832), FITCHBURG, MASS.

Chicago New Orleans Portland New York San Francisco Seattle Montreal Lockport, N. Y.

Harley-Davidson

THE MOTORCYCLE WITH THE NEW WAY OF STARTING

No running alongside or tiresome pedaling needed to start the new Harley-Davidson. Just start the motor and at your convenience mount the machine, push forward the lever of the **Free-Wheel Control** (a new and exclusive Harley-Davidson feature) and glide away. Unlike the ordinary motorcycle clutch the action of the Free-Wheel Control is semi-automatic, thus preventing killing of the engine. The Free-Wheel Control friction surfaces are nearly twice that of the ordinary motorcycle clutch and therefore are practically indestructible.

RIDES LIKE A TOURING CAR

The **Full-Floating** Seat (another new and exclusive feature) does away entirely with the jolts, jars, bumps and vibrations due to crossings, bad roads, etc. The weight of the rider is held in suspension or floated between two long, heavy, concealed springs held under heavy compression. This device is in addition to all the shock absorbing provisions of the ordinary motorcycle and permits a range of action of nearly four inches as against the scant one inch of the ordinary motorcycle.

RUNS EXTREMELY QUIET

These newest models deserve the name "The Silent Grey Fellows." An extremely quiet motor, combined with an exceptionally large muffler, makes this machine so quiet it cannot be heard across the street. Send for catalogue or call on our dealer.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO.

235 B Street MILWAUKEE, WIS.

delivered from the intellectual claws of any lady principal. They were giggling and looking back over their shoulders at her, and commenting upon the stringency of her discipline and the injustice of her demands upon their eternally tadpole faculties. And they were relating in explosive whispers the secret victories they had that day achieved over her. But more particularly they were discussing the sudden change in the unfrizzled severity of her appearance. For she had dawned in the schoolroom that morning with her thin black locks extravagantly curled. This had never happened before. The author of "Man the Orang-Utan" had always worn her hair parted in the middle and drawn back smoothly like a carefully punctuated sentence in a book of rhetoric. They were at a loss to account for this extravagant crimping. They were very far from suspecting that she was still capable of a sort of vinegar sentimentality, and they would have been awed into something like sympathy if they could have known that the little thin, dark, sharp-featured old maid, whose heels were clacking along behind them on the brick pavement, was at that moment thinking tremblingly of the possibility of meeting Mr. Jim Bone, who was often seen in the late afternoon coming from the opposite direction along this same street.

Like every other unmarried woman in Ruckersville, Leonora was in love with him. She would not admit it, of course, but her hair did. Every stiff wave of it was a tribute to the marvelous and outrageous fascination of that wicked prodigal. If the silent, secret, futile romances of any village could be gathered up and set down in a book they would augment the sentimental literature of the world a hundredfold more than those other affairs that ripen into reciprocity, courtship and marriage. And it would be discovered that maiden women are lonesome moving figures in nearly all of them. These romances, guided virtuously by their faded heroines into the innocuousness of manless sequels, record in fact the waste material of every civilized community. And they are inspired by the inhumanity of men, who do not ask as many women in marriage as are entitled to this excellent martyrdom.

As Miss Bell was about to pass the gate of the Yancey residence she saw Mildred Percey sitting upon the shaded veranda with Mary and Agnes. They were each looking supernaturally young and tinted and gay in freshly laundered muslins.

"Come up, Leonora, and hear the news!" called Mary.

Leonora went in, regarding her friends curiously as she advanced along the walk. It seemed to her a strange circumstance that she had not seen any of the three with their hair curled and puffed in this manner since they were girls together. She wondered what it meant more than she wondered what news they had to tell. News in Ruckersville was a poor commodity.

Agnes went in and returned, drawing after her a lagging wicker rocker. Leonora dropped into it with an air of fainting relaxation.

"We were just discussing Jim Bone," said Mary.

"They say he met the sheriff face to face this morning," explained Mildred.

"Which killed the other?" inquired Leonora.

"That was the queer part of it. He offered him a cigar."

"Who offered which a cigar?" demanded Miss Bell, who hated ambiguity and battled against it every day in the composition class.

"The sheriff, Mr. Barfield, of course," answered Mildred. "The captain came by and told father about it. He says that Barfield says that Mr. Bone explained everything so satisfactorily that the warrant has been dismissed, and that they were actually seen crossing the square together this morning arm in arm. He says everybody is disappointed in the sheriff and that he'll be defeated for office this fall, and that it wouldn't surprise him if Bone himself should be elected instead."

Barfield was the typical sheriff in appearance. He had a long, drooping black mustache that hung down like a brace of pistols under his nose, and he wore a wide-brimmed black slouch hat, and looked like the stage villain in a cheap melodrama. He was one of the most timid men alive, but Nature had endowed him, apparently as a sort of joke, with a ferocious expression. And it was upon the reputation of this

Warmth at lower costs

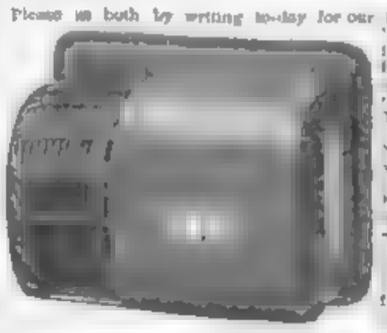
Cozily warmed rooms at breakfast time—all rooms softly warmed *early* and late, day and night—make the best conditions for domestic peace and comfort. *Even warmth* with fuel economy is insured by the

IDEAL SYLPHON **Regitherm**

It goes on the wall of a living-room; you turn an indicator hand to the exact degree of warmth wanted in *all* rooms.

The REGITHERM device communicates motion (without wind-up, electricity or diaphragms) to the dampers of Boiler or Furnace in cellar. It operates by the "everlasting" Sylphon bellows principle—none others have it. Under REGITHERM control you keep the fire-pot full of coal; then, instead of fluctuations—fierce firing and overheated rooms followed by an exhausted fire and cold rooms—you have an evenly warmed house all over, day and night. The REGITHERM is a fine investment—soon pays for itself in cutting off coal wastes; no parts to wear out; lasts a lifetime.

Please us both by writing to-day for our free booklet



AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Write Department R, CHICAGO

Makers of IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators

The **Interlock** WINTER UNDERWEARS

"Singularly soft and soothing"

You won't forget the comfort of Interlock Underwear, if you have known its skin-soothing quality this winter.

For men and boys—50c and up.

For infants—25c to $1.50.

Ask your dealer for Interlock Underwear.

Write us for booklet and sample

GENERAL KNIT FABRIC COMPANY, UTICA N Y

Styleplus

50 ENGRAVED CALLING CARDS $1

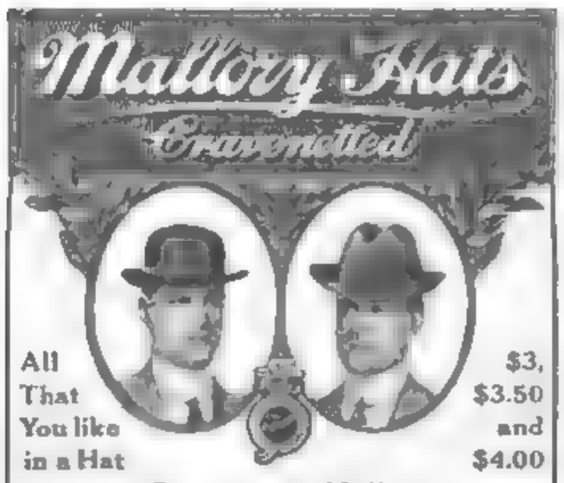
at lowest prices. We pay delivery charges. Samples free

Charles H. Elliott Co., 1838 Lehigh Ave., Philadelphia

"BENTLEY OSTRICH FARMS"

San Diego, California

Produce some of the finest feathers and plumes. If you want to make your wife happy WE CAN HELP YOU

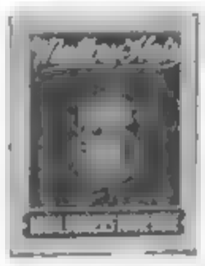


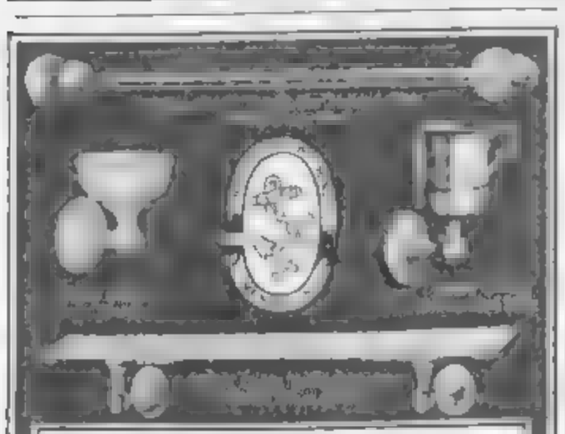
Every genuine Mallory Hat bears this Mallory trade mark

The Men You Meet

are the men who wear Mallory Hats. Not clothing-store figures or society dandies—but real men, who pay for what they want, but not a penny more than it's worth. They are men of refinement, who appreciate high value. Even outside of the cravenetting process, controlled exclusively by Mallory for all hats, a feature that keeps it proof against rain, snow and sun, there is the money's full worth in every Mallory Hat. Mallory Hats are made in styles of dignity, are always abreast of the times, and are to be had in all the right colors and attractive shapes, the fur felt is of highest quality. Mallory dealers always carry a complete line.

E. A. MALLORY & SONS, Inc.
Office:
13 Astor Pl., cor. Broadway, New York
Factory: Danbury, Connecticut
Our New York store is at
1133 Broadway, cor. 26th Street
Boston Store: New Location, 30 Boylston St.

Look for the Mallory Glass Sign  in Your Dealer's Window



THOS. MADDOCK'S White China Fixtures add 100% to the appearance of any bathroom.

They add a thousand percent to its cleanliness and comfort.

You yourself may put them up.

Cost no more than brass, glass or nickel

Will outlast any other fixtures made.

May be kept perfectly clean by wiping with a damp cloth.

Dirt proof—germ proof—and they are so clean looking.

Ask your dealer or write to us for our booklet "Why White." It is free

THOS. MADDOCK'S SONS CO.
Trenton, N. J.

Oldest sanitary potters in America

fierce expression that he had held his office. As a matter of fact, he considered it a frightful accident when he met Bone that morning, and no one ever knew what actually passed between them, further than that Barfield was seen to offer Bone a cigar and then walk on with him on terms of friendly conversation.

"I never thought Tom Barfield was anything but a legal scarecrow," commented Leonora.

"But that is not the greatest piece of news," interrupted Agnes.

"No, they say Jim Bone has bought that vacant lot just in front of the monument to the heroes in gray——"

"And he has not only bought the old Joe Rucker place, but he's tearing it down today and——" Mary put in; but Mildred, ignoring her, went on about the vacant lot enterprise.

"——and this morning they began breaking the ground for the foundations for some kind of building. The captain told father——"

"——and by twelve o'clock they were hauling off the beams and weatherboarding to be used in the construction of the building on the square," Mary interrupted again, but Mildred held to her original theme of this strange enterprise.

"——that he had brought an architect from Atlanta with him and that he is offering to employ every idle man in Ruckersville to help with the construction, and——"

"The construction of what?" demanded Leonora, looking from one to the other.

"Nobody knows what!" chimed in all three ladies in high treble voices.

"That is why we are all so excited," Mary began.

"They say Jim Bone is the most popular man in town. Everybody is talking to him and asking him questions about what he is doing. But he just laughs and tells them to wait and see."

"Captain Martin told father that Mr. Bone told him that he was preparing to redeem the town," said Mildred. "So Mrs. Martin thinks he is building another church. And she feels very badly about it. She says apt as not he is a Presbyterian, or something, and that now the religious harmony of Ruckersville will be destroyed by denominational dissensions."

"He has made Tony Adams boss of the hands working on the foundations. And they say it is a sight to see him strutting up and down ordering the negroes about. I reckon it is the first time Tony was ever at the head of anything," mused Agnes.

"Well," snapped Leonora, "if he gets the men in this town to work, he will come nearer redeeming it than the preachers ever do with their revivals."

During the whole of this conversation each woman was casting sidenote glances up and down the avenue in search of the hero of their combined conversation. Each gave little furtive dabs with her hands at her stray locks and pats to her draperies. They took out their back combs slyly, raked up the straggling hairs from the back of their necks and eased the combs in again carefully. It was funny that not one of them suspected that the others shared her thoughts and anticipations.

Suddenly a silence settled upon them—a quivering bird-winged silence, as if the claws of their spirits gripped tighter the swinging bough of love's hope—and their heads turned modestly sideways so that they looked out upon the street archly and obliquely, as if they were not looking at all. The object of their speculation swung around the corner at this moment and walked with his usual deliberate straddling gait past the house. His hat was tilted forward at the romantic ambush angle. His chin was drawn down in contemplation. He was accompanied by the dog, who had his tongue out, his tail at half mast, and appeared to share his master's preoccupied mood. Neither of them looked to the right or to the charming lady-besprinkled left. The rough thumping rustle of the straps on Mr. Bone's boots as they rubbed together at each step thrilled and excited the company on the veranda.

"Why does he wear those horrid boots!" murmured Mildred.

"Better ask where he is going!" commented Leonora with suspicion, the depth of which was emphasized by her low voice.

"He goes by here at this hour every afternoon," agreed Mary.

You may have observed this, that it is perfectly legitimate for a man to be going toward town at any hour of the day; but

COLGATE'S
SHAVING LATHER
STICK - POWDER - CREAM

"RECOMMEND one?—I recommend them all. They're all Colgate's, so they all give the same perfect lather. It's only a question of which method you prefer—Stick, Powder or Cream."

That's what the experienced salesman will tell you. Take his advice and know the comfort of the softening, soothing, sanitary Colgate Lather.

Get your choice at your dealer's or send us 4 cts. postage for a trial size Stick, Powder or Cream.

COLGATE & CO.
Dept. P **199 Fulton St.** **New York**

Colgate's Lilac Imperial Toilet Water—refreshing after the shave.

ARROW SHIRTS

THE Arrow label marks the shirt of style and service. It is your guarantee that the garment is made of durable, fadeless fabrics. We depend upon its good qualities to sell you another shirt of the same label.

$1.50 and $2.00

Arrow Shirts are made by the makers of

ARROW COLLARS

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO.

Send for booklets. 457 River St., Troy, N. Y.

Rexall

"93" SHAMPOO PASTE

Thoroughly Cleanses Hair and Scalp

Removes dandruff and discourages its return. Promotes head comfort. Tends to prevent premature loss of hair by its cleansing, antiseptic effect upon the scalp. A favorite with women because it aids to make the hair soft, silky, fluffy and easy to dress

PRICE 25 CENTS A JAR

Rexall products are sold by only one druggist in a place, the leading druggist — whose store is known as

The Rexall *Store*

There are nearly 5000 of these stores in the United States and Canada

UNITED DRUG COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

Branches: Chicago St. Louis San Francisco Toronto London Paris

if he wishes the suspicions of the entire female population of any village let him be seen going regularly at the sundown hour toward the open outer regions of moonlit darkness. And they are usually quite right to entertain such suspicions. Men do not love Nature enough by herself to keep an inanimate tryst with her. Women are justified in supposing that there is a strictly feminine star about to shine somewhere upon the man's hawthorn skyline, which engages his astronomical enthusiasm.

"It is rumored that he goes to see Sylvia Story," said Agnes primly after a pause, thus voicing the secret despair of her companions

"That is a mistake," exclaimed Mildred quickly as if she would defend the reputation even of the prodigal. "Fanning-Rucker told me that Sylvia told him she had never so much as spoken to Mr. Bone."

"I must be going. I am tired to death," said Leonora dully as she arose and gathered up her schoolma'am papers. Her light had passed and gone out. The muscles of her face relaxed. Her cheeks sagged. All the little wrinkles in them let go and curved downward forlornly. It was as if Fate had postmarked her from the dead-letter office.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

ART AND INDUSTRY

(Continued from Page 15)

"The little woman didn't side in with me at all, somehow. She figgered out that a feller who had never made more'n forty-five dollars a month in his whole life couldn't really earn no more'n that. I just couldn't explain to her that times was changed an' that we was livin' now in a time o' progress.

"'I'm a risin' man,' says I to her; 'but the trouble is, I never was appreciated by them who ought to have knew me best.'

"'Curly,' says she, 'you make me tired! But say, now,' she says after a while, 'does women git in that book?'

"'Shore,' says I; 'we've got to put 'em in—ladies half price.'

"'Curly,' says she to me after thinkin' fer a while, 'do you think my old alpaca dress that we got over to Missoula two years ago would look all right in a picture?'

"'Ma'am,' says I, 'it certainly would. An', just to show you that I'm a good business man, I'll thank you fer ten per cent o' two hundred an' fifty dollars—the Curly family ain't goin' to git into this History any cheaper'n anybody else.'

"Well, when she fell fer it I could see there was nothin' left but to simply git something big enough to hold the money.

"Now, when ole man Johnson begun to git busy, an' old Cæsar Lombroso Messonyer begun to circulate roun' an' bring in his rough sketches o' Poppa an' Momma, an' the children an' the cows, we could see that we was goin' to have a book which would weigh somewhere roun' twenty pounds. It was mostly ranchers an' grangers an' sheepmen—we had to leave out the towns an' promise them the next chancet, though they was some sore about that.

"Well, sir, we didn't spend quite all our money round Pateelse, an' at last we did get them books printed. They come out in a trainload one time a few months later—me to pay the freight. About then ole man Johnson was visitin' friends in the East, and I dunno where Cæsar Lombroso Messonyer went to—but I suppose he was kind o' sensitive about the sordid business o' makin' collections.

"My ten per cent was pretty well spread by this time; so I was anxious to finish up gittin' pay on them notes. So one day I taken a four-horse wagonload o' these precious volumes, an' a basketful o' promissory notes, an' I starts out from Cady on a collectin' tower.

"First man I called on was ole man Hayes, over on Dry Creek. I hadn't looked at his picture in the book, fer somehow I kind o' was afraid o' trouble all along, havin' seen some of our long-hair's work. His favorite way was to take a patent medicine woodcut which he found in Johnson's office an' work it over fer a portrait o' Poppa. I don't know but what he had tried that on ole man Hayes—but I did have sense enough to take my gun when I started out on this part o' the work.

"Well, sir, when I pulls this book on ole man Hayes the first thing he looks for is his own picture. Then he goes straight up into the air an' turns a complete summerset, an' comes down yellin'.

The biggest box of all—in actual food.

Don't be deceived—one package of Ralston contains more actual food than the breakfast foods that have larger boxes. Ralston comes in condensed form. It is not factory cooked, but fresh cooked, every morning, in your own kitchen and brought to your table tempting and delicious.

Ralston Wheat Food

is a wholesome, solid, commonsense food, of natural wheat color, with all the flavor and nutriment of the whole wheat left in. Just the sort of food your children need to grow up on.

Get a package today for your children's sake—you will like it as much as they will.

Ralston is most economical—one cup makes a breakfast for six; 8 cups in a package.

Purina Whole Wheat Flour

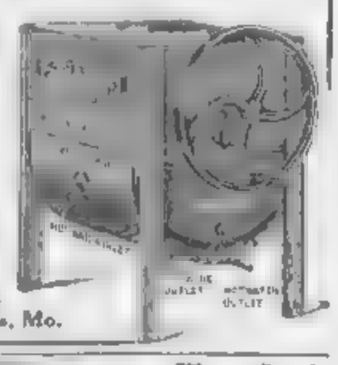
makes delicious, nourishing bread, muffins, rolls, etc. Try it, too.

Ralston Purina Company St. Louis, Mo.

Piasa Cleansing Machine

For French Dry Cleaning and Wet Washing

Simple and easy to operate *either* as washing or dry cleaner. $1.00 for gasoline will do dry cleaning that would ordinarily cost $10.00 to $20.00. Pays for itself many times over. Thoroughly washes heaviest or most delicate fabrics without injury. Sold in connection with "PIASA" booklet containing heretofore confidential information of the art of chemical or French Dry Cleaning and Washing. For price, terms and interesting literature, address—



Piasa Mfg. Co.
Dept. 1, St Louis, Mo.

$1 English Knock-about Hat

A stylish, serviceable hat. Genuine Fur Felt. Folds into compact roll. Colors: Black, Steel Gray, Brown. All sizes. Sent postpaid for $1.00. State size and color wanted. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

Panama Hats $1.00 and up.

PANAMA HAT CO., Dept A, 830 Broadway, New York City

SALESMEN WANTED

New office specialty. Sells for cash. As indispensable as a typewriter. First class salesmen only need apply. Sales Manager, Box 14, Newton, Iowa

Start the Day Right

A philosopher once said:

"Keep good natured 'til ten a. m.—and the balance of the day will take care of itself."

So, when you come down to the breakfast table feeling just a little "peevish"—your nerves slightly "on the edge"—start the day right with a cup of rich, aromatic, full flavored, revivifying, wholesome

Mrs Rorer's OWN BLEND Coffee

You'll find that Mrs. Rorer's Coffee will "hit the spot"—will fully satisfy you and every member of your family.

Ask your grocer for a *"triple-sealed," non-aroma-leak package* of Mrs. Rorer's Own Blend Coffee—if it does not more than please you, he is authorized to refund your money.

Mrs. Rorer has written a helpful book for the housewife, **"27 Coffee Recipes"**—It is **Free** for the asking. Mention your grocer's name and whether or not he handles Mrs. Rorer's Coffee.

Harry B. Gates, *President*
CLIMAX COFFEE & BAKING POWDER COMPANY
52 Main St., Indianapolis, Ind., U. S. A.

Esterbrook Steel Pens

250 Styles

There's an Esterbrook for you

250 styles—fine, medium and broad points

The standard of the world

The Esterbrook Steel Pen Mfg. Co.

KEITH'S 20 WONDER HOUSES 10c

M. L. KEITH
613 McKnight Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

"'It's a outrage!' says he. 'I've been a Democrat all my life, an' everybody knows it; an' yet here's my name on a page portrait that looks exactly like William Howard Taft!'

"'Shore now!' says I to him, tryin' to gentle him down a little bit. 'It does look like Taft, don't it? I'm sorry you look thataway; but our artist he can't make no mistakes. Besides,' says I, 'it's a heap better to be took fer Taft than fer Wild Bill er Henry Wadsworth Longfeller,' says I.

"'I'll not pay it,' says he when I pulls the note on him. 'Has any o' the others paid theirn?'

"'You're the first gentleman I've saw this mornin',' says I; 'but my belief is that it'll be healthier if everybody pays right along cheerful.' I had my eye on him all the time, because I knew where he kep' his Winchester.

"Well, ole man Hayes he thought fer a while, an' he looked over the other portraits an' compared 'em to his. After a while he begun to laff fit to kill.

"'Why this mirthfulness?' says I.

"'I'll tell you, Curly,' says he. 'Ef you kin collect your money fer this here portrait o' Bill Bedlow, down below here on the crick, why then I'll pay mine cheerful; an' I'll help you git all the other bills paid too.'

"'You're on!' says I. 'I'd always ruther be peaceful than any other way. I'll go right down an' see Bill now. Of course,' says I, 'you know that Bill he's shy a laig an' a arm; but the picture shows that.'

"'Uh-huh!' says ole man Hayes; then he laffs some more.

"'We offered,' says I, 'to soften down them things so they wouldn't show in the picture, not wantin' to hurt the feelin's of a man that's played in hard luck; but Bill, he said he wanted to go into the book thataway. We warned ole man Johnson not to tell that Bill had lost his laig in a mowin' machine when his broncs run away, an' that he had an arm busted off while he was haulin' dynamite on the Shoshone Dam. Bill always acted mysterious about them missin' members, an' a good many folks thought that he had been either a bad man er a hero of some sort. That was why he wanted to go in with the play as it lay on the board. He was one o' the first to sign up his contrack too—he was plumb eager to git in among the perminent citizens.'

"Well, I went down to Bill's feelin' plumb cheerful about the prospects. I didn't stop to examine the picture very clost, except to see that it showed him standin' there with only one arm an' one laig between hisself, so to speak. Everybody in the whole country knowed he was shy thataway; an' it looked to me like as ef we couldn't collect on as safe a bet as that we didn't have no chancet with none o' them. I couldn't tell what made ole man Hayes laff so when he sent me down to see Bill first.

"I goes down to the place where Bill was at, an' I says: 'Here you are, Mr. Bedlow, all fine an' dandy—true to the life an' natural as a photograph.'

"Well, he taken the book an' he cast one look at it; an' then he gives a wild shriek, same as ole man Hayes did. He couldn't jump, havin' only one laig; but he reaches fer his crutch an' I knows he meant trouble. So I covered him prompt an' told him to set still an' think it over a while.

"'My friend,' says I, tryin' to gentle him some, too, 'what seems to be agitatin' you about this here picture? Ain't it all right?' says I.

"'All right!' says he. 'Of course it ain't! How kin you call that outrage any kind of a picture of me?'

"'Why, what's wrong?' says I. 'It's you, all right—only one arm, only one laig—why, count 'em, man. Now, of our artist—I don't deny he's some impressionistic sometimes—had only give you one arm an' no laigs at all you might have had some right to kick; but, far as I kin see, this here picture's you, an' you ain't got no kick comin'.'

"'It ain't me at all,' says he—'nohow!'

"'Why ain't it?' says I.

"'Why, lookahere, Curly,' says he, 'I tol' that long-haired son-of-a-gun that he wasn't takin' time enough makin' a sketch o' me—I'm hard to draw! Now he may have made a note that the subject o' this sketch may have had only one arm an' one laig; but when he come to do the drawin' he fergot which one it was!—don't you see? This ain't me at all!'

"Well, sir, I looked at the picture; an', shore enough, ole Cæsar Lombroso Messonyer had took the wrong laig offen

How a Manufacturer Cut His Lubrication Bill $15,000 a year

It was costing him $35,000 a year. He thought it too much.

He consented to let one of our experts investigate. Result: the adoption of Keystone Grease and a saving of nearly half.

Have you a lubrication problem?
If so, send the coupon below.

A man from our corps of experts (distributed all over this country) will come and investigate. Leave it to him to show how to save money for your firm, save trouble for your engineer, prolong life for your machinery. If your problem is very small we'll solve it by correspondence.

The great, scientifically-operated plants in this country and abroad which test their lubricants for dollars-and-cents value, use Keystone.

No other lubricant approaches it in efficiency. We guarantee one pound of Keystone Grease to last as long as three or four pounds of any other grease or four gallons of the best known oil.

Thousands of testimonial letters in our files; tests made by Wm. Cramp & Sons, the ship builders; and signed statements of the foremost lubrication experts, all give Keystone Grease first place above all other lubricants for efficiency and final economy.

We couldn't make this offer to send *our* expert at *our* expense to solve *your* problem to save *your* money if we didn't know that Keystone Grease makes good—the standard for 30 years. For the dollars-and-cents reason you simply *have* to use Keystone Grease.

KEYSTONE GREASE

is a compound of absolutely pure, high-grade refined petroleum, unaffected by speed or pressure—always stays "put"—cannot waste—cannot spatter and collect dust—is not soluble in water—not affected by severe atmospheric or working conditions of heat and cold—always remains the same consistency.

Best Automobile Lubricants

Keystone Grease (1 and 3 densities) are, by all odds, the best automobile lubricants. Keystone Motor Oil puts an end to cylinder troubles.

Keystone Lubricating Co.
Department L
Philadelphia, Pa.

Branch offices and warehouses in the principal cities of the United States and in the capital centers of the world.

Send this Coupon Now

Keystone Lubricating Co.
Dept. L
Philadelphia, Pa.

Gentlemen—In accordance with your offer we wish to get your expert advice on our lubrication problem. It is understood that this is to cost us absolutely nothing and is to put us under no obligations whatever.

Name _____

Address _____

SWAN SAFETY FOUNTPEN

The Travelling Man's Pen

Because he can carry it upside down or any way, as it is made so that no matter what position the pen is in it CANNOT LEAK. It writes instantly the penpoint [illegible] per. At all stationers and jewelers $2.50 and up.

MABIE, TODD & CO.
17 Maiden Lane, NEW YORK
209 S. State St., CHICAGO
LONDON PARIS BRUSSELS

News for the Man with a Marine Engine

Install a **Baldridge Reverse Gear** in your boat (between engine and propeller)—and increase a hundred fold the pleasures you find in motor boating

Simply by moving a single lever you can control your boat at will, run up to the dock, pick up a mooring stop, go ahead, reverse (at full speed in emergencies) all **without stopping your engine**

[illegible] value your safety and comfort. Nearly 12,000 joyful users praise the reliable Baldridge.

If not at your dealer's, send for FREE BOOK. Interesting from cover to cover.

THE BALDRIDGE GEAR CO
663 W. Grand Blvd., Detroit, Mich.

This Dining Room Table ordinarily sells for $45.00—and it is worth it

Constructed of the choicest quarter-sawed Oak, 54 inch top closed, 90 inch extension. Massive, substantial—no furniture is better made and—

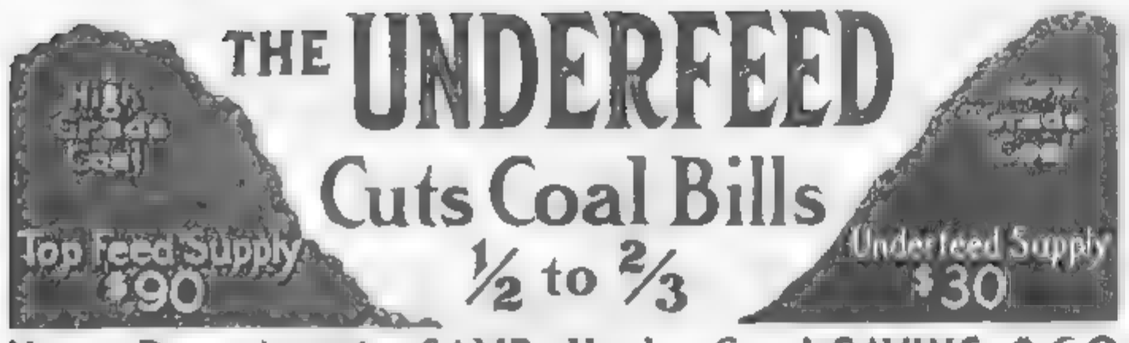
Our Factory Price To You $19.00

Saves you over Half Retail Price.

Your money back at once if you are not satisfied—Guaranteed.

Write for our beautiful illustrated Furniture Book now. Many more attractive pieces at equally low prices for living room, den, dining room, library or bedroom. Everything shipped in complete sections. A few minutes with screw driver and it is all ready for use.

BROOKS MANUFACTURING CO., 6003 Rust Ave., Saginaw, Mich.



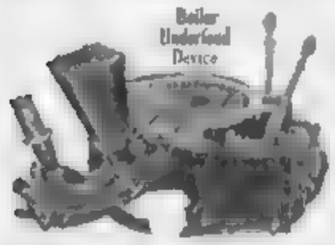
THE UNDERFEED
Cuts Coal Bills
½ to ⅔
Heat Results, the SAME; Underfeed SAVING, $60

ARE YOU one of the thousands who suffered discomfort during the unusually cold winter of 1911-12? While in many homes ordinary heaters were ***wasting coal*** and yielding ***little heat;*** while natural gas supplies were running short, in thousands of other homes Underfeed Furnaces and Boilers were making good with ***adequate, clean, even*** heat—and at a ***saving*** of one-half to two-thirds the usual cost of coal. The Underfeed Booklet Tells Why—It is yours for the asking.

The Peck-Williamson Underfeed
HEATING SYSTEMS WARM AIR STEAM-HOT WATER FURNACES-BOILERS

If your heater—new or old—is defective, unsatisfactory or expensive to maintain, *replace it* with an Underfeed, which soon pays for itself in reduced coal bills. If you are about to build, install an Underfeed Furnace, Steam or Hot Water Boiler. Either is adapted for buildings, large or small—residences, offices, churches, hotels, etc. 'Twill add to the renting or selling value of *any* building.

Ira B. Ford, of Wilmette, Ill., writes: "With the Underfeed my coal bill is $40 a year, using screened Carterville No. 4 coal. My neighbors, using hard coal, burn from $85 to $100 worth in the same sized houses, eight or nine rooms, in either topfeed furnaces or hot water plants. After using the Underfeed three years I should certainly want one of the same kind should I build again."



In the Underfeed coal is fed *from* below. All fire is on top. Smoke and gases (heat units *wasted* in other heaters) must *pass up through the fire* in the Underfeed, are consumed and make more heat. Cheapest

THE PECK-WILLIAMSON CO., 329 West Fifth Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio
Furnace Dealers, Plumbers and Hardware Dealers—Write today for New Selling Plan.

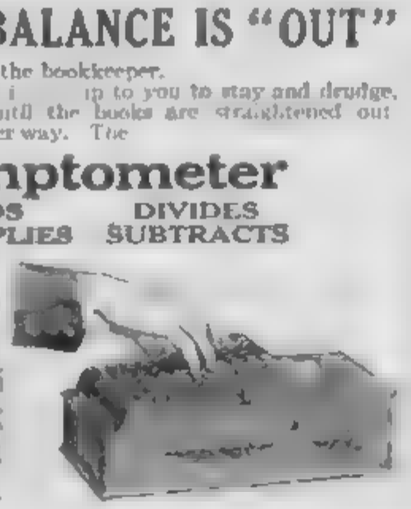
CUT YOUR COAL BILL
½ to ⅔
Mail Coupon NOW and Learn HOW

THE PECK-WILLIAMSON CO., 329 W. Fifth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio
I would like to know more about how to cut down the cost of my Coal Bills from one-half to two-thirds. Send me—FREE
UNDERFEED Furnace Booklet ____
Boiler Booklet ____
(Indicate by X Booklet you desire)
Name ____ Street ____
Postoffice ____ State ____
Name dealer with whom you prefer to deal

THINK OF THE ADVANTAGE
of having an extra pair of cuffs right on the shirt, out of sight, yet always ready, without attaching or detaching. Simply a turn gives you
Columbia Culturn Shirt
A Clean Cuff for a Soiled Cuff
"Culturn" Shirts $1.50 and $2.00, plain or plaited, colors guaranteed. If your dealer cannot supply you, write
New Columbia Shirt Co., 729-731 Broadway, New York
Manufacturers of Columbia Shirts since 1874

"The Racycle" rides ¼ Easier than any other Bicycle made
Let us submit proof. Send today for FREE book, explaining why "The Racycle" is the largest-selling, high-grade bicycle made. Also contains much interesting bicycle information. With it, we'll send our "3 Reasons Why" pamphlet.
THE MIAMI CYCLE & MFG. CO.
[illegible] Grand Ave. Middletown, Ohio

IF THE TRIAL BALANCE IS "OUT"
It worries no one but you—the bookkeeper.
No matter whose mistake it is [illegible] up to you to stay and drudge, [illegible] hours of regular hours, until the books are straightened out. Don't do it—there is a better way. The
Comptometer
ADDS MULTIPLIES DIVIDES SUBTRACTS
releases your mind [illegible] kind of mechan[illegible]ing gives you more time for doing the things that count, both for yourself and the firm. It handles all your figure work—addition, multiplication, [illegible] fraction. [illegible] does the work accurately. It [illegible] works. [illegible] us about it and get free copy of "Rapid Mechanical Calculation."
FELT & TARRANT MFG. CO., 1700 N. Paulina St., CHICAGO, Ill.



Bill Bedlow—shore's I'm born! an' he'd done the same thing with his arm too! Then I understood what was the matter with ole man Hayes.

"'Well, now, lookahere, Bill,' says I. 'What's the use makin' a furse over a little miss like that? Everybody knows you're shy a arm an' a laig, an' I don't s'pose many o' them would ever figger out on this the way you do—I didn't my own self. You're tallied up with one laig an' one arm—an' that's all you got comin' to you, ain't it?'

"'But,' says Bill, 'he's got me with my right arm off an' my left laig, an' it's just the other way about—I wouldn't be a one-armed man that didn't have no arm—that's a outrage!' He talked wobbly and looked like he was goin' to cry on me.

"'Sir,' says I, 'are you the sort o' person that wants to avoid legal, lawful an' bindin' contrack, an' go back on his own signature—one o' the high contrackin' parties?'

"'No, I ain't,' says he. 'I wanted in this book—people with one laig has got feelin's about citizenship same as people with two—but I'll be hanged ef I'll pay fer bein' put in a book with the wrong laig off—not sayin' nothin' about that arm business at all! Before I'll pay fer a thing like that I'll go to law about it,' says he.

"Well, sir, I kep' on learnin' a heap o' things. Fer instance, I seen that, like as not, ef a man didn't have no laigs or arms at all, he'd be stuck on hisself just the same an' think he was entitled to a place among the leadin' pictures! Also I seen that collectin' was no snap, an' that maybe enough Cæsar Lombroso Messonyer was blame' wise when he lit out about this time.

"Believe me, Sir Algernon, the best I could do, I couldn't collect that note o' Bill Bedlow—an', o' course, not o' ole man Hayes either. An', before I could get any farther down the valley with my wagon-load o' books, here comes a deputy with a injunction o' some sort; an' the hull thing goes up to co't in Cady.

"Well, I had to go home an' own up to the little woman that I was in wrong oncet more in my career. She was right sorry, because she was plumb pleased with her own picture in the book—Uncle Cæsar had retouched a portrait o' Lilly Ann Russell we found in the beauty ads down in Johnson's paper; an' Mrs. Curly 'lowed that County Histories was all right. But what could I do?

"Now, Bill Bedlow an' ole man Hayes, an' a lot o' the other fellers, they hires Lawyer Bennett to take up their cases. He's runnin' fer the state legislature, you see; an' it didn't take him long to git on to the fact that ef he kin git a vote from every dissatisfied perminent citizen in Park County he's in fer a cinch—fer they wasn't no other kind.

"Now, you ought to have heard Lawyer Bennett argue before the co't an' the jury about them pictures! He'd taken them up, one by one, an' he plumb defied the jury or anybody else to identify them portraits o' Poppa ef the writin' was lost off. Then he has a enlarged photograph made of this picture of Bill Bedlow, with his only good arm an' his only good laig in the wrong place. He interjuces this before the co't as Exhibit A; then he interjuces Bill hisself as Exhibit B.

"'Your Honor,' says he, 'an' gentlemen o' this jury, I ask you to compare these two exhibits—one a patient, law-abidin' citizen, partially cut down in the prime of his life an' deprived o' things which might otherwise have been useful to him in supportin' a family an' earnin' a honest livelihood—an' the other this mockery, this outrage, this dastardly caricature o' one o' our noblest an' finest-lookin' fellow citizens! Need I name the honorable William Bedlow, o' Dry Creek, who has been in our midst all his machure years?'

"Well, sir, when he went on with the subjeck o' his sketch I certainly was glad that ole Bald Face, my cowhorse, was faster'n anything they was in Cady at the time. I slips over acrost the street an' bought two boxes of ca'tridges an' put 'em in my saddle pockets. I didn't wait fer the jury to come in—an', fact is, I heard later they never went out at all! I was sentenced, as near as I kin git at it, to be hanged by the neck till dead nex' Friday—onless the lynchers got to me first—an', do you know, I wasn't comfortable round home fer several days—until the thing sort o' quieted down!

"After a while Lawyer Bennett, seein' that he was goin' to git the solid vote o' the entire county—Democrats, Republicans, an' folks that votes fer all the lost causes—why, he 'lowed he might git my vote, too, an' make it unanermous. So I agreed that I'm to call off all the collections if he explains to the fellers that I meant right an' wasn't tryin' to put them in wrong none at all. Thataway, after a time, it kind o' quieted down.

"Well, I never did hear of Cæsar Lombroso Messonyer but oncet. He sent in word that he was waitin' patient over in the Sunshine Basin—an' would I please come over some moonlight night with some cash! All I could do was to send him my regrets. He faded away then, I reckon; but, like as not, he is doin' this sort o' thing over in Idaho or Oregon—I shouldn't wonder a bit. There's always a fool cow-puncher standin' round, waitin' to be let in on any kind o' shell game that anybody kin think of!

"Sometimes," said Curly, feeling in his pocket for his tobacco, "I think all this progress business ain't what it's cracked up to be. I don't know as I was ever happier in my life than when I was takin' down my cold forty-five a month from ole man Wright an' eatin' at the ranch table as much as I could hold whenever I felt like it. Way things is now, ef it hadn't been fer the little woman hangin' on to some o' that ten per cent advance I actually don't know whether I'd winter all the family through or not.

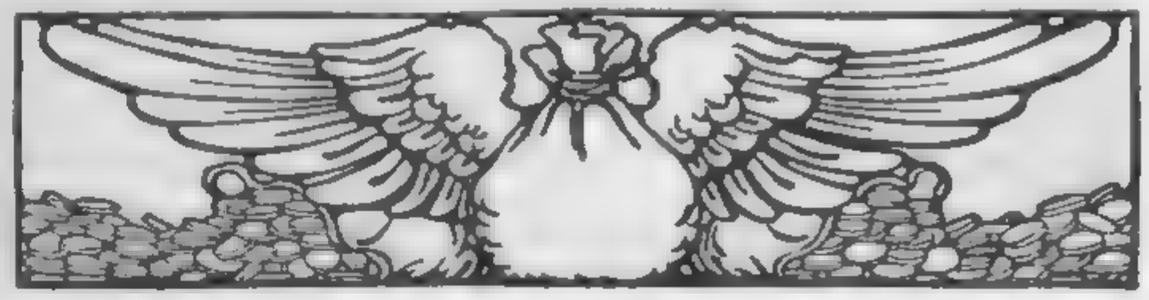
"It's thisaway: Some people is financiers an' others ain't. Sometimes when I look at myself in my full-page portrait in the County History o' Park County, by the Western Historical an' Pictorial Society which was half me—I sometimes think maybe I was one o' them that ain't.

"What became o' the Histories? Why, there's about eight hundred tons o' them, as near's I kin tell, that's in cold storage up in the livery stable in Cady now. That's what there was left over after the Gov'ment got done buildin' the Shoshone Dam. They made fine fillin'. Dam's built of 'em, all except a little mortar to hold 'em together! Highest dam in all the world too an' I bet a thousand it's the most artistic dam they is. Think of a dam which is nacherelly plumb full o' art thataway the handiwork o' that distinguished artist, Perfessor Cæsar Lombroso Messonyer! An' think of all them liter'ry jewels done by ole man Johnson—not to mention a few promissory notes oncet owned by your little friend and playmate. Other dams may bust, but not ole Shoshone—it's me that's busted!

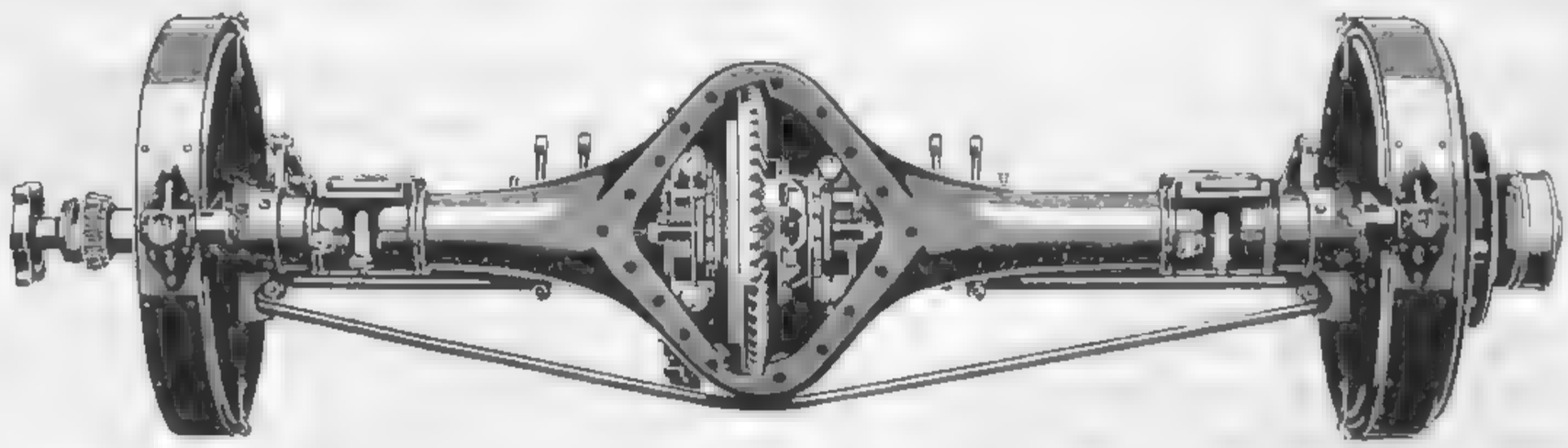
"But, say—tell me—ain't it funny how many things can happen, even in a plumb quiet industry—not sayin' nothin' at all about art?" demanded Curly. "An' as near's I can tell, though Wall Street may be a fine place, you got to show me how it's any better'n Wyomin', either *ler* art er business, takin' it goin' an' comin'.

"Just figger on it. Allowin' only half a million copies got into the dam—at five dollars each, there is two and a half million dollars, ain't there? Besides, each book was five hunderd pages and we charged five hunderd a page fer Poppa an' the cows. That's two and a half million more—or, say, five million altogether. Countin' what's left in the livery stable at another million, an' you might say it was six million dollars I had in sight. It ain't in sight now; but you can't blame me! Only thing I'm sorry for is—the little woman didn't git away with that portrait o' hern!

"But, say," he concluded, "maybe we better cook another pan o' bacon—huh?"



TIMKEN
AXLES & BEARINGS



Two features that make for long and satisfactory service in motor cars

TODAY, cars are being built for years—not for one year only. The future belongs to the "make-good" car.

Do you know that two of the most important features of that "make-good" car are the axles and their bearings?

No other parts have more to do with your personal safety or with satisfactory service—day in, day out, year after year.

You can afford the chance of occasional engine trouble. You can't afford one chance in ten thousand of axle trouble.

Timken eliminates that one chance in ten thousand

That's the foundation of Timken Axle and Bearing construction—no chances.

Only one best will do for the safety and satisfactory service an axle must give.

There can't be two or three "bests."

That's why Timken front axles and Timken rear axles are different.

That's why we make only one kind of bearings—Timken Tapered Roller Bearings.

That's why we won't sell an axle or bearing to any car builder till our own engineers have O. K.'d the size selected for the work it must do.

The rear axle and its bearings are more important than the engine

The engine supplies power and that's all.

The rear axle transmits that power to the wheels—and, through its differential, it divides the power between the two wheels, so that one can revolve faster than the other when rounding a corner.

Its brakes take the strains and stresses of stopping the car.

And all the time it carries more than half the weight of the car and its load.

And it takes all the pound of the road.

Now you see why care in axle-construction is of such vital importance

You begin to realize why one great Timken factory is devoted to axles alone—another great Timken plant to bearings.

Why the possibility of human error is practically eliminated by automatic machines that gauge to a fraction of the thousandth part of an inch.

Why Timken accuracy demands the *grinding* of the gears.

Even the finest gear cutting machines, alone, will not make gears as quiet as we know they must be.

So Timken designed and built the only gear grinding machines that correct *all* the minute inequalities left by the cutters.

Designing and building the axle for the "make-good" car has required an immense organization of men with experience, ability and loyal devotion to Timken ideals.

Timken-Detroit Axles are fitted exclusively with Timken Tapered Roller Bearings.

Timken Tapered Roller Bearings have been adopted by many European builders

The reason is that the Timken principle of tapered roller bearing construction is *right* and Timken bearings give long life and satisfactory service wherever they are used.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO.
Canton, Ohio

THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE CO.
Detroit, Mich.

PRICE Seems the Only Bar to the Universal Use of the Warner Auto-Meter

Most motorists no longer question its Accuracy, Reliability, Steadiness, Easy Reading and Lifetime Durability at practically no upkeep cost.

SO NOTE WHY THE WARNER PRICE IS HIGHER

The Warner Auto-Meter is made throughout even *more* carefully than jewelers' or ship chronometers which cost from $250 upward.

We say MORE carefully, because the Warner must stand the jolts, jars and strains of high speeds for years without losing the slightest in sensitiveness or accuracy—and without needing adjustments unless dropped or otherwise abused.

Whereas a chronometer to operate with the same precision must sit quietly in one place—and requires oiling and adjusting at least once a year.

Why pay $50 to $145 for a Warner, when speed indicators can be bought for a third this price?

—For the same reason that those who wish to absolutely KNOW, readily pay $250 to $500 for a chronometer when an alarm clock, just as large, and containing just as many parts, can be bought for 75c.

For the same reason that you buy a 23-jeweled watch, which will not vary more than a few seconds a month for years, when a watch just as large, with just as many parts, can be bought for 50c to $1.00.

—In other words, for identically the same reason that you are asked to pay more for anything which is thoroughly reliable, dependable and GOOD, and which will give a *lifetime* of service instead of becoming useless and worn out in a short time.

If you drive much faster than a horse can trot, a Warner is a great economy.

The Warner Auto-Meter is a Quality speed indicator built to give long and satisfactory service on high speed cars. If you habitually drive your car in excess of 15 miles per hour you should have a Warner on it to avoid continuous trouble, breakdowns and expense.

Those who keep careful account of the cost to operate their cars and who take pleasure in traveling at 20 or 25 miles per hour, have proved it a *Dollars and Cents Economy* to buy the more expensive Warner in the first place.

Because the Warner seldom requires a penny for repairs for several years, even when regularly driven at 35 to 50 miles per hour.

The Warner guarantee means more than it says.

All Warner Auto-Meters are repaired and adjusted absolutely *free of charge* for a year from date of purchase—accidents and self-evident abuse excepted. It is not necessary to argue, quibble or threaten to get this service. IT IS YOUR RIGHT. Warner branches are located in all the larger cities for the convenience of motorists. This means that a Warner need never be out of commission for more than a day or two at most—no matter how severe the accident.

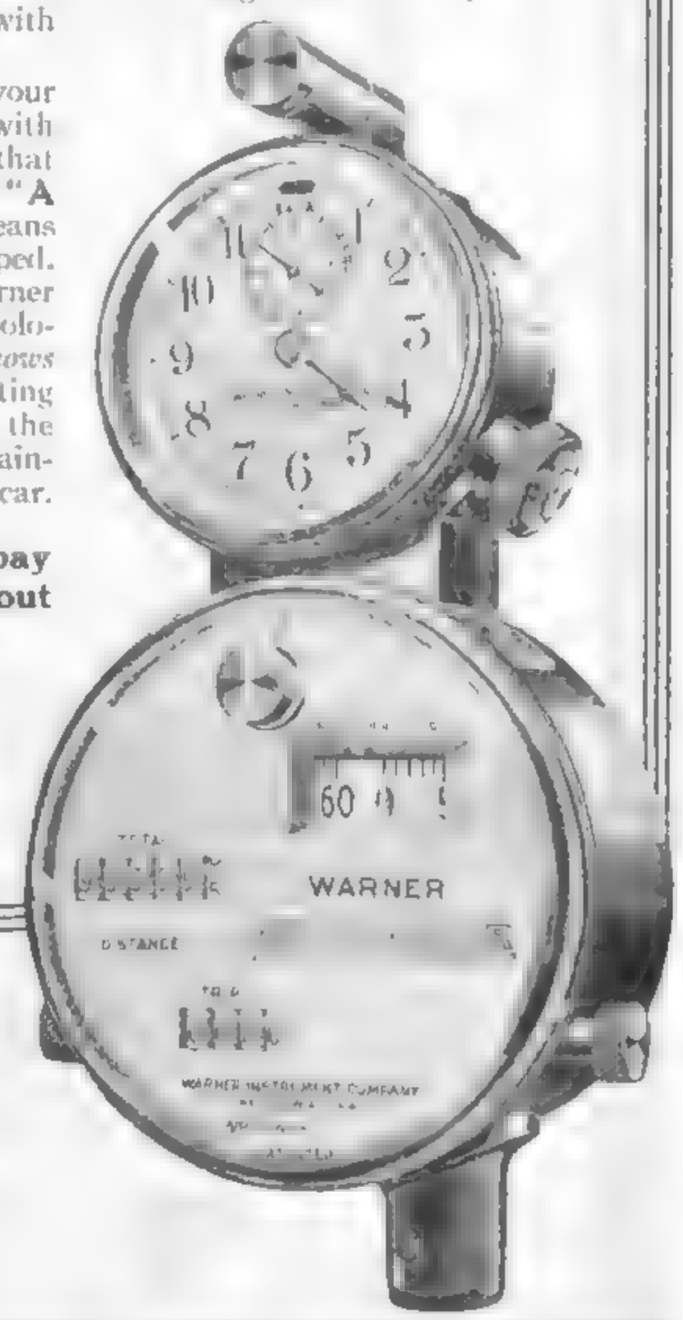
Users of speed indicators whose makers have not established a chain of branches (like ourselves), frequently have to wait weeks and sometimes months for an indicator to be repaired. It's a nuisance.

No car costing $1,000 or more is complete without a Warner Auto-Meter on it.

The choicest, highest-quality cars manufactured either have the Warner attached as regular equipment—or their makers recommend it through their dealers and agents as the speed indicator of even quality with their royally good cars.

But, when deciding on your new car, don't be satisfied with the salesman's assertion that his car is equipped with "A Speed Indicator." That means that it is NOT Warner-equipped. The maker who uses a Warner has nothing to excuse or apologize for. It is BEST and *he knows it*, so he takes pride in pointing to the Warner as a proof of the QUALITY POLICY which maintains throughout the entire car.

Even if you have to pay for it—don't be without a Quality Warner on your 1912 car.



WARNER AUTO-METER

"The Aristocrat of Speed Indicators"

The Warner can be secured through reputable Automobile dealers in any city or town in the United States. Warner branches are maintained in all the principal cities for the convenience of these dealers and their customers. Inquiry to Beloit or at our branches is invited for Warner literature.

Warner Instrument Co. Main Offices and Factory 1227 Wheeler Avenue Beloit, Wis.

NOTE TO DEALERS—When suggesting a speed indicator always recommend the Quality Warner *first*. Then if you finally have to sell something inferior because of price, your customer can't blame you for his dissatisfaction—he refused the Warner against your judgment. (374)

Branch Houses Maintained at

Atlanta	Cincinnati	Kansas City	Portland, Ore.
Boston	Cleveland	Los Angeles	San Francisco
Buffalo	Denver	New York	Seattle
Chicago	Detroit	Philadelphia	St. Louis
	Indianapolis	Pittsburg	

Canadian Branch: 559 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.

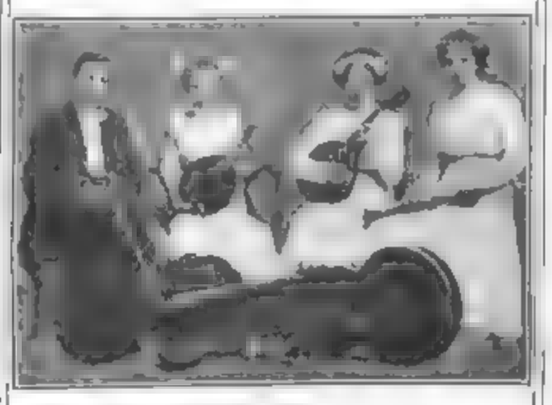
Model M2, Price $125

Other Models from $50 to $145. See Catalogue

Famous Quartette
THE RESULT OF
Our Music Lessons

Mandolin and Guitar, Two Difficult Instruments, Easily Learned in Their Own Homes

Any Instrument Taught



Read what Mr. P. Gatz, in the above picture, wrote after finishing his course:

"Having completed your mandolin and guitar course, I think your school the finest in the country for correct playing. There is no doubt about one becoming an accomplished musician through correspondence."

(Signed) P. GATZ,
Leader of the Vienna Quartette

Just Fill in and Send the Coupon
Request by postal or letter will do

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC,
225 Fifth Ave., Box 226, New York City.

Gentlemen—
Please send me particulars how I can learn the instrument after which I have marked X, with the aid of your FREE COURSE OF LESSONS. It is understood that this places me under no obligation and that my only expense while learning shall be for the necessary music, which amounts to about two cents a day.

Piano	Guitar	Cornet
Organ	Mandolin	Cello
Violin	Banjo	Sight Singing

The illustrated booklet you will receive is very interesting and contains much useful information.

Name

Address

Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit

Vaughan's Gladiolus Bulbs

The best results in flower beds and borders are secured from packed bulbs of superior quality

Miss Frances King and Margaret are famous.

Vaughan's 35th Annual Catalogue

SPECIAL For $1 we prepaid 25 large Bulbs, new Blues Pinks Yellows and Lilacs, in an even, well proportioned mix; also 1 ounce each of Vaughan's Spencer Sweet Peas, 50 varieties of Asters, newest tall Nasturtiums, together with our catalogue, 20c.

VAUGHAN'S SEED STORE

DINGEE Roses

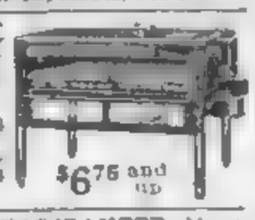
are the best. *On their own roots.* Express paid after a year's growing plants delivered FREE, anywhere. Satisfaction and safe arrival guaranteed. 61 years' experience. Write for 1912

"Dingee Guide to Rose Culture"

Most reliable Rose Catalogue—106 pages. Mailed FREE. Describes and prices nearly 1,000 Roses and other plants; tells how to grow them. Best flowers and vegetables. Est. 1850. 70 greenhouses.

THE DINGEE & CONARD CO., Box 342, West Grove, Pa.

POULTRY LESSONS FREE



Successful INCUBATORS BROODERS

Des Moines Incubator Co 845 Second Street, Des Moines, Ia.

$6.75 and up

PATENTABLE IDEAS WANTED. Manufacturers want Owen patents. Send for 3 free books, inventions wanted, prizes, etc. I get patent or no fee. Manufacturing facilities. RICHARD B. OWEN 32 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

THE CORNER GROCERY

(Continued from Page 35)

carfare or time to run round the corner. You could see what you bought. Besides, you liked the little groceryman! You might be fifty times richer, but he was still your neighbor. And your order pleased him, whereas it did not make much impression on the girl at the department store. We all like to be benefactors even when we are getting the worth of our money.

The mail-order house also entered the field, but the corner grocery held its own. The chain of stores went into groceries and still the corner grocery survived. Whether the corner groceryman is better off or worse off than before these changes it is difficult to say. Whether his chances of going to the top are as good is problematical. The important fact, however, is this: he was expected to become as extinct as the dodo; and, instead—somewhat to his own surprise—he has increased, multiplied and replenished the earth.

And that for many reasons: Never before were there so many people in the country and never did these people, in proportion to their numbers, consume so much. The eatables of the world flood the American market increasingly. Some one has to bring twenty million pounds of sugar to the consumer daily—more than seven thousand million pounds annually. Every year a billion pounds of coffee must be sold in one-pound and two-pound packages. Every year one hundred million pounds of tea must be handed over the counter. The same is true of soap, biscuits, breakfast foods, canned goods and a hundred other articles. Fewer of the things which the consumer uses are manufactured in his own home. Fewer goods are sold directly; for the little manufacturer who traded at retail in the wares which he made is disappearing and the workman's bench and the store counter move farther apart. The occupation of the grocer is not gone—nor is it in danger of going.

Perhaps the danger lies in the opposite direction. Are there not too many grocers and is not the number growing too rapidly?

If you put this question to Mr. Hengelmüller, or to any of his competitors, the answer is immediate. There are too many. Competition is too intense. Hengelmüller is the fourth in our block, but Hengelmüller will admit that three groceries would be enough, or two, or one—if that one were Hengelmüller's. There are over three hundred thousand groceries in the United States—one to every sixty families. You need not be a statistician to realize that the number is too great.

A Chance for the Early Bird

You need not be a statistician to realize that all these grocers must make their living off the difference between the wholesale and the retail price. Their own food, clothes and lodging, and the food, clothes, recreation and education of their wives and children—to say nothing of the upkeep of their stores—must be added to the price of prunes, cocoa and baking powder. It costs us a few hundreds of millions annually to get our food from the wholesale to the retail grocer; and this is more than the services would cost with a better organization.

I put this problem up to Hengelmüller. "Say," he replied, "if you can get Katz and Bolte and Lynch"—his nearest competitors—"to get out of this business there won't be a kick coming from me. But what's the use? If they'd get out others would come in. They're like flies round a fly-trap!"

Hengelmüller is right. The grocery business attracts. Though his average earnings are small—though he works long hours—still, the grocer is his own boss. He takes orders from his customers, but none from an employer. Being your own boss means getting up at five o'clock when you would like to sleep until nine—working hard all the afternoon when you would like to go to the baseball match—planning and worrying about business at night when a man on a salary is carefree. But, however hard you work, being your own boss is being your own boss! It is individual liberty in its most absolute form—and the grocer, big or little, is an individualist.

Moreover, there is always a chance to rise. The chance is smaller than the hopeful beginner believes, but a chance there is.

Beauty Always Masters

The influence of feminine beauty is responsible for the great achievements of womankind, for she who is beautiful sways the world as her own. To preserve or even to acquire this noble attribute is a pleasure when the one toilet cream of purity and quality is used—that cream is ELCAYA.

CRÊME ELCAYA
"Makes the Skin Like Velvet"

This dainty "Cream of Flowers" protects the skin from the harsh Winter weather—makes it soft, fresh, inviting and keeps the complexion naturally beautiful. ELCAYA has become the most treasured "Beauty-Aid" of the well-groomed American woman because of its distinct superiority and purity. Use the best—use ELCAYA

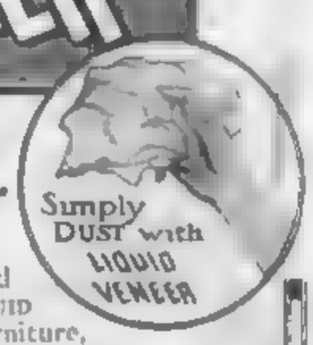
SAMPLE FOR 2c—Send Dealer's Name

All Dealers, Nation-Wide, Sell ELCAYA

CRÊME ELCAYA
SAVON ELCAYA
CERAT ELCAYA
POUDRE ELCAYA

James C. Crane, Sole Agent, 104 Fulton St., New York

If You Dust Everything *Now* With LIQUID VENEER



You Won't Have to Daub up Anything in the Spring of the Year

YOU can save yourself much time, trouble, expense and dissatisfaction this coming spring by letting LIQUID VENEER work for you NOW in cheering up your furniture, woodwork and hardwood floors, to say nothing of beautifying the piano, metalwork and costly finishes of gilt, lacquer and enamel.

LIQUID VENEER is NOT a varnish or stain. You DON'T use it on a brush. NO skill is required. There is NO drying to wait for. NO trouble whatsoever. LIQUID VENEER is a *liquid duster*. It is *more* than a furniture polish. You use it on a bit of cheese cloth. Simply moisten the cloth with it, and dust away.

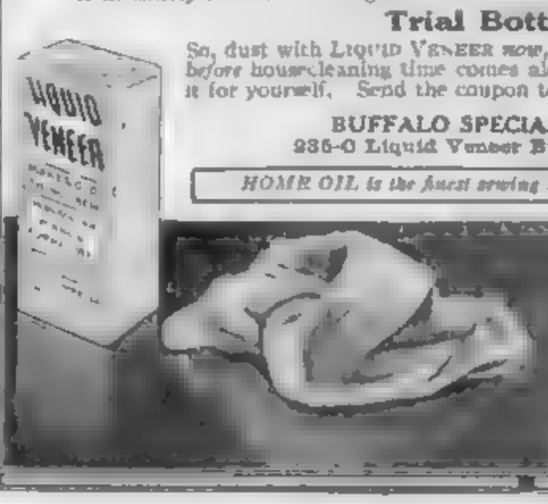
AS you go over article after article of furniture, as well as picture frames, brass beds and chandeliers, you will be amazed to see how LIQUID VENEER removes dust, scratches, blemishes, stains, and that ugly, foggy film, and how it instantly *restores* the original lustre and finish.

Trial Bottle Free

So, dust with LIQUID VENEER *now*, and have a bright looking home *before* housecleaning time comes along. It costs nothing to prove it for yourself. Send the coupon today for free trial bottle.

BUFFALO SPECIALTY COMPANY,
236-C Liquid Veneer Building, Buffalo, N. Y.

HOME OIL is the finest sewing machine oil you can use



COUPON
Buffalo Specialty Company
Liquid Veneer Building, Buffalo, N. Y.
Please send me free and without further obligation on my part, sample bottle of LIQUID VENEER

Over 100,000 Housekeepers Now Testify to the Wonderful Merits of the Rapid Fireless Cooker

MADAM, please do not consider the saving of 50% to 75% of your fuel bill—75% of your time—half your work—food 75% better cooked, as being all of the merits of my Fireless Cooker. The great convenience is another large factor, so write thousands of users—the convenience of placing your food in the cooker, the shutting up of your hot kitchen and going to the club, matinee, shopping, calling, getting out of doors and coming home to find your meal most deliciously and perfectly cooked, without the slightest chance of burning or drying up, or being under or over-done.

Let Me Prove These Things to You For a Month at My Risk

I am the original fireless cooker man, selling direct from factory at factory prices. I have made and sold more cookers than all other cooker concerns combined. It is because, first—my cooker is the most practical, hygienic rapid fireless cooker made, and second—because I sell it at factory prices, saving you from ⅓ to ½ in cost

Then you don't need to keep my cooker if it doesn't prove all my claims for it, because I allow a full month's trial in your own home at my risk—your money [illegible]

the cooker is not satisfactory in every way

Description: Metal throughout, including nests and covers; no pads or cushions to absorb odors; cooking utensils all highest grade aluminum, compartments aluminum finish, rust proof with proper care Steams, stews, bakes, broils, fries, and boils all kinds of meats, breakfast cereals, vegetables, etc Also, finest thing made for use as cold storage for ices, puddings, custards, etc

I Am Making a Special Price on 10,000 Cookers

Let Me Mail You Prices and This Free Book of 125 Famous Fireless Cooker Recipes

You will be surprised at the low direct prices I make you, so low that you will not think of being without a cooker—the most convenient thing in the house, when you have read my book. Write me today. I will gladly mail you the book of recipes and quote you prices.

Remember I ship promptly and save you money on the best fireless cooker ever made, the old, original RAPID. Why take chances on any other cooker when over 100,000 users point the way to sure success with the RAPID?

WM. CAMPBELL, Pres.

Wm. Campbell Co.

Dept. 314 Detroit, Mich.

The grocer always hopes that, though his predecessors have failed or just made a living, he will go to the top.

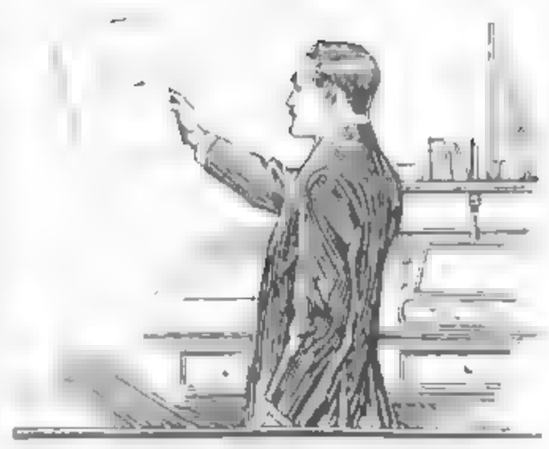
And he may rise if he is a wide-awake man of the modern type. The successful grocer of today must be an abler man than was the successful grocer of thirty or even ten years ago. He has been obliged to advance. He has been forced to a higher standard of intelligence. The public has demanded a better service and the grocer has had to give it. The grocer who is to rise must be not merely an automaton, handing out packages impartially as the post-office clerk hands you stamps. He must know his goods. He must be courteous and infinitely patient. He must have individuality. He must specialize in something. He must understand buying and—above all—selling. He must know when to give credit and when to withhold it. He must anticipate the changing desires of his customers, for there are fads and fancies in food products as in hats and coats. The grocer, to succeed, must be more than a grocer. He must understand some of the legal phases of retail business. He must understand costs. He must know enough to value his own labor and that of his wife. He must not meet every cut in price, for if he does his business will come down to a "granulated sugar basis" and profit will disappear. The grocer must think in terms of profit and not merely of sales. The grocer who has all these habits and qualities may go to the top—if he has luck.

So long as the grocer is his own boss and has a chance—even a slight chance—of going up, the grocery business will be crowded and the cost of retailing high. The public may complain, but it is the public's fault quite as much as the grocer's. The consumer demands that his grocery be round the corner. He does not wish to walk far. He does not wish to wait long. He wants the goods sent home, for carrying packages has gone out of style. Twenty years ago a woman emerged from a grocery laden with bundles.

Today she comes out empty-handed—or does not come out at all, but merely telephones her order. Delivery wagons cost money; telephone companies are not philanthropic institutions and the customer pays. He—or she—pays for the better service, the cleaner store, the larger and better assorted stock, the telephone, the grocer's wagon, and for the enlarging and ever enlarging number of grocers. What is the grocer to do about it? What are we to do about it?

I put this question to my Socialist friend. "How about the increased cost of retailing?" I asked. "How about the increasing number of groceries?"

It was one of the Socialist's blind days. "Do not worry," he reassured me. "The department store and the mail-order house are wiping out the poor little grocer. The inevitable economic development——"



The same degree of Quality that characterizes your goods or services should dominate your stationery.

Stationery that measures up to your business standards is Efficient Stationery.

Efficient Stationery is Standardized Stationery.

Look for the "EAGLE A" Water Mark

It's a Good Habit

There is an "EAGLE A" Bond Paper of every grade, and for every use—thirty-four in all—ranging in price from Eight to Twenty-Four Cents a pound with a wide choice of finishes and colors.

So, Standardize your Stationery by using an "EAGLE A" Bond Paper.

COUPON BOND

The De Luxe Business Paper

reflects the "EAGLE A" Quality, and is usually the first choice of the Critical Buyer.

Send for Portfolio of Printed and Lithographed Business Forms on this Paper

AMERICAN WRITING PAPER COMPANY

27 Main Street Holyoke, Mass.

Ask your Printer or Lithographer to show you samples of "EAGLE A" Bond Papers.

Water Ballast—"Any-weight"

The "Any-weight" Lawn Roller is built with hollow drum which can be partially or completely filled with water or sand (use a bucket or a hose) making the roller ANY weight. Filled or emptied in a jiffy

Just right for a soft Spring lawn
Just right also for a Summer lawn
A cracker jack for the Tennis court

Any weight

Write today for our free booklet: "The Care of the Lawn."

Wilder-Strong Implement Co.
Box 17, Monroe, Mich.

Have an AEROFUME IN YOUR HOME

[illegible] destroying odors of the kitchen, bathroom, nursery or sickroom, also tobacco, mustiness, domestic animals, etc

IT STAYS IN THE AIR

[illegible] fills the house with its fascinating [illegible]

[illegible] you send us his name and 35c for a box.

PAUL MFG. CO.
36-40 Felton Street, BOSTON, MASS.
Makers of PANSY The Best Silver Polish

10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

We will ship you a "RANGER" BICYCLE on approval, freight prepaid to any place in the United States *without a cent deposit in advance*, and allow ten days free trial from the day you receive it. If it does not suit you in every way and is not all or more than we claim for it and a better bicycle than you can get anywhere else regardless of price, or if for any reason whatever you do not wish to keep it, ship it back to us at our expense for freight and you will not be out one cent.

LOW FACTORY PRICES [illegible] lower prices [illegible] grade models with Puncture Proof tires, Imported Roller [illegible], mail order bicycles, also reliable medium [illegible] unheard of low prices

RIDER AGENTS WANTED in each town and district to ride and exhibit a sample 1912 "Ranger" Bicycle furnished by us. You will be astonished at the [illegible] and the liberal propositions and special offers we are making to the [illegible] going to buy a bicycle this season. Write at once for our special [illegible]

DO NOT BUY a bicycle [illegible] BICYCLE DEALERS

SECOND HAND BICYCLES [illegible] $3 to $5 each

TIRES, COASTER BRAKE and everything in the bicycle line at half usual prices.

DO NOT WAIT, but write today for our *Large Catalogue* beautifully illustrated and containing a great fund of [illegible] Write it now

MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. R-55, CHICAGO, ILL.

Official Sanction

EARLY in Oscar Underwood's service in Congress, when Mr. Cleveland was President, Underwood was made referee for Federal patronage in his district in Alabama.

One day Underwood was out campaigning some miles from Birmingham, and he stopped at a little village where there was a sawmill that employed a good many hands. He knew the sawmill owner and was talking to him when a doctor who lived in a village near by, where the postmaster had just died, came along in a buggy.

The doctor stopped at the sawmill. The sawmill boss introduced him to Underwood; but the doctor had other fish to fry and paid no attention to Underwood, and apparently didn't get his name. He produced a petition and said:

"Now, boys, the postmaster over in our town has just died and I'm a candidate for the job. I'm getting up a petition to send to Washington, indorsing me for the place. I wish you boys would sign it."

Some of the boys did, and finally the doctor handed the petition to Underwood. Underwood looked at it. It was addressed to the Honorable Oscar Underwood, referee for Federal patronage, at Washington.

"I can't sign this," said Underwood. "I don't live in this community."

"Oh, go on and sign it," urged the doctor. "What difference does that make? That young fool Underwood won't know the difference when he gets it—and I want the job."

WITH A BISSELL You Don't have to "PICK UP THREADS"!

No tiresome stooping, nor nerve racking effort, when you sweep with BISSELL'S latest improved "Cyco" BALL BEARING Sweeper. Cleans deeply, thoroughly, silently, combines all the dust and dangerous germs that (when you use a corn broom) simply float about, settling upon furniture and draperies, as well as menacing the health of the entire family.

For sale by all the best trade
Prices $2.75 to $5.75
Write for booklet, "Easy, Economical, Sanitary Sweeping." Dept. 36 A

BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO.
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Old Coins Bought and Sold

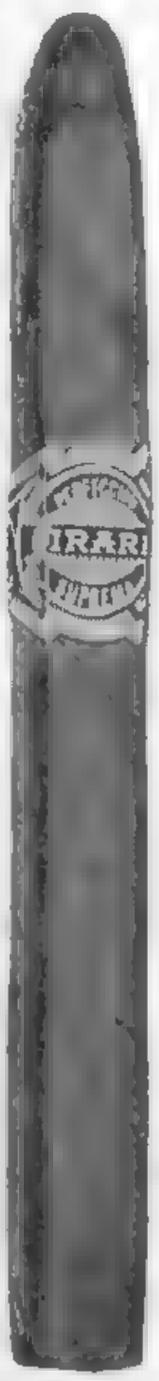
Buying Catalogue 10 cents, new 55 page 1912 Selling Catalogue to Collectors only, free.
William Henlein, Malley Bldg., New Haven, Conn.

Remember this name Girard!

It stands for a truly *civilized* smoke. How often have you denied yourself the enjoyment of a rich cigar because it was too strong; or rejected a mild one because it lacked taste and flavor?

You need never be deprived in this way again; for here is a cigar that is at once ***full-flavored yet mild.*** A cigar with all the rich exotic flavor that comes only from pure native-grown Havana tobacco; and made in all the regular colors, from light to dark, yet always with a blandly mellow quality of its own that agrees with the most delicate taste and the most sensitive nerves.

The "FOUNDER" Actual Size



The "MARINER" Actual Size

THE

GIRARD Cigar

"How is such a combination possible?" you ask. "Richness and mildness in the same cigar!" Because the *Girard* cigar is made on correct principles carried out in the only scientific and civilized way.

Every leaf of the *Girard* filler is choice Havana tobacco—***Cuban grown.*** And our method of handling preserves all its native quality and "bouquet."

We use no artificial "sweating"—the process commonly employed to save time and expense. There is no "sweat room" in our factory.

We season our tobacco by the slow old-fashioned ***natural*** method which matures the leaf thoroughly and sweetly.

We blend this perfectly-seasoned leaf by a method exclusively our own; an original discovery by which we secure a cigar not only of unusual quality but ***positively uniform.***

We use no artificial flavoring; nothing but pure tobacco. And the *Girard* cigar is hand-made from first to last.

Here you have a smoke as harmless as it is enjoyable; and one that you will find always the same—completely satisfying ***every time.***

Buy the Girard cigar of your dealer

It is made in three standard sizes—sold at 10 cents straight

"Brokers" 5¼-inch Perfecto *"Shown in box above"*

"Mariners" 5⅝-inch Panatella

"Founders" 5-inch Blunt

These are sold by good dealers almost everywhere. If it happens your dealer cannot supply you immediately, write us his name and address, enclose a dollar, and we will send you a box of ten *Girard* cigars of the shape and color you prefer. If not entirely satisfied with them, we will return your dollar.

We send you this sample box only so that you can get acquainted with the *Girard* cigar in the easiest and quickest way for you. ***But ours is not a mail-order business.***

We will arrange so that you can be supplied regularly in future ***through your own dealer*** if possible, or anyway through ***some*** dealer near you. Either write a letter or use the coupon below, whichever is more convenient. And if you appreciate a truly civilized smoke write us ***today.***

ANTONIO ROIG & LANGSDORF, Philadelphia

Established 1871

Antonio Roig & Langsdorf
317 N. Seventh St.
Philadelphia

I enclose one dollar, for which please send me, charges prepaid, one box of 10 Girard cigars.

Shape—

Color—

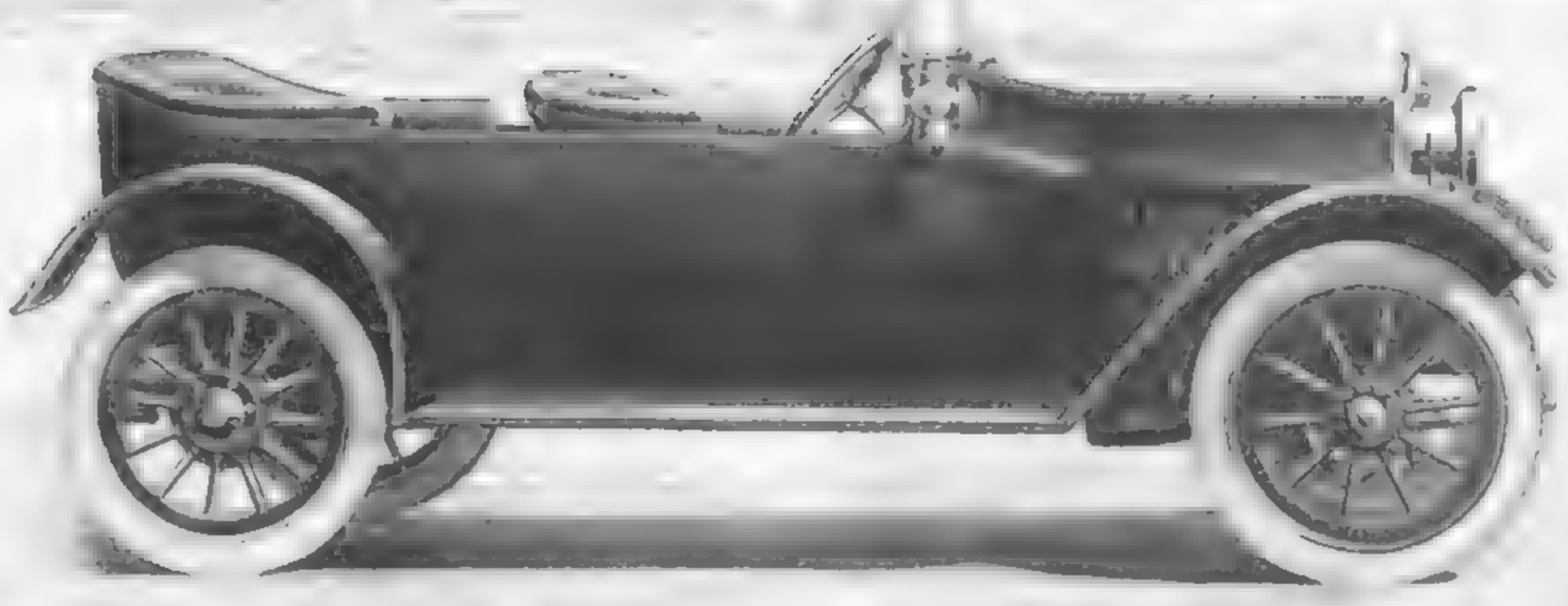
My dealer's name is

Address

My name is

Address

Hupmobile



Hupmobile Long-Stroke "32" Touring Car, $900

F. O. B. Detroit, including equipment of windshield, gas lamps and generator, oil lamps, tools and horn. Three speeds forward and one reverse, sliding gears. Four cylinder motor, 4½ inch bore x 5½ inch stroke. Bosch magneto. 106-inch wheel base. 32 x 3½ inch tires. Color—Standard Hupmobile red. Roadster $900

'Long-Stroke' Means Long-Stroke

in the new

Hupmobile

We have figured always that it was the wisest kind of enlightened selfishness to give more than the public expected.

Thus, only one motor in America has a longer stroke than the engine in the new Hupmobile "32."

And the car which shares this distinction with the Hupmobile sells for several times the Hupmobile price of $900.

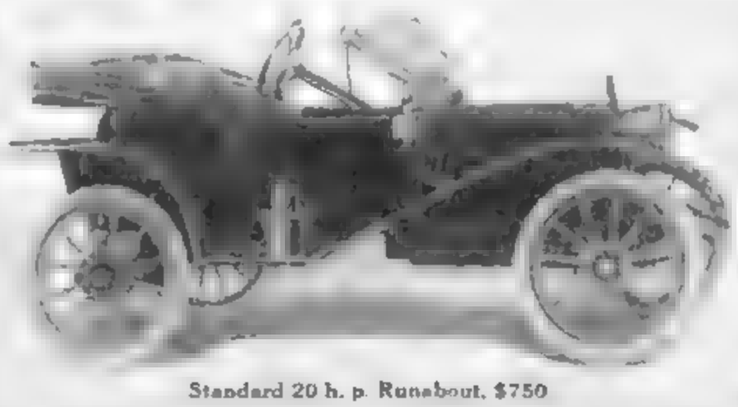
The relation of stroke to bore in the new Hupmobile is the mean average of the best and latest European practice.

But we did not stop with this positive assurance of greater pulling power.

The cylinders are cast en bloc and the crankshaft, of special drop forged high carbon steel, equipped with three especially liberal bearings, instead of two.

Note these evidences of extra-generous construction, one at a time, please, and compare them with other cars at the Hupmobile price.

Observe that the valves, for instance, are not only all at one side—an admirable advantage—but completely covered yet instantly accessible under oil-tight and dust-proof



Standard 20 h. p. Runabout, $750

F. O. B. Detroit, with same power plant that took the World Touring car around the world [illegible] and horn. Roadster—$850 Coupé—$1100

A recent exhaustive report of the efficiency of the Hupmobile run [illegible]

Again, you find another evidence of careful workmanship in the manner in which the inlet and exhaust manifolds are cast integrally with the cylinder block.

You will also note the advance in construction that we have made by casting together, from the highest grade of aluminum alloy, the upper part of the crank case and the entire transmission case. This construction is completed by making the lower part of the crank case from pressed steel.

You will see in this engine and transmission unit a triumph of mechanical adaptation, which makes for increased efficiency and space economy.

The full-floating rear axle of the Long Stroke "32" is, in itself, a work of high degree, which places the Hupmobile in an exclusive class.

The rear axle connection is by means of a single universal joint, enclosed in a tapered tubular housing which is jointed to the transmission case.

By this means we avoid the use of truss rods, yet have produced the strongest and stiffest axle possible. Each rear wheel runs on two roller bearings mounted on the axle tube, while the axle shafts are bolted to the hub flanges.

You can ascribe all these constructive advantages to the fact that the Hupmobile organization has always been held practically intact.

In every essential it is the same as it was when the first Hupmobile was built.

The chief engineer, E. A. Nelson, is the same man who designed the original Hupmobile runabout—whose priority in its own class has never been seriously disputed.

The department heads who have been associated with Mr. Nelson and the skilled workmen who have executed his designs have remained with us in our progressive development.

We should be glad to send to your address [illegible] photogravures and full description of this handsome car.

Hupp Motor Car Company, 1229 Jefferson Ave., W., Detroit, Mich.

(In Gold Boxes Only)

Milk Chocolate Jordan Almonds

Fresh, brittle Jordan almonds, covered with milk chocolate of the usual Johnston goodness.

Because Johnston's come to the dealer in *small* quantities *often*, you get them *always* fresh.

It will pay you to know the Johnston dealer near you.

If your dealer cannot supply you, our 50c or $1.00 package will be sent prepaid upon receipt of stamps or money order

Johnston's

MILWAUKEE

Sample Box

For five 2-cent stamps to cover postage and packing, we will send to your address an introductory package. Put out for a limited time only.

(56)

This **Portable Fireproof Garage**

Comes Complete—Ready to Set Up

Pruden System

No wood. Absolutely fireproof. Easily put up with wrench and screw driver. Unequaled for durability and appearance for cottages, stores, warehouses, hunting lodges, etc. Write for catalog.

METAL SHELTER CO., 9-45 W Water St., St. Paul, Minn.

Patentees and Sole Mfrs. of Pruden System Buildings

HONE AND SHARPEN YOUR OWN Razor Blades

Fully Guaranteed $1

to a better edge than when new. The Victor Automatic sharpens blades perfectly. Keen, velvet edge, makes shaving a delight. Fitted with fan length, extra wide, specially treated honing and finishing strop. Solved the shaving troubles for thousands of satisfied users.

AGENTS BIG MONEY. Liberal commissions. Watkins making 300 sales weekly.

Write today. The Victor Specialty Company, 620 Victor Bldg., Canton, O.

BIG MONEY FOR YOU

Selling the Speedy Hatcher. The latest the best for the money. Several like it. The Model Incubator. $1.00 Gets it. Guaranteed. Over 200 per cent profit. Send for circular. Don't delay.

Automatic Awl Co., 77 Gardner Terrace, Worcester, Mass.

SHORT-STORY WRITING

A course of forty lessons in the Art of Short Story Writing.

J. Berg Esenwein, Editor, Lippincott's Magazine

THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL

69 Myrick Building Springfield, Mass.

Dr. Esenwein

ABSENTEE LANDLORDISM

(Continued from Page 18)

change. I like the way the advertising reads for the new route and I am going to give it a trial."

And by standing stoutly for his point he finally purchased accommodations from the joint office of the Y—— and Z—— properties over their own rails instead of over those of a competitor.

It sounds incredible to say that any organized business permits these things; that they are permitted not only to exist but also to continue proves that absentee landlordism is a really deep-seated taint.

Take the case of these two railroads, the Y—— and Z——. Together with a third connection, the X——, they form a group of roads well known across the land. The present head of the road is still a young man. He is a popular man in almost every way and he has had a good deal of training in practical railroading. He has never been willing, however, to make his own location upon the lines of his properties and he has not always been successful in the choice of his subordinates. So it has come to pass that the X—— has its executive offices eleven hundred miles away from its principal terminal; the Y—— begins its rails two thousand miles away from its executive offices, while the Z——'s rails do not come within twenty-six hundred miles of those same headquarters.

Now see how that works out in the operation of these properties: Their chief owner decided a year or two ago to bring to the management of the center link of his long chain a man who had attained a reputation for railroad achievement down in the Southwest. The man was honest to the core, and capable besides. He brought to the Y—— enthusiasm—to its owners loyalty. Both of these were tested almost as soon as his car had touched the rails of the mountain-threading Y——.

Y—— was choked with a congestion of freight cars. Its long trail of single track was attempting to handle a double-track traffic—and failing miserably. The shippers might have wailed their woes in vain until the "dead stuff" began piling up on the main-line tracks and delayed the through mail trains. And when a through mail train was late the Y—— paid good-sized penalties to the Government.

A Manager Misunderstood

There at Clarksville, where he first struck the rails of the road he was to manage, the freight blockade was already running toward the highwater mark. The superintendent of the next division was also having his troubles. He had resorted to the simple expedient of placing an "embargo" on westbound freight—which, translated, meant that he would accept no cars on his division from the one to the east of it. They were short of motive power up and down the line and the situation was getting worse.

Though the general manager was wrinkling his brows over the first problem of his new job, he looked up long enough to see a westbound freight struggling past his car. Somewhere amidships in the long clanking trail of dirty box cars were two new locomotives, bright and shiny as locomotives are before they begin the grill of long, hard usage. He caught the legend upon the sides of their cabs. They belonged to the Z—— road, which was just approaching completion. They were going through for service upon it when the last link of its rails should be laid.

"How about all that power?" the general manager asked of a trainmaster who stood beside him in his car. "Why can't we turn it to use in raising these embargoes?"

"Mr. H——"—and the trainmaster mentioned the name of the president of the property who was sitting in his office twenty-five hundred miles away—"gave positive orders that they were not to be used before they struck their own road."

The general manager thought quickly. After all, the Y—— was financing the construction of the Z—— out of its own good profits. Why should it not have the benefit of the power in an emergency such as this? Mr. H—— did not know the seriousness of the situation. The new man caught up a telegraph blank.

"I'll take the responsibility of this on my own shoulders," he said in a low voice as he

$25.00 for the best 25 words

What tooth brush is it?

Most people will recognize at sight and know by name the one Tooth Brush *that really cleans between the teeth.*

We are anxious to know your opinion as to why this—The Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush—is the best Tooth Brush in the world—therefore we offer the prizes as specified for the best answer, not exceeding 25 words, which includes the name of the Tooth Brush and gives the best reasons why it does what we claim it to do.

To every one who replies, even if they do not win a prize, we will send our complete booklet, "Do you Brush or Clean your Teeth?" which you'll find of interest and profit.

Florence Manufacturing Co., 32 Pine St., Florence, Mass.

Sole makers of Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth, Hair, Military and Hand Brushes

100 PRIZES

1st Prize	$25
2nd Prize	$10
15 Prizes	$1 each
82 Prizes of a Pro-phy-lac-tic tooth brush	

RULES

1 Your letter must not exceed 25 words and must contain the name of the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.

2 Write only your answer to the contest and your name and address.

3 Letters postmarked later than May 1st, 1912, will not be entered in the contest.

4 Announcement of prize winners will be made in the June 15th issue of this weekly.

5 No questions can be answered in this contest.

SWISS EMBROIDERIES *in latest Paris Styles*

delivered all charges prepaid from our stock in New York.

Finest Swiss Embroidery on best wearing and most fashionable materials.

WAISTS up from $1.75

DRESSES up from $6.75

CHILD'S DRESSES up from $4.90

on batiste, marquette, linen, cashmere, nets, voiles and all the latest silk materials.

Ask for actual samples and 1912 Paris fashion plates. *Sent free.*

SCHWEIZER & CO.

Dept. C, 105 Fifth Ave., New York

This is the Greatest of Outdoor Sports

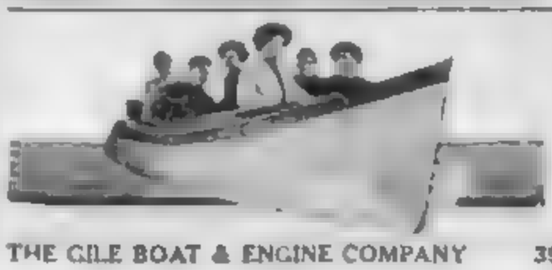
Canoeing is at its best when you own a Old Town Canoe. It is the [illegible] that has made this sport so popular on all our river playgrounds, park lakes, the seashore, etc. The

"Old Town Canoe"

is light, easy to paddle, durably constructed, easy to manage, as graceful as a swan. If you live where there is water to play on, write for our catalogue of canoe facts and canoe pictures. 2000 canoes in stock. Agents everywhere. Prompt deliveries.

OLD TOWN CANOE CO.

652 Middle Street Old Town, Me., U. S. A.



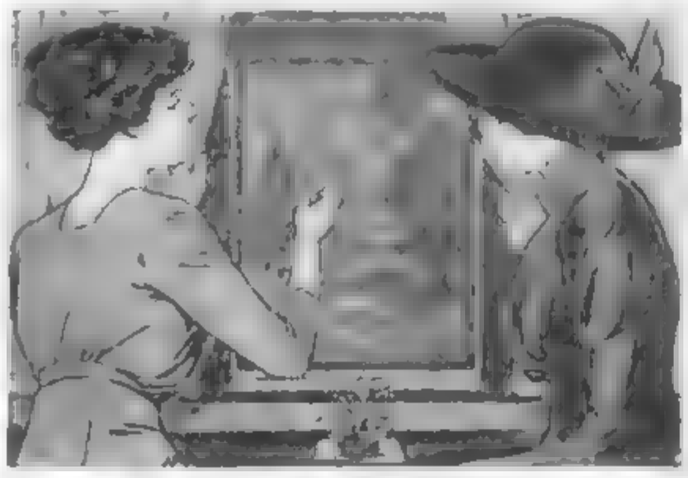
This Will Be The Best Trip Yet

Because it is a GILE LAUNCH

The launch of safety, comfort, beauty and quality. These spell pleasure and enjoyment in every sense of the word. **18 ft. IDEAL $180.00.** Write for our catalogues describing our full line of Ideal and Special Launches, also our Concave Stern Shallow Water Launch, and Marine Engines.

THE GILE BOAT & ENGINE COMPANY 398 Main Street Ludington, Michigan, U. S. A.

"POMPEIIAN BRONZE"
Permanent Screen Cloth



Reg U S Pat Off

Reg U S Pat Off

We Chose "POMPEIIAN BRONZE"

for our screens because, barring accidents, there is nothing to prevent it lasting as long as the house. It cannot rust. It successfully resists all the elements except fire.

Its distinctive beauty and its permanency commend "POMPEIIAN BRONZE" to every discriminating home owner.

Have your architect specify "POMPEIIAN BRONZE" if you are building—insist upon it if you are rescreening—settle the screen question for good. If your regular dealer does not carry this exceptional screen cloth, write the makers direct. *Send today for the "POMPEIIAN BRONZE" booklet.*

CLINTON WIRE CLOTH COMPANY
Original Power Loom Manufacturers of Wire Cloth Established 1856
75 Sterling Street, CLINTON, MASS.

The Red String
The Red String is the Screen-Cloth Buyer's Guide

began writing the orders that brought the new locomotives into practical service and ended the freight congestion on the main line of his road. At the same time he wired a careful account of the whole situation to the officers at the distant headquarters. They would understand the facts—and appreciate his judgment.

The answer to his long telegram came that evening as he sat at supper. It was terse. It read:

"Your action is disapproved. H——"

And another good, valiant American railroader had felt the cancer of absentee landlordism.

* * * * * * * * *

Do not imagine for a moment that the railroad men across the land have not already come in contact with absentee landlordism. It has long been one of the bugbears of the capable men in the minor but important positions of the land transportation service. The tremendous desire for centralization in railroading—which, by the way, has already passed the zenith of its popularity—did much to strengthen this same absentee landlordism. Two decades ago the railroad man who found himself at the head of twenty-five thousand men was alone on the continent, while today there are at least two American railroads that employ upward of two hundred and fifty thousand men apiece, while the aggregate mileage of the big roads has reached such a figure that the general manager must think twice before he recalls whether this or that specific town is upon some one or other of the many obscure branches over which he is in control. Can you imagine what sort of individual attention that town is apt to receive from the general manager?

Regeneration of the Railroads

The railroads have already begun to see this weakness in their great organizations, and within the past few months several of the largest of them have been reshaping their organizations so as to bring big bosses—men high enough in the staff to have authority to decide, and money resources to back up their decisions—closer to the localities they serve. A certain road has been creating general managers and general passenger agents—men who can move quickly in emergencies without running the risk of incurring "disapproved" telegrams from headquarters—for the three great districts into which its property has been divided. Another line has gone even farther. There has been no doubting the fact that its properties, operated under what are in many ways tremendously adverse conditions, five hundred miles away from its nearest tracks, were nevertheless brilliantly operated and came near proving the exception to the rule of absentee landlordism.

Yet this great single property, consisting of a group of railroads still recognized as separate units, has shown a desire to be operated more directly in the interests of the communities it serves.

So, five presidents were created this fall and, in the swift certainty of railroad administration, are already in their offices.

* * * * * * * * *

Such is the recognition already being given by farsighted carriers to the taint of absentee landlordism. They have moved none too quickly. One fairly populous Western state is already considering a statute to compel the board of directors of a railroad to spend an hour in each of its stations once every year.

It is typical of the new type of railroader that has arisen in the land that they have begun to recognize the dangers of absentee landlordism. The cutting out of that cancer is already under way. It cannot come too quickly for the satisfaction of many prosperous communities.

Judging From Results

THERE used to be a police judge in a Kentucky town who liked a toddy before his dinner. In the same town a newcomer started a distillery whose product before long was famous for its fire and its potency.

One day, after court adjourned, the old judge was sipping a toddy at his favorite bar when a friend came in.

"Judge," said his friend, "did you ever try any of the new whisky they're making down the street here?"

"No," said the judge; "but I reckin I've tried everybody that did try it."

"What's In Here?"

MORE than 500 varieties of the finest confectionery are made by the New England Confectionery Company and sold under the seal shown below. Four factors contribute almost equally toward their purity and wholesomeness:

The best of materials;

A factory where sunlight and pure air [illegible],

A scrupulous cleanliness—in person, process and machine

And last, a constant watchfulness against the letting down of a high standard.

Necco Sweets

should be eaten by everyone, because a *pure sweet* is a true body-building food

Even babies are better off for now and then a taste of Necco Sweets

Ask your dealer, but do not buy unless you see our seal on the box

Try some Necco Wafers today

New England Confectionery Co.
Boston, Mass.

The BEST Light

[illegible] wanted. Write for catalogue.

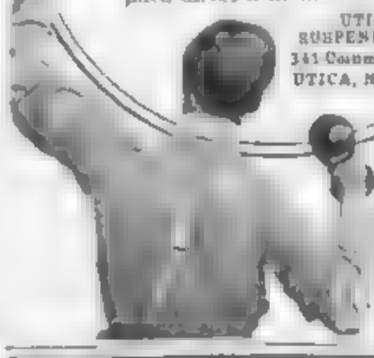
THE BEST LIGHT CO.
5-25 E. 5th St., Canton, O.

Masterpiece
TRADE MARK
Men's Pocket-Books
Three Fold Bill Fold and Card Case Combined
"Every piece a Masterpiece"
A. L. Steinweg & Co., 491 Broadway, New York

CARTOONISTS ILLUSTRATORS WIN FAME and FORTUNE
We teach you by mail. Free booklet, "Money in Drawing" tells how, gives proof. NAT. PRESS ASS'N, Dept 67, Indianapolis

WRITE US TODAY About Our "26" Best Sellers
D. L. SILVER & CO., Dept. P, Home Office and Factory, CLAYTON, N. J.

UTICA
ATHLETIC
SUSPENDERS
Guaranteed for one year—25c and 50c
Conform to every position of the body because of the easy sliding, solid woven double cords front and back that never wear out
Made in three weights from finest [illegible] elastic webbing. Ask your [illegible] for a pair and try them. Supplied direct if he hasn't them
UTICA SUSPENDER CO
341 Columbia St
UTICA, N. Y.



25c and 50c a pair

The real man's Razor locked

The razor that won't open if dropped—that the children cannot open—that remains closed when loose in a traveling bag.

Torrey Razors

We could not make the Torrey Razor better,—it takes a perfect edge, holds it, and shaves without pull or smart; so we made it absolutely safe with our patent lock.

A new, exclusive feature that makes the best razor better.

[illegible] at your dealer's, [illegible] "How to Choose and Care for a Razor."
Dealers should write for our introductory offer.
The New Torrey Honing Strop has no equal
The J. R. Torrey Razor Co., Dept. Y, Worcester, Mass.

Let Us Send You This
EUREKA
ELECTRIC CLEANER
On FREE Trial
Prepaid
Write for our unequaled introductory offer. It will surprise you.

[illegible] Quickly Pays for Itself [illegible] Free Trial Offer
EUREKA VACUUM CLEANER CO.
1231 Majestic Bldg. Detroit, Mich.
WE WANT AGENTS EVERYWHERE

APPLIED ART PAYS

E. S. Pilsworth

Study Applied Art [illegible]
Our students in demand by leading employers of artists [illegible]
TOONING, PHOTO RETOUCHING, ARCHITECTURAL PERSPECTIVE, Etc. Endorsed by highest authorities.
Residence Finishing School for Advanced Students
[illegible] enrolled students. School of Applied Art [illegible]
696 Applied Art Building, Battle Creek, Mich

125-Egg Incubator and Brooder
Freight Paid East of Rockies Both for $10
Hot water double walls, copper tank, Calif. Redwood best construction. Guaranteed. Order direct or write for Free Catalog Wisconsin Incubator Co., Box 157, Racine, Wis.

QUEEN QUALITY
TOBACCO
The Real Man's Smoke

EVER nurse the Smoker's Hope that there'll be a day sometime when you will find a tobacco "just right"? Ever long for that tobacco with a feeling akin to hunger?

A **Queen Quality** man doesn't waste any time *dreaming* about the perfect tobacco—he smokes it. And there's the answer to *your* hankering in the ***Big Blue Bag***—a sizesome package of contentment for a nickel, everywhere. Specially if you want a trusty bagful in your pocket all the while—ready to give you a rattling good smoke any time, any way you want it. For **Queen Quality's** *granulated*—just right for making the perfect smoke.

Here's the perfect blend of all that is good in good tobacco—sweet and suave and soothing as a summer breeze. But mind, it's *tobacco*. Not a scratch or a sting anywhere, but no baby-food either. **Queen Quality** is all *real* tobacco, that *stays* real tobacco; it comes out of the ***Big Blue Bag*** as fresh and fragrant as it went in. For it's packed brick-hard and kept air-tight and moisture-tight in our special glazed bag.

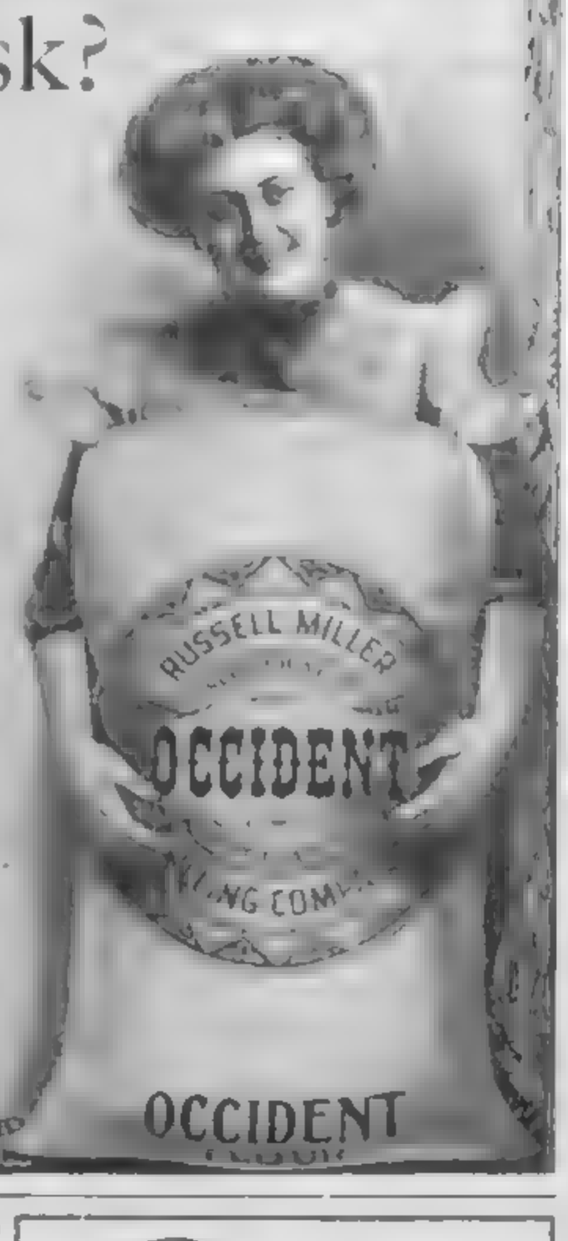
But the proof of the tobacco's in the smoke. Go to it—all tobacco stores—nickel a throw—are you on?

F. R. Penn Tobacco Co.
American Tobacco Co.
Successor

5¢ for the Big Blue Bag

The Guaranteed
OCCIDENT
FLOUR

Will *you* try it at *our* risk?



We do more than guarantee Occident *Flour*. We guarantee ***Occident*** *baking*—the baking results that *you* get in your own kitchen.

Your bread—biscuit—cake—pastry made from ***Occident*** must prove superior—in taste—in whiteness—in lightness—in the *quantity* made—or we refund the price of the flour.

Costs More—Worth It

Ask your grocer to explain the Money-back Guarantee upon which ***Occident*** Flour is sold, and write for our *free* booklet—"Better Baking"—for North—East—West—South.

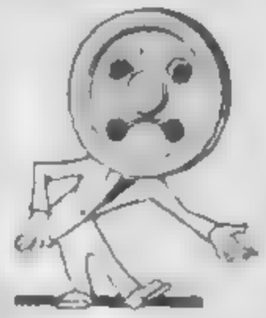
Russell-Miller Milling Company
Minneapolis, U. S. A.

Kelly-Springfield
Automobile Tires

The name, Kelly-Springfield, on a tire means more in the way of mileage guarantee than any tire "guarantee" ever meant.

KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE CO.
20 Vesey Street, New York

Branch offices in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, Detroit, Cincinnati, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Boston, Cleveland, Akron
Boss Rubber Co., Denver, Colo.
Apex & Boss Rubber Co., Dallas, Texas
Todd Rubber Co., New Haven, Conn.



The Suspender Button Says:—

"Well, I'm off again! Ripped off. The man bent over. The suspender was one of the ordinary kind."

Shirley Presidents do away with the strain on buttons. The sliding cord gives and takes as you shift positions. Shirley Presidents feel like—well, like nothing. You simply don't feel them.

SHIRLEY PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS

Light, medium and extra heavy weights. Extra lengths for tall men. Signed guarantee on every pair. Price 50c. From your dealer

The C. A. Edgarton Mfg. Co., 2 Main Street, Shirley, Mass.

THE LIGHTED WAY

(Continued from Page 21)

the country, in fact—in the interests of the firm, with results that have sometimes astonished us."

The accountant nodded approvingly. He took up the balance sheet they had been perusing and placed it in its envelope.

"I shall now," he said, "call upon Mr. Weatherley, and I am sure he will be most gratified. I understand that our next meeting is to be down here."

Mr. Jarvis beamed.

"Although I must say," he admitted, "that the responsibility has been a great pleasure, still we shall be heartily glad to see Mr. Weatherley back again."

"I am sure of it," the accountant assented. "I understand that he has made a complete recovery."

"Absolutely his own self again, sir," Mr. Jarvis declared, "and looking better than ever."

"Odd thing, though, that loss of memory," the accountant remarked. "I was talking to the doctor about it only the other day. He seems to have wandered away into some sort of hiding, under the impression that he had committed a crime, and now that he is getting better he has absolutely forgotten all about it. He just thinks that he has had an ordinary illness and has had to stay away from business for a time."

"Queer thing altogether, sir," Mr. Jarvis admitted—"a queer business, sir. However, it's over and done with, and the less said about it the better. We are both very much obliged to you, Mr. Neville, for your kind offices, and I am only thankful that the results have been so satisfactory."

Mr. Jarvis conducted his visitor to the door and returned to Arnold with beaming face. In anticipation of the accountant's visit Jarvis was wearing a frock coat that was already a shade too small for him. He carefully divested himself of this garment, put on his linen office coat and turned toward his companion.

"Chetwode," he said, "I have a proposition to make. The firm shall stand us a little dinner this evening which we will take together. We will go up to the West End. You shall choose the proper place and order everything—just the best you can think of. The firm shall pay. Mr. Weatherley would be quite agreeable, I am sure."

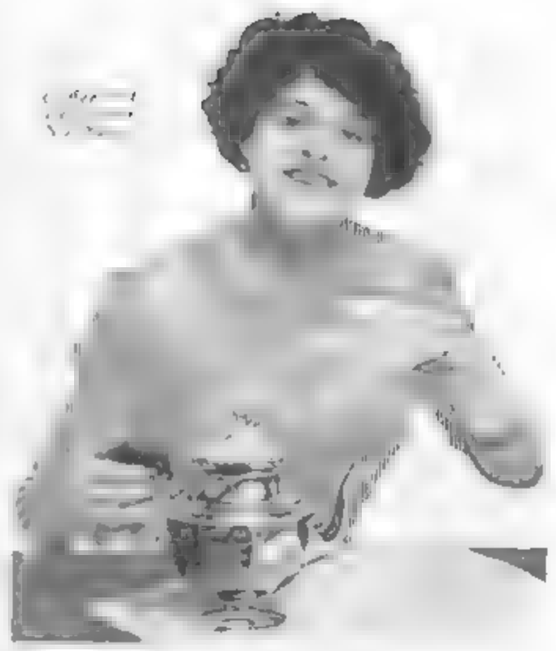
Arnold forced himself to accept the suggestion with some appearance of pleasure.

"Delighted!" he agreed. "We'll have to finish up the letters and go through this mail first."

"Just so," Mr. Jarvis replied. "After that we'll shut up shop. This is quite a red-letter day, Chetwode. I knew that we'd held our own, but I must confess that I found those figures most exhilarating. Our little bonus, too, will be worth having."

Later on they found their way to a restaurant in the Strand, where Mr. Jarvis ate and drank perhaps better than he had ever done in his life. The evening to him was one of unalloyed pleasure, and he was genuinely disappointed when Arnold pleaded an engagement as an excuse for not finishing up at a music-hall. About nine o'clock the two men parted, Mr. Jarvis to spend the rest of the evening alone, with a big cigar in his mouth and an unaccustomed feeling of levity in his head. Arnold, after a moment's hesitation, walked slowly back to his empty rooms.

So this was success! Without a friend in the world, without training or any practical knowledge of life, his feet were firmly planted upon the ladder. He had stifled all sorts of nameless ambitions. He had set his teeth and done what appeared to be his duty. Now it seemed to him that he had come to a pause. He drew up his sofa to the window of his sitting room and looked downward. Somehow or other the depression against which he had struggled all the evening seemed only intensified by what he saw below. An early autumn had stripped bare the leaves from the scanty trees; the sky was gray and starless. Even the lights along the river-front seemed to burn with a dull and uninspiring fire. He looked round him and his depression became an almost overmastering sensation. He hated the sight of his empty room, the phantom thoughts that would light upon his shoulder, the sofa upon which he was sitting alone, the memory of the things he might have said to Ruth in the days when the opportunity was his. For a moment he even thought of Mr. Jarvis alone, at the



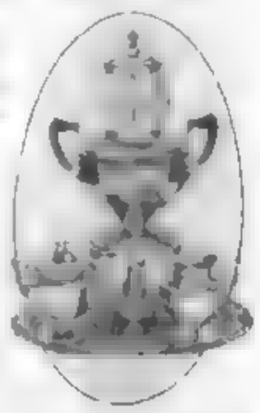
"My Manning-Bowman Coffee Percolator is Economical"

When heat is applied to a Manning-Bowman Coffee Percolator, hot water passes *through* the ground coffee, extracting the strength and goodness, but never remaining in contact with the coffee long enough to bring out its bitterness. This method is economical. It takes *less* ground coffee to make a given number of cups with a

Manning-Bowman
Coffee Percolator

than in any other known way of making. Write for illustrated Manning-Bowman Coffee Percolators with all the latest improvements. The one illustrated here is No. 8294. Write for our booklet—also catalogue No. C-23.

Urn Style Percolator No. 8104



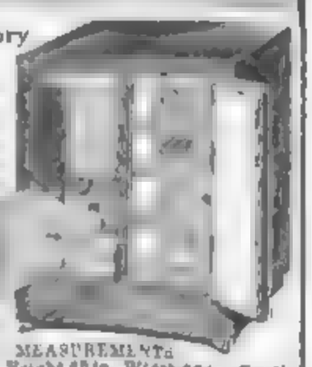
MANNING, BOWMAN & CO.
Meriden, Conn.

Also makers of Manning-Bowman Chafing Dishes with Ivory Enameled Food Pans, Enamel Breadtrays, Alcohol Gas Stoves, Tea Ball, Tea Pots and Urns, Chafing Dish Accessories, Celebrated M. & B. Brass, Copper and Nickel Polish.

Big 1912 Model Oak Refrigerator Opal Glass Lined $31.75

Direct from Factory to User

The exterior is solid oak. The food compartment is lined with the best opal glass. Opal glass is the most perfect refrigerator lining. It is absolutely free from every particle of taint or odor. The system of



MEASUREMENTS
Height 48 in. Width 36 in. Depth 21 in. Ice Capacity, 100 lbs.

The Wickes 1912 Model No. 230, Only $31.75

conforms in every respect to the high standards of the Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company, which for over 60 years. The name back of this refrigerator is the highest insurance of ... Our Money-Back Guaranty. Your money ... if the Wickes is not exactly as represented.

We ship our Wickes Refrigerator direct from the factory at actual factory prices.

The Exterior—German-Silver Trimmed—same size refrigerator, specially priced . **$45**

Send for Free Beautiful Art Catalog

It shows you the famous Wickes Refrigerators of all sizes—inside and out. Guaranteed and sold by

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.
Established Over 60 Years
Dept. 34, 324-328 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago
Dept. 34, 20-35 W. 32d St., New York
130-138 E. Sixth Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

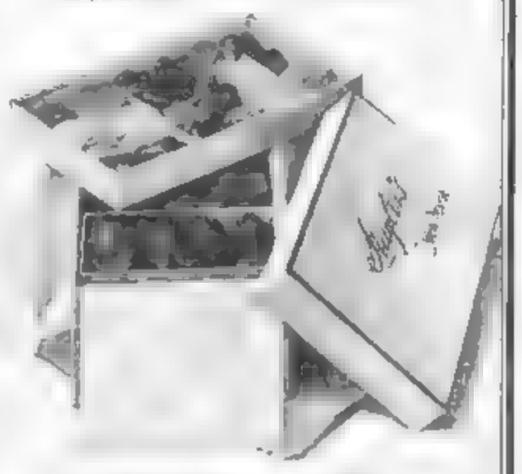
MOVING WEST?

Rates in Through Cars, avoiding transfer to and from West ... States. Write today for colored maps and information.

TRANS-CONTINENTAL FREIGHT COMPANY
808 Bedford Bldg., Chicago. 29 Broadway, New York
1004 Old South Bldg., Boston, Mass.

Huyler's

Bonbons Chocolates



This is Huyler's "Chocolate Marshmallow Genesee"

A layer of marshmallow and a layer of the best fudge you ever tasted—made from sweet cream, butter, vanilla and choco[illegible] the whole [illegible] topped [illegible] with [illegible]

This is one of the forty or more delicious varieties regularly included in an assortment of Huyler's.

Every individual piece of Huyler's is the result of the utmost attention given to quality and deliciousness. That is why they taste so good and why everybody likes Huyler's

Write for Interesting Booklet

which tells the interesting story of Huyler's, and gives a list of many of the Huyler popular confections and tells how quality and purity are assured in all Huyler products.

Huyler's 64 Irving Place New York City

SALES AGENTS EVERYWHERE

Files 20,000 Papers on Edge—For Quick Reference

All Solid Oak Golden or Weathered

Roller Bearings Drawers Roll Easily

Dust-Proof—Your papers are kept clean.

$13.25 Freight Paid

You can't get better service. It is does all any vertical letter file can do.

Various sizes and capacities at corresponding prices.

Three more Complete Lines of higher grade files shown in Catalog "D."

FREE—Booklet "Filing Suggestions"—helps solve your filing problems

[illegible] home or office you will need [illegible] —64 pages

Wolf's

Sectional Bookcases

Serviceable for home or office [illegible]

[illegible] a comparison between these and other makes before you buy

FREE Catalog "E"—shows various sectional bookcases

The Wolf Mfg. Co.

68 Union St., Monroe, Mich.

New York Office—108 Fulton St.

PATENTS That Protect and Pay

Send Sketch or Model for FREE SEARCH

Books, Advice, Searches, and Big List of Inventions Wanted FREE

WATSON E. COLEMAN, [illegible] Washington, D. C.

PATENTS SECURED OR OUR FEE RETURNED

Send sketch for free search of Patent Office records. How to Obtain a Patent and What to Invent with list of inventions wanted and prizes offered for inventions sent free. Patents advertised free. VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., Washington, D. C.

music-hall, the welcoming lights, the pleasant warmth, the music, the cheerful throngs of people. Better anything, he told himself, than this brooding! A sudden almost reckless impulse called him back again into the streets, only to pass away the same moment with the vision of Ruth's pale face by his side, her eyes alternately gazing down the lighted way and seeking his, her fingers grasping his hand. His head sank forward into his hands. He was alone!

He sat up suddenly with a start. The inner door of the room had opened and was softly closed again. A familiar voice addressed him.

"I find your habits, my young friend, somewhat erratic," Sabatini remarked. "Your supply of common necessaries, too, seems limited. I have been driven to explore quite fruitlessly the whole of your little domain in the vain search for a match."

He pointed to the unlit cigarette between his fingers. Arnold, who was a little dazed, rose and produced a box of matches.

"But I don't understand how it is that you are here!" he exclaimed. "I thought that you were at Brighton. And how did you get in?"

Sabatini seated himself comfortably at the end of the sofa and placed a cushion behind his head.

"We came up from Brighton this afternoon," he explained, puffing contentedly at his cigarette. "I am now pronounced convalescent. Ruth, too, could throw away her stick any moment she wanted to, only I fancy that she thinks its use becoming."

"But," Arnold persisted, "I don't understand how you got in! You know that I am glad to see you."

"I got in with Ruth's key," Sabatini replied.

Arnold leaned against the back of the sofa.

"I had forgotten," he said. "Of course if I had known that you were coming I should have been here. The accountant brought in the result of our last six months' work this afternoon and Mr. Jarvis insisted upon a little celebration. We had dinner together."

Sabatini nodded.

"So you have been successful," he remarked thoughtfully. "You kept your feet along the narrow way and you have done well. I am glad. Sit down here by my side."

Arnold sat down on the end of the sofa. The curtain was pulled up as far as it would go. Below them the curving arc of lights stretched away to the dim distance. Sabatini followed them with his eyes for a moment as though he, too, found something inspiring in that lighted way. Then he said with a queer little twinkle in his eyes: "By-the-by, you haven't heard—Fenella hasn't told you—of the last turn in Fortune's wheel?"

"I have seen little of Mrs. Weatherley lately," Arnold murmured.

Sabatini leaned back in his place. His hollow eyes were lighted now with laughter, his mouth twitched. The marks of his illness seemed almost to pass.

"It is delicious," he declared. "Listen. You remember that one day when you dined with me I told you of my uncle the cardinal?"

"The uncle from whom you borrowed money?" Arnold remarked dryly.

"Precisely," Sabatini agreed—"I borrowed money from him! It was only a trifle, but I chose my own methods. Heavens, but it is droll!"

Sabatini began to laugh softly. His whole face now was alight with enjoyment.

"Last month," he continued, "His Eminence died. He had fourteen nephews, three brothers, two sisters, no end of nieces. To whom do you think he has left his entire fortune, my dear Arnold?—three hundred thousand pounds they say it is!"

"To you?" Arnold gasped.

"To me indeed," Sabatini assented. "I did not even go to the funeral. I read of his death in the newspapers and I shrugged my shoulders. It was nothing to me. Yet those thirteen nephews were not left so much as would buy their mourning clothes. This is the chief sentence in the will: '*To the only one of my relatives whose method of seeking my favors has really appealed to me I leave the whole of my fortune, without partition or reserve.*' And then my name. I was that one. Almost," Sabatini concluded with a little sigh, "I am sorry that he is dead. I should have liked once more to have shaken him by the hand."

Dr. Sawyer Cushion Sole

WHITE HOUSE SHOES

QUIET ELEGANCE

Our Bench Workers fashion these shoes by hand, over lasts that promote comfort and provide those genteel lines so desired by the discriminating American.

The "JOY OF WEARING" Justifies You in Buying the

DR. SAWYER CUSHION SOLE

White House Shoe

WE ILLUSTRATE A MEN'S BLUCHER of glazed kangaroo leather, made over our famous Foot Form Last, with the Dr. Sawyer Piano-Hammer Felt Cushion Sole, patented under registry number 858,368. This Cushion Sole assures warm, dry feet and unusual comfort.

SEE THE ★5★ MARK ON THE SHANK OF THE SHOE. IT GUARANTEES THE GENUINE.

No. B-2781/2.
Booklet Showing Other Styles On Request.
All Sizes. Price $5.00

If local dealers cannot supply you with this shoe send us $5.00, with size and width, and we will ship, express prepaid.
Address DEPT. G

P. S.—Buster Brown Shoes for boys and girls. "There's Extra Wear in Every Pair."

The Brown Shoe Co.

ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

A—Is the Dr. Sawyer Piano-Hammer Felt Cushion Sole that means so much to the foot weary. Note that it extends from heel to toe and cannot crawl nor bunch. B—Is the cork filling between the Felt Cushion Sole, and C—the extra thick sole of selected Oak Leather.

"How Easy It Is When The Knife Is Sharp!"

The "art of carving" is really the art of putting a fine, keen edge on a knife. But carving is only *one* of the tasks that are tasks no longer when the tool is sharp. Everything you do with edged tools becomes easier and quicker when you use

PIKE SHARPENING STONES

The only line that includes EVERY sharpening substance—natural or artificial—each the best for some sharpening purpose.

For the home—and for ordinary shop uses too—the one great all-around sharpening stone is the PIKE INDIA Oil Stone. No other stone cuts so fast yet wears down so slowly. A PIKE INDIA *holds its shape without grooving* for years—is almost unbreakable—and, if kept properly oiled, positively *will not glaze.*

Alundum, from which these stones are made, is a crystal formation produced in great electric furnaces at the most intense heat known to man.

Coarse, medium and fine—each with an absolute evenness of grit that never varies—and in all shapes and sizes.

Guarantee.—Your dealer is instructed to replace any Pike Stone that proves defective.

Send for "How to Sharpen"

This booklet makes it easy. It shows how to select and care for a stone to always get the best results—tells why no *one* abrasive substance will do for all requirements—and why *Pike India* stones are the best for general all-around use everywhere. Send for this book today.

Pike Manufacturing Co., 3 Main St., Pike, N. H.

Pike India Knifebreak Knife Hone

[illegible] dealers everywhere or sent direct.

'Ever-Ready Safety Razor With 12 Blades $1

The EVER READY is worth a great many dollars more after you have used it. But pay your Dollar for the complete 12 bladed outfit (as pictured), and if after several trials the Dollar looks better than the razor, send back the razor and we will send back the Dollar.

3,000,000 happy users of the EVER-READY realize its absolute superiority. There's a ten-year guarantee for the EVER-READY frame; an individual guarantee on every blade, and a thorough guarantee of the entire outfit

Extra Blades 10 for 50c

Each blade a wonder. Almost every Druggist, Hardware Store and General Store in your town sells EVER READY Safety Razors and Blades. If yours doesn't, send direct to us.

American Safety Razor Co., Inc.
Herald Square, New York

Describe Your Home Acre For

The Country Gentleman

The Oldest Agricultural Journal in the World

The country house with its grounds, garden, orchard, poultry yard and apiary is often self supporting. Helpful articles are desired giving methods and experiences in gardening, fruit growing and poultry raising on a small area. The culture of vegetables, flowers, trees and vines for home supplies and profit, the small poultry plant, apiary, etc.; how to plant and care for the lawn, shrubs and flowers to make the home attractive.

Photographs should accompany articles whenever possible. All articles and photographs will have prompt and careful consideration. When available, they will be paid for at current rates. Address

The Editors of The Country Gentleman
The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square, Philadelphia

PATENTS PATENTS INVENTORS OF WIDE EXPERIENCE employ my method in securing Patents. So will you event rally. WM. T. JONES, 501 G St. Washington, D.C.

1912 EDITION OF OUR BIG BOOK PRACTICAL BUNGALOWS-50¢

100 Pages, 220 Illustrations, 75 Complete Homes

Expect to Build? Practical Bungalows

This Home Costs Only $2700

are suited to any climate and CAN homes. Complete architect's blue print plans for $5.00. Send 50c Today (coin or stamps) for Big Bungalow Book mentioned above

LOS ANGELES INVESTMENT COMPANY
533 D Hill Street Los Angeles California

Arnold was speechless. The realization of what it all meant was beginning to dawn upon him. Sabatini was wealthy—Ruth was a great heiress. Her fairy ship had come in indeed—and his was passing him by.

"I am glad," he said slowly, "glad for your sake and for Ruth's."

Sabatini nodded.

"My shadowy means," he remarked, "have kept me in comfort. Perhaps even they have been a trifle more than I have let people imagine. Still this is all very different. Ruth and I are going to wander about the Riviera for a time. Afterward we are going to sail to Sabatini and patch up my old castle. I have some tenants there who certainly deserve a little consideration from me—old friends who would sooner live without a roof over their heads than seek a new master. I shall grow vines again, my young friend, and make cheeses. You shall come from the illustrious firm of Samuel Weatherley & Company and be my most favored customer. But let me give you just a word of advice while I am in the humor. Buy our cheeses, if you will, but never touch our wine. Leave that for the peasants who make it. Somehow or other they thrive—they even become at times merry upon it—but the Lord have mercy upon those others, not born upon the island of Sabatini, who raise it to their lips!"

"I shall leave the wine alone," Arnold promised. "But shan't I be able to say goodby to Ruth?"

Sabatini leaned toward him. His expression was once more grave, yet there was the dawn of a smile upon his sensitive lips.

"You can say to her what you will," he murmured, "for she is here. She had a fancy to look at her old room. I was there with her when you arrived. I have a fancy now to give an order to my chauffeur. *A bientôt!*"

Arnold rose slowly to his feet. His heart was beginning to beat fiercely. He was looking across the room with straining eyes. It was not possible that clothes and health could make so great a difference as this! She was standing upon the threshold of her room. She was coming now slowly toward him, leaning ever so slightly upon her stick. Her cheeks were touched with pink, her eyes were lit with so soft and wonderful a brilliance that they shone like stars. He forgot her fashionable hat, the quiet elegance of her clothes. It was Ruth who came toward him—Ruth radiantly beautiful, transformed—yet Ruth! He held out his arms and with a little sob she glided into them.

Side by side they took their accustomed places upon the horsehair sofa. Her head sank upon his shoulder, her hands clasped his, her eyes were wet with tears. A siren blew from the river. A little tug, with two barges lashed alongside, was coming valiantly along. The dark coil of water seemed suddenly agleam with quivering lights.

"Our ships," she whispered—"together, dear!"

(THE END)

Going to the Front

CRAIG WADSWORTH, cotillion leader, society man and former diplomatist, enlisted in the Rough Riders at the outbreak of the Spanish War. He made the sad mistake of reporting personally to President McKinley who passed him along to the War Department, where he was peremptorily ordered to report to his regiment in the South. The Department designated the train he should take and told him to get a move on.

Wadsworth engaged a drawing room on the train and embarked with his valet as traveling companion. Soon after the train started and Wadsworth was supervising the arrangement of his traps by his valet, a soldier with a sergeant's stripes on his sleeve opened the door and walked in upon them.

"Are you Wadsworth?" he asked.

"I am."

"I'm in charge of the squad of recruits on this train," said the sergeant. "Come with me."

Wadsworth put on his coat and followed the sergeant to a day coach forward. He found a dozen other recruits there. He spent the next three days with the others in the day coach under the eye of the sergeant, sleeping curled up in the seats, and his valet luxuriated in the drawing room all the way down.

You Try One

An Educator Wafer, Buttered

Exquisitely crisp and delicious.

A flavor that's sweet and nutlike—the natural sweetness of **whole wheat**—Nature's most perfect food.

I make this **whole wheat Wafer** as my father made it—guarding sacredly his standard of pure food excellence—the standard he set for all

EDUCATOR CRACKERS

The Cracker of Character and Economy

[illegible] the tea [illegible] bring out a rich [illegible] of texture—delightful [illegible] anything you have [illegible]

They're truly the original and best **whole wheat Wafers**—a tempting treat you will never forget

And I personally sample each day's bake [illegible] on absolute perfection—so that you [illegible] **Educator Wafers** just like the ones my father originated

Get Educator Wafers from your grocer to-day. Look for the name EDUCATOR [illegible] and to butter as he eats [illegible] They're simply great!

[illegible] ten cents and [illegible]

JOHNSON EDUCATOR FOOD CO.,
27 Batterymarch Street
Boston, Mass.

Success Shorthand

A superior system taught by Expert Court Reporters. Graduates hold [illegible] best records in International Speed Contests. More successful graduates than any other [illegible]. Begin as [illegible] and stenographers [illegible] rolled. Instruction by mail—satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Write for *free* catalogue

SUCCESS SHORTHAND SCHOOL
W. L. James, Chief Instructor, Suite 213, Schiller Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Kennebec

CANVAS COVERED CANOES

Prepare now for hot weather [illegible] Send for [illegible] illustrated catalog showing paddling, sailing and motor canoes. Investigate our special type of sponsons (air chambers)

Kennebec Canoes are unequalled in design, finish, lightness and strength. Prices reasonable.
KENNEBEC CANOE CO., 10 K. R. Sq., Waterville, Me.

Get This Bargain Offer

[illegible] Hold your [illegible] till you hear from us—SURE

MILLER'S IDEAL

[illegible] quick for early start and biggest saving

J. W. Miller Co., Box 120, Freeport, Ill.

Send Your Name Now

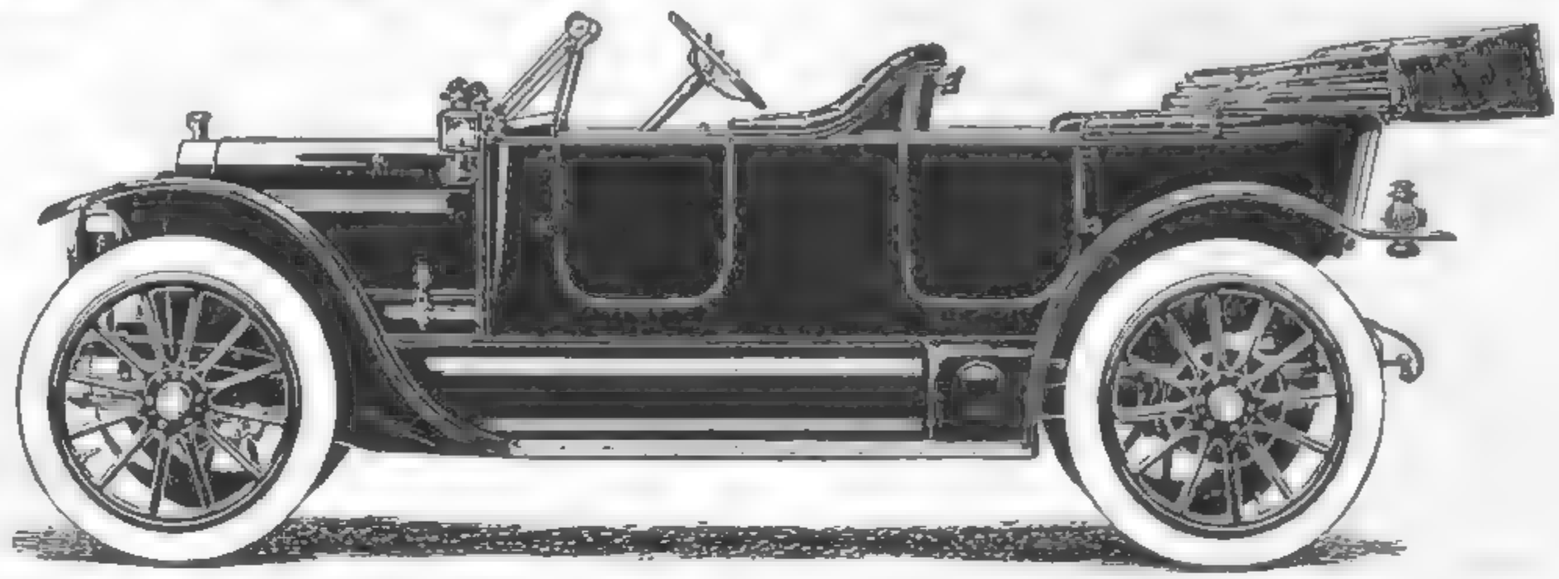
Styleplus

The largest number of *successful clients* is our *proof* of

Patents that PROTECT

For Facts about Prizes, Rewards, etc., send 6c stamps for our new 128 page book of intense interest to Inventors. R. S. & A. B. Lacey, Dept. 55, Washington, D.C. Estab. 1869

Rambler
Motor Cars



The Rambler Cross Country—$1650

With Self-Starter, Top, Top Envelope and Wind Shield, $1815

Here Is a Story of Real Comfort

Here is a car that appeals to all your senses. Graceful in lines, distinguished in color, long and low hung—it's pleasing to the eye. Step in and you will marvel at the feeling.

Settle down in the deep cushions at the big eighteen inch steering wheel—stretch out your legs and know what comfort is.

Start the motor and you will sense its silent dignity and power. It runs without vibration.

Ride in Careless Ease

Take to the open road and at the first release of the clutch its silent action deceives you for the moment. You wonder if the motor has stopped. Open the throttle and away it springs with eagerness. You ride on and on in careless ease and the farther you go the satisfaction of comfort grows.

This is a car for relaxation—for perfect ease. The wheel base is 120 inches, the wheels and tires 36x4, and the straight line torpedo body swings low between the axles—three inches lower than the ordinary car.

Notice the rake to the steering column. It's adjustable. You can settle down for mile after mile. Your arms are free; your legs not cramped. The wheel is just in the right place to see the road ahead. To steer is but to touch the wheel.

Steer Without Friction

When you hit a stone the wheels don't turn sharply. When you want to turn it guides as without a point of friction. There's no whip to the wheel—no bind—just a pleasing flexibility.

You sink down with pleasure into the eight inch upholstery—yet you never strike bottom—you never reel nor feel a jolt. The rear springs are 2½ inches wide and proportionately thin. The period of vibration of the steel is long. The metal is slow acting—deliberate. You go up and down with the smooth regularity of the pendulum of a clock.

Let Women Decide

It's a car that women most endorse. The seats are low—yet high enough—with sufficient leg room to choose the attitude you like.

Three persons ride with ample elbow room in the rear. The rear seat is four feet wide and twenty inches deep, with thirty-one inches of leg room—enough for the tallest person. The long, easy arm rest is upholstered to the full length of twenty-six inches. There is room for extra baggage in the tonneau, and the robe rail, 34½ inches wide, has five inches of space for wraps.

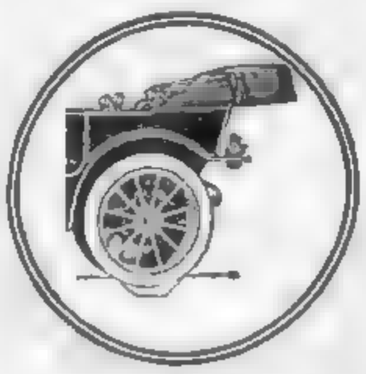
A Captivating Car

Leather pockets on both rear doors and the left front door are for convenience. The front floor below the cowl dash is not narrowed, but is wide, due to the parallel sides of the torpedo body.

We want you to feel the personality of this car. To see it is to appreciate its charms.

Finished in English Purple Lake, with black japanned guards, fillers and tool box, with high, distinctive radiator, it has individuality without eccentricity.

You will want to prove these things to yourself before you buy. Send a postal today asking for the catalog



Big wheels and tires help to carry you lightly over depressions in the road. It's the bumps that cause fatigue. You don't have to brace yourself and hang on in the Rambler.

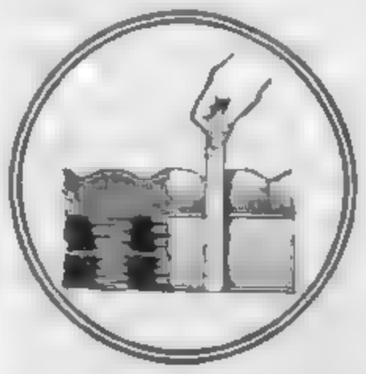
Ten Other Styles, Including Open and Closed Cars of 38 and 50 Horse Power

Equipment —Bosch duplex ignition Fine large, black and nickel headlights, with gas tank. Black and nickel side and tail oil lamps; large tool box; tool roll with complete tool outfit. Roomy, folding robe rail; foot rest, jack, pump and tire kit.

The Thomas B. Jeffery Company

Main Office and Factory, Kenosha, Wisconsin

Branches: Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Milwaukee, New York, Philadelphia, Sacramento, San Francisco



A cushion soft and pleasing even to an invalid. Eight inch upholstery of finest leather and selected long hair—45 double acting steel spring coils. Rich in comfort, finished like club furniture.

Jackson

No hill too steep
No sand too deep

45 horsepower;
Long-stroke motor;
***Complete equipment*—$1650**

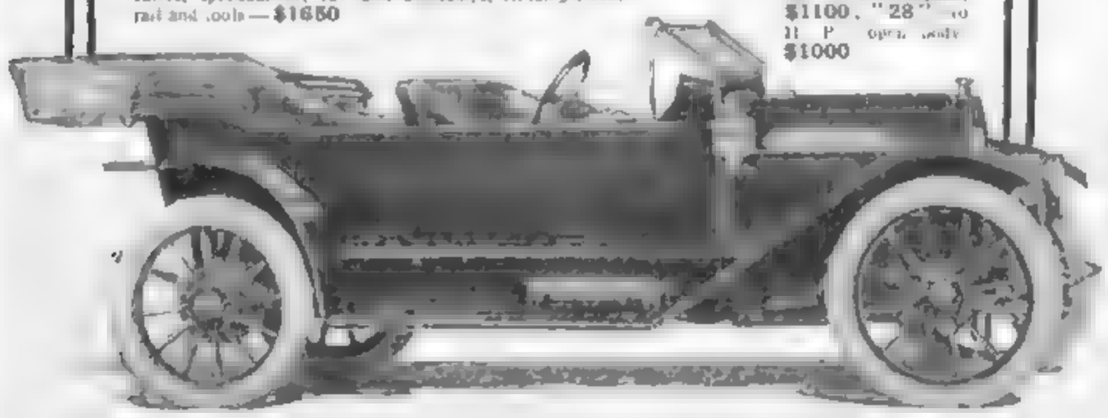
These are the four biggest facts about the new Jackson Model "45." High power; long-stroke motor; equipment complete; and the price—$1650.

These are the facts we want to impress deepest in your mind.
They tell you of value that is real—value that you can see and feel.
They are the more significant because they are backed by ten years' experience in the making of good automobiles.
Forty-five horsepower—your eager servant.
A long-stroke, enclosed-valve motor—giving you silence, smoothness and flexibility of operation that cannot be surpassed in cars of any price.
Nothing lacking in equipment, even to speedometer and robe rail.
Add to these features the 118-inch wheelbase, with the easy-riding Jackson full-elliptic springs—and at $1650 you have a car whose equal you are not likely to find under $2500.
Examine and ride in the demonstrating car your Jackson dealer doubtless has; or write for literature on the Model "45."

JACKSON AUTOMOBILE CO., 1020 E. Main St., Jackson, Mich.

Model "45"—Five-passenger touring car; 45 H. P., four cylinder, long-stroke motor, 4½x5½ inches; 118-inch wheelbase; 34x4 inch tires; full elliptic springs front and rear. Equipment complete with top boots, windshield, speedometer, gas tank and lamps, oil lamps, coat rail and tools—$1650

Other touring models—"52" (50 H. P.) $1800; "32" (30 H. P.) $1100; Roadster models—"26" (24 H. P. [illegible]) $1100; "28" (30 H. P. open body) $1000



The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

the oldest agricultural journal in existence, is now published by The Curtis Publishing Company. It has been greatly enlarged and is to-day the best and most attractive publication connected with agriculture and agricultural interests. The price of a year's subscription (52 issues) is $1.50. Its circulation has more than doubled in the last two months.

If you have not seen it, we would like to mail you a complimentary sample copy.

Mail us a postal card requesting a sample copy of *The Country Gentleman*, writing your name and address plainly, and the copy will be mailed.

Circulation Department

The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia

PUNCTURES

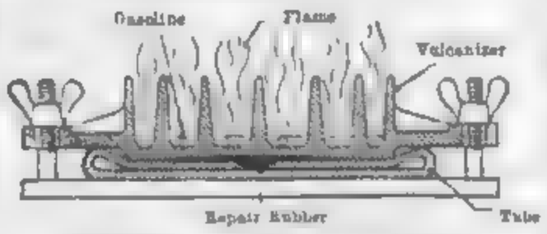
—they cannot be avoided but the inner tube can now be easily, quickly and perfectly repaired.

Good repair rubber and heat—just the right amount of heat, rising steadily, holding just the proper degree just long enough, falling gradually—all this, scientifically exact, gives you practically

a new inner tube in 15 minutes

No electric current needed; only one ounce of gasoline and a little rubber.

The Imperial Vulcanizer REPAIR KIT



SIMPLE EASY QUICK

Price **$3.50** Delivered

with specially prepared rubber—enough for 40 punctures—and full equipment.

It saves money, time and trouble, being by far the simplest, easiest and most effective method of repairing the inner tube ever devised

Sold on a guarantee of satisfaction. Money returned if you're not satisfied.

Address Dept. A

The McGraw Tire & Rubber Co.
Manufacturers, East Palestine, Ohio

THE FEATHERS OF THE SUN

(Continued from Page 9)

ocean stretches with their goods to Fitu-Iva? He, Feathers of the Sun, would tell them why to their faces, in grand council assembled. In their own countries men were too civilized to let the traders make the immense profits they made out of the Fitu-Ivans. If the Fitu-Ivans became properly civilized the trade of the traders would be gone. In that day every Fitu-Ivan could become a trader if he pleased.

That was why the white traders fought the system of paper money that he, Feathers of the Sun, had brought. Why was he called Feathers of the Sun? Because he was the Light-Bringer from the World Beyond the Sky. The paper money was the light. The robbing white traders could not flourish in the light. Therefore they fought the light.

He would prove it to the good people of Fitu-Iva and he would prove it out of the mouths of his enemies. It was a well-known fact that all highly civilized countries had paper-money systems. He would ask Ieremia if this was not so.

Ieremia did not answer.

"You see," Cornelius went on; "he makes no answer. He cannot deny what is true. England, France, Germany, America, all the great *Papalangi* countries, have the paper-money system. It works. From century to century it works. I challenge you, Ieremia, as an honest man—as one who was once a zealous worker in the Lord's vineyard—I challenge you to deny that in the great *Papalangi* countries the system works."

Ieremia could not deny it, and his fingers played nervously with the fastening of the basket on his knees.

"You see, it is as I have said," Cornelius continued. "Ieremia agrees that it is so. Therefore I ask you all, good people of Fitu-Iva, if a system is good for the *Papalangi* countries, why is it not good for Fitu-Iva?"

"It is not the same!" Ieremia cried. "The paper of Feathers of the Sun is different from the paper of the great countries."

That Cornelius had been prepared for this was evident. He held up a Fitu-Ivan note that was recognized by all.

"What is that?" he demanded.

"Mere paper," was Ieremia's reply.

"And that?"

This time Cornelius held up a Bank of England note.

"It is the paper money of the English," he explained to the council, at the same time extending it for Ieremia to examine. "Is it not true, Ieremia, that it is the paper money of the English?"

Ieremia nodded reluctantly.

"You have said that the paper money of Fitu-Iva was mere paper; now how about this of the English? What is it? . . . You must answer like a true man. . . . All wait for your answer, Ieremia."

"It is—It is ——" the puzzled Ieremia began, then spluttered helplessly, the fallacy beyond his penetration.

"Paper, mere paper!" Cornelius concluded for him, imitating his halting utterance.

Conviction sat on the faces of all. The king clapped his hands admiringly and murmured: "It is most clear—very clear!"

"You see, he himself acknowledges it." Assured triumph was in Deasy's voice and bearing. "He knows of no difference. There is no difference. 'Tis the very image of money. 'Tis money itself."

Meantime Grief was whispering in Ieremia's ear, who nodded and began to speak.

"But it is well known to all the *Papalangi* that the English Government will pay coin money for the paper."

Deasy's victory was now absolute. He held aloft a Fitu-Ivan note.

"Is it not so written on this as well?"

Again Grief whispered.

"That Fitu-Iva will pay coin money?"

"It is so written."

A third time Grief prompted.

"On demand?" asked Ieremia.

"On demand," Cornelius assured him.

"Then I demand coin money now," said Ieremia, drawing a small package of notes from the pouch at his girdle.

Cornelius scanned the package with a quick, estimating eye.

PURITY is the chief claim to household favor held by

CRYSTAL Domino SUGAR

The attractive, sparkling whiteness that pleases at first sight—the great, clear crystals, which dissolve like nectar—are simply the outward proof of innate purity.

The dainty, easy-breaking shape adds the last touch of refinement.

One of the Quality Products of

The American Sugar Refining Co.
117 Wall St. New York

Read the story of its making in our splendid illustrated booklet. Sent free on request
Address Dept. D

WILD'S

PARQUET INLAID LINOLEUM

These fine reproductions of parquetry cost less than hardwood—never need refinishing—are kept clean with soap and water—actually improve with age, while wood floors deteriorate.

WILD'S PARQUET INLAID LINOLEUM is noiseless, sanitary and elastic. It has a beautiful, dull surface which does not require varnish to preserve it. Patterns are *inlaid*, the colors running right through. Is wonderfully durable, the average wear being from 12 to 15 years.

Sold by Dealers in High-Grade Linoleum

JOSEPH WILD & CO.
366-370 Fifth Avenue
New York

Wilds Linoleum

Wilds Linoleum

CYCLONE LAWN FENCE

Cyclone Fence is Artistic, Proper as Durable.

All Cyclone goods guaranteed. Books with valuable suggestions free. Write to-day

Cyclone Fence Co., Dept.
Waukegan, Ill.

This is the Only Place You Can Obtain

"Shackamaxon"
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE
Guaranteed Fabrics

THESE beautiful woolens with their *exclusive patterns* are handled only by merchant tailors. We do not sell them to ready-made clothing establishments.

"*Shackamaxon*" is the distinguishing mark of merchant-tailored men—men whose clothes are *fitted in the making*. They are the individuals whose faculty of always being perfectly dressed is so envied by the uninitiated.

The newest Shackamaxon serges, cheviots, clear finished and unfinished worsteds may be seen at any good tailor's. Always look for the trademark on the back of every yard. If you don't find it, the fabric isn't Shackamaxon

"Ask A Merchant Tailor"

J R KEIM & CO
Shackamaxon Mills Philadelphia

"Shackamaxon"
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Guaranteed Fabrics

Stylepluss

LAW Study at Home

Graduate correspondence students must successful at bar examination. Write today for proof and free 112-pp. catalog. We make you a thorough law course in Ass[ociation] our text prepared by deans and professors from the big law colleges, Harvard, Chicago, Ill., Wis., Mich. Ia. Stanford and others. Very low cost and easy terms. All text law [books]

La Salle Extension University, Box 2353, Chicago, Ill.

GRAY MOTORS FOR BOATS

Made in the *Largest Plant in the World* devoted exclusively to [marine] engines. Guaranteed [for] years. Write for big catalog—*tells you all about these high grade engines and how they are made*

3 H P with Complete Outfit ready to install $55
Also 3½ to 36 H. P.

Gray Motor Company, 5126 U S [Motors] Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

Ask Mr. Foster

ABOUT FLORIDA

Land, Climate, Industrial and Agricultural opportunities, Winter resorts, —anything. Information free. No fees or commissions.

WARD G. FOSTER, 1 Madison Ave., New York
Offices also in Philadelphia, Washington, Atlantic City, Chicago, Florida and Cuba

130 EGG INCUBATOR $7.25. A high-grade hatcher direct from factory at bedrock price. Triple walls covered with asbestos and galvanized iron. Hot water, copper tank, self-regulating, easy heating, simple, safe, set up complete, runs better. Money back guarantee. Brooders $5.50 up. Big Catalog Free

$10

Mankato Incubator Co., Box 944, Mankato, Minn.

"Very well," he agreed. "I shall give you the coin money now. How much?"

"And we will see the system work," the king proclaimed, partaking in his chancellor's triumph.

"You have heard—he will give us coin money now!" Ieremia cried in a loud voice to the assemblage.

At the same time he plunged both hands in the basket and drew forth many packages of Fitu-Ivan notes. It was noticed that a peculiar odor was adrift about the council.

"I have here," Ieremia announced, "one thousand and twenty-eight pounds twelve shillings and sixpence. Here is a sack to put the coin money in."

Cornelius recoiled. He had not expected such a sum; and everywhere about the council his uneasy eyes showed him chiefs and talking men drawing out bundles of notes. The army, its two months' pay in its hands, pressed forward to the edge of the council; while behind it the populace, with more money, invaded the compound.

"'Tis a run on the bank you've precipitated," he said reproachfully to Grief.

"Here is the sack to put the coin money in," Ieremia urged.

"It must be postponed," Cornelius said desperately. "'Tis not in banking hours."

Ieremia flourished a package of money. "Nothing of banking hours is written here. It says on demand—and I now demand!"

"Let them come tomorrow, O Tui Tulifau," Cornelius appealed to the king. "They shall be paid tomorrow."

Tui Tulifau hesitated; but his spouse glared at him, her brawny arm tensing as the fist doubled into a redoubtable knot. Tui Tulifau tried to look away, but failed. He cleared his throat nervously.

"We will see the system work," he decreed. "The people have come far."

"'Tis good money you're asking me to pay out," Deasy muttered in a low voice to the king.

Sepeli caught what he said and grunted so savagely as to startle the king, who involuntarily shrank away from her.

"Forget not the pig!" Grief whispered to Ieremia, who immediately stood up.

With a sweeping gesture he stilled the babel of voices that was beginning to rise.

"It was an ancient and honorable custom of Fitu-Iva," he said, "that, when a man was proved to be a notorious evildoer, his joints were broken with a club and he was staked out at low water to be fed upon alive by the sharks. Unfortunately that day is past. Nevertheless, another ancient and honorable custom remains with us. You all know what it is. When a man is a proved thief and liar he shall be struck with a dead pig."

His right hand went into the basket; and, despite the lack of his spectacles, the dead pig that came into view landed accurately on Deasy's neck. With such force was it thrown that the chancellor, in his sitting position, toppled over sidewise. Before he could recover, Sepeli, with an agility unexpected of a woman who weighed two hundred and sixty pounds, had sprung across to him. One hand clutched his shirt-collar, the other hand brandished the pig; and, amid the vast uproar of a delighted kingdom, she royally swatted him!

There remained nothing for Tui Tulifau but to put a good face on his favorite's disgrace; and his mountainous fat lay back on the mats and shook in a gale of Gargantuan laughter.

When Sepeli dropped both pig and chancellor a talking man from the windward coast picked up the carcass. Cornelius was on his feet and running when the pig caught him on the legs and tripped him. The people and the army, with shouts and laughter, joined in the sport. Twist and dodge as he would, everywhere the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer was met or overtaken by the flying pig. He scuttled like a frightened rabbit in and out among the avocados and the palms. No hand was laid upon him and his tormentors made way before him, but ever they pursued and ever the pig flew as fast as hands could pick it up. As the chase died away down the Broom Road, Grief led the traders to the royal treasury; and the day was well over ere the last Fitu-Ivan banknote had been redeemed with coin.

VIII

THROUGH the mellow cool of twilight a man paddled out from a clump of jungle to the Cantani. It was a leaky and abandoned dugout, and he paddled slowly, desisting from time to time in order to bail.

What These Burroughs Machines *Do*

is what caused the National Bank of Commerce in St. Louis to use only Burroughs machines for 18 years. That is why they have gradually built up their equipment from one machine in 1894 to 81 machines today.

"It has always been the policy of this bank to try every time-saving machine put on the market," says Mr. H. [C.] Burnett, Assistant Cashier, in charge of equipment. "Notwithstanding that, we now own 81 Burroughs and *no adding machines of any other make*."

The $18,000,000 concern has standardized on Burroughs machines because they give the best *service*, the *highest efficiency* per dollar expended.

They don't buy *machines*, but what the machines *do*.

Burroughs Service means something tangible—Inventions Service, which, as Mr. Burnett says—"spares no pains or expense to give the user what he wants."

Systems Service, which helps you to make the *most profitable application* of the machine to your bookkeeping or cost work.

Inspection Service, which takes care of you, no matter where you are or how small your investment in a machine may be.

The Burroughs Line is composed of machines for handling every kind of figures. You can standardize your equipment in every department.

Let us show you how, without expense or obligation on your part. Also ask for our service book, "$900,000,000 a Year."

To do every reasonable thing that will make every Burroughs User a Booster—*that is the end and aim of Burroughs Service*

BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE COMPANY
99 Burroughs Block, Detroit, Michigan

Makers of adding and listing machines, listing and non-listing calculating machines—80 different models in 492 combinations of features—$150 to $950, easy payments if desired

Born in March? Then read much about yourself in a fascinating monthly Store Paper, printed for one firm in [each] town. Ask your dealers in Hardware for Free copy. Hall's Where Helps, or send two cent stamp for March number to FRANK P AUSTIN, 80 E. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

PATENT YOUR IDEAS Book How to Obtain a Patent and What to Invent sent free. Send rough sketch for free report as to patentability. Patents obtained by us advertised for sale at expense in Manufacturers' Journals.

CHANDLEE & CHANDLEE, Patent Attorneys
983 F Street, Washington, D. C. Established 16 years

NOTASEME

(Perfect Process)

Silk-Lisle Hosiery

Wears Like "60": Finest long staple yarns used—reinforced with 4-ply cable-twist heels and toes. Stands strenuous washing and wearing.

Looks Like "50": Our Perfect Process gives permanent silky lustre and softness, prevents "bagging" and shrinking. No "fuzzy," mis-shapen hosiery.

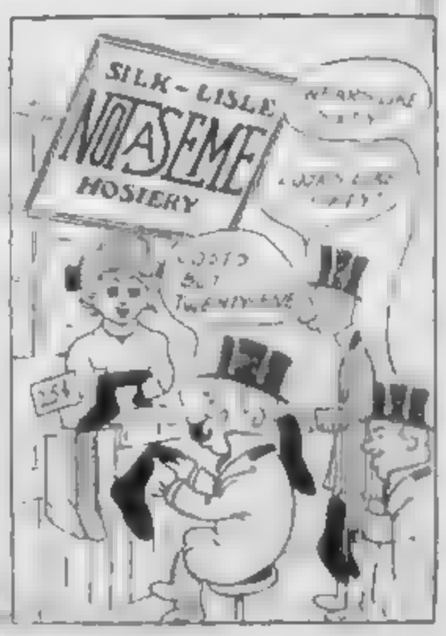
Costs but 25: We specialize on manufacturing 25c Hosiery and sell direct to retailers, making Notaseme the greatest 25 cent hosiery value in America.

If your dealer has none in stock we will send postpaid a pair of Silk-Lisle half hose, ladies' hose or child's ribbed hose on receipt of 25 cents, coin or stamps; Pure Silk—with silk-lisle heels and toes and tops—50 cents.

NOTASEME

This Trade Mark on all our Hosiery

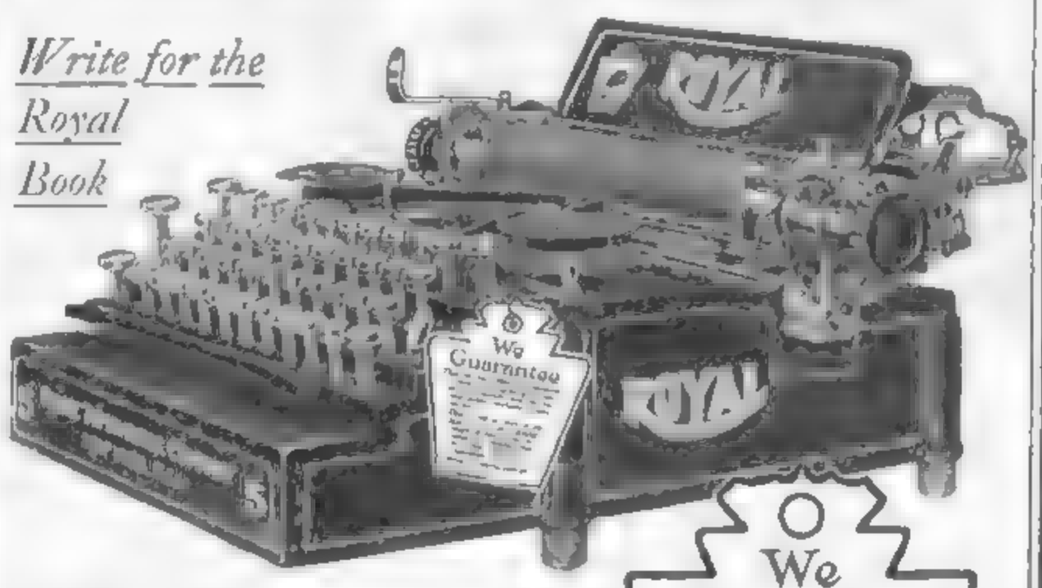
NOTASEME HOSIERY CO., PHILA.



To the Tired Typewriter Operator and the Shrewd Typewriter Buyer

Learn the Way to More Work at Less Effort—and a Better Machine for Less Money

Write for the Royal Book



THE ROYAL is in every way a thoroughly standardized, high-grade typewriter, yet it possesses many essential features which make it *fundamentally* superior to old-line machines. In the first place, the Royal has established a new standard in *standing-up* quality. This is proved by the daily service of thousands of Royals in the strenuous "grind" of railroad, insurance and big corporation offices, as well as important departments of the United States Government.

For another vital point of superiority note the graceful, low-hanging build of the Royal; how all superfluous structure has been eliminated. Touch the keys, and you are charmed by the responsiveness of the action, astonished at its smoothness and speed.

The Royal is Guaranteed

Back of the Royal is an ironclad guarantee. *Read it!* And back of that guarantee are unlimited resources, long experience, and one of the largest typewriter organizations in the world.

We Guarantee

That [illegible] will do work of the most skillful workmanship [illegible] regardless of price

ROYAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY

New Model 5

***Latest* model of any typewriter on the market—has *Two-Color Ribbon, Tabulator, Back Spacer,* in fact, every worthwhile feature of other machines. In addition, has *Hinged Paper Fingers, Tilting Paper Table, Roller-Bearing Escapement, Dust Shields,* and other practical time and money-saving features found only on the Royal.**

Write Today for "The Royal Book"

An extraordinary book of facts about typewriters—what [illegible] should or [illegible] should not [illegible] to get the best. Tells why the Royal [illegible] money-saving typewriter of today, both in initial cost and in economy of operation. *Don't fail to get this book.* **The Royal sells for $75, everything included—no extras.**

A Demonstration! No matter where you are, we have a branch nearby to demonstrate a Royal in your office free of all obligation. Drop a note to New York office and you will receive prompt attention

ROYAL TYPEWRITER CO., Room 61, Royal Typewriter Building, New York

Branch Offices and Agencies in all Principal Cities of the World

The Kanaka sailors giggled gleefully as he came alongside and painfully drew himself over the rail. He was bedraggled and filthy, and seemed half dazed.

"Could I speak a word with you, Mr. Grief?" he asked sadly and humbly.

"Sit to leeward and farther away!" Grief answered. "A little farther away. That's better."

Cornelius sat down on the rail and held his head in both his hands.

"'Tis right," he said. "I'm as fragrant as a recent battlefield. My head aches to burstin'. My neck is fair broken. The teeth are loose in my jaws. There's nests of hornets buzzin' in my ears. My medulla oblongata is dislocated. I've been through earthquake and pestilence, and the heavens have rained pigs!" He paused with a sigh that ended in a groan. "'Tis a vision of terrible death—one that the poets never dreamed! To be eaten by rats, or boiled in oil, or pulled apart by wild horses—that would be unpleasant. But to be beaten to death with a dead pig!" He shuddered at the awfulness of it. "Sure, it transcends the human imagination!"

Captain Borg sniffed audibly, moved his canvas chair farther to windward and sat down again.

"I hear you're runnin' over to Yap, Mr. Grief," Cornelius went on. "An' two things I'm wantin' to beg of you: a passage, an' a nip of the old smoky I refused the night you landed."

Grief clapped his hands for the black steward and ordered soap and towels for the ex-chancellor.

"Go for'ard, Cornelius, and take a scrub first," he said. "The boy will bring you a pair of dungarees and a shirt. And by the way, before you go—how was it we found more coin in the treasury than paper you had issued?"

"'Twas the stake of my own I'd brought with me for the adventure."

"We've decided to charge the demurrage and other expenses and loss to Tui Tulifau," Grief said. "So the balance we found will be turned over to you—but ten shillings must be deducted."

"For what?"

"Do you think dead pigs grow on trees? The sum of ten shillings for that pig is entered in the accounts."

Cornelius bowed assent with a shudder.

"Sure, it's grateful I am it wasn't a fifteen-shilling pig or a twenty-shilling one!"

Quick Pay

BILL MAC CALLISTER was the leading policeman of Xenia, Ohio. He joined the Elks and became very popular with them. When the Elks gave their annual dance one year Bill was made chairman of the arrangements committee and treasurer.

The night of the dance came. The men who had been out selling tickets turned their money in to Bill. He was all cluttered up with one-dollar and two-dollar bills and silver. Bill had money in every pocket in great bales—about eight hundred dollars all told—and he didn't like to tote it round.

The band, of which Matt Kump was the manager and bass drummer, was about to begin a waltz. Matt, between musical intervals, ran a printing shop and had printed the tickets and the bills and programs for the dance.

The first strains of the music had started and the youth and beauty and chivalry of Xenia were getting ready to glide variously out on the floor, when Bill Mac Callister strode imperiously to the middle of the room and waved his hand at Kump.

"Matt," bellowed Bill, "come here a minute!"

Matt made signs that he couldn't, that the band was just beginning a waltz, and that he would come just as soon as the dance was over.

Bill bellowed again: "Come here, and hurry up about it."

The band stopped. The waltzing couples ceased revolving and Matt hurried over to where Mac Callister was standing. "What is it, Bill?" Matt asked apprehensively.

"Make out your bill and I'll pay it," commanded Bill.

"Pshaw, Bill, there's no hurry about that! I'll come round tomorrow. It's all right."

"Make out your bill this minnit an' I'll pay it," ordered Bill. "I just got to get shet of some of this money. I never knew till now how them millionaires feel totin' round all their cash."

Busy?

The **Gem Junior Safety Razor** is a time saver and a boon to the man with much to do. A few minutes a day at [illegible] convenience, and you're always presentable.

The **Gem Damaskeene Blade** is the feature of the Gem Junior Safety Razor—absolutely [illegible] in quality and workmanship. A keen cutting edge [illegible] joy to the man with a tough beard and tender skin.

We [illegible] of the [illegible] are using

Gem Damaskeene Blades

fit most standard safety razors

Set of 7 Gem Damaskeene Blades, 35 cents

Gem Junior Safety Razor, with 7 Gem Damaskeene Blades, $1.00—sold everywhere.

GEM CUTLERY COMPANY

NEW YORK

Chicago Montreal

"Tied-up Tight!"

It's tough, when the balls are well scattered, to have the cue-ball roll into a hopeless position. But it's all in the game—one of those elements of uncertainty that are part of the fascination of Billiards and Pool. These are fine games—they require skill, judgment and nerve—they are great games anywhere, but infinitely more enjoyable at home than in a public poolroom. They enliven the home atmosphere, all the family enjoy them. You can own a

BURROWES

Billiard and Pool Table

and play while you are paying for it. No special room is needed. The Burrowes Table can be set on your dining-room or library table or mounted on its own legs or compactly folding stand. Only a moment is required to set it up or to take it down and set it out of the way. Sizes range up to 4½ x 9 feet (standard). Complete Playing equipment of balls, cues, etc., free with each Table.

Burrowes Tables are used for home practice by some of the foremost professionals. Every Table of whatever size is accurate in proportion to the smallest detail and adapted to the most expert play. The most delicate [illegible] of the highest type, can be executed with the utmost precision.

$1.00 DOWN

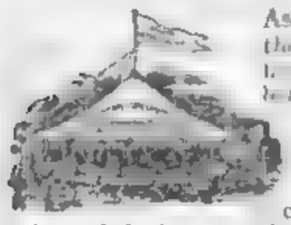
Prices are $6, $15, $25, $35, $45, $55, $75, etc., on terms of $1 or more down and a small amount each month.

FREE TRIAL—NO RED TAPE

On receipt of first installment we will ship Table. Play on it one week. If unsatisfactory return it, and on its receipt we will refund your deposit. This assures you a free trial. Write today for illustrated catalog, giving prices, terms, etc.

E. T. BURROWES CO., 823 Cooler Street, Portland, Me.

A BIG INCOME



As high as eight to ten thousand dollars yearly [illegible] number of customers of our Merry-Go-Rounds. It [illegible] is a profitable business. Just the thing for the man who can't stand indoor work, or is not fit for heavy work and has some money to invest in a money-maker. We make everything in the Riding-Gallery line from a hand-power Merry-Go-Round to the highest grade Carrousels. They are simple in construction and require no special knowledge to operate. Write to-day for catalogue and particulars.

HERSCHELL-SPILLMAN CO.

Park Amusement Outfitters

192 Sweeney Street North Tonawanda, N. Y.

Mullins Cedar Canoes Can't Sink

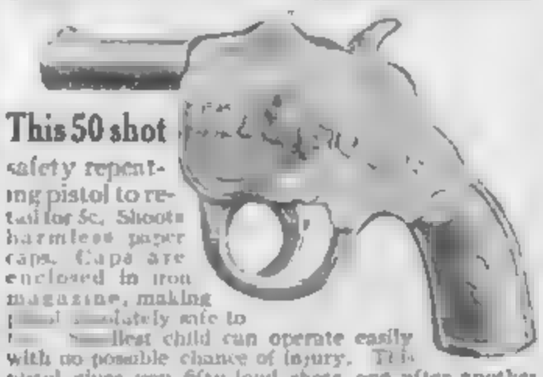
Each end contains a Mullins Buoyancy Pad. These pads prevent the canoe from sinking, even though it be capsized, water-filled, and has two people clinging to it. The Mullins is the only canoe that has this important equipment. We also manufacture steel launches and row boats.

Write for our beautiful boat book, illustrated in colors. It's free, postpaid.

THE W. H. MULLINS CO.

334 Franklin Street, Salem, Ohio

They die outdoors!



This 50 shot safety repeating pistol to retail for 5c. Shoots harmless paper caps. Caps are enclosed in iron magazine, making [illegible] absolutely safe to [illegible] smallest child can operate easily with no possible chance of injury. This pistol gives you fifty loud shots, one after another as fast as trigger can be pulled. Retails for 5c, but looks better than a $10.00 gun to the small boy. We want live merchants to write for selling plan. Exclusive territory for quick replies.

Pittsburgh Cap Pistol Co., Inc. Homestead, Pa.

No More Cranking

Thousands of America's Best Motor Cars and Motor Boats for 1912 are Started from the Seat with the DISCO Self-Starter. Many Leading Manufacturers Include the DISCO as Regular Equipment Without Charge—many others offer it Optional at a Reasonable Price. It can easily be put on ANY Car or Boat—NEW or OLD—in Less Than Three Hours.

27,000 DISCO Self-Starters already in successful use have made 1912 a self-starter year.

Manufacturers of popular priced cars have found the DISCO a big selling advantage. Makers of the highest-priced, most luxurious cars have found the DISCO the best for their exacting clientele. No matter what priced car you buy this year, you can have the DISCO SELF-STARTER on it, or you can have it fitted to your present car or motor boat.

The manufacturers who have adopted the DISCO are noted for furnishing their customers the best obtainable. The most skeptical were won to the DISCO when they saw that in zero weather the DISCO warmed the engine as it started it. The most severe test of any starting device is the extremely cold weather when merely "turning the engine over" is but vain repetition.

No matter how hot—no matter how cold—the DISCO will start any motor in running condition, and not only once, but hundreds of times—will, in fact, keep it running until it "picks up." In short the DISCO Starter "makes good" all the year round.

YOU Can Make Your Old Car Up-To-Date With The DISCO

In any town you can buy a DISCO for a four or six cylinder car, from our branch or from an up-to-date dealer. If you happen to find the latter sold out he can get it for you on short notice, for we ship any quantity within 48 hours.

Since the DISCO made this a self-starter year, a car that must be cranked will be out of date. To drive with the DISCO gives you that proud feeling.

You will add to your comfort and satisfaction you will increase the value and the usefulness of your car—if you begin enjoying the DISCO now.

DISCO Starter

This little DISCO handle on the dash is the only visible sign of the up-to-date car. The picture is exact size.

The following cars carry the DISCO as either regular or extra equipment:

Babcock, Benz, Burg, Colby, Crossley (England), Everitt, Franklin, G. J. G., Hudson, Krit, Midland, Moon, Nance, Paige-Detroit, Peerless, Pic-Pic (Switzerland), Pilot, Pullman, Rambler, Selden, Sibley-Curtis, Simplex, Stevens-Duryea, Westcott.

Important—Owners of **Ford, Buick** and other cars not equipped with priming cups: We now furnish without extra cost special two-way, guaranteed "Starter" spark plugs, making these cars as easy to equip as any other with the DISCO.

Fifteen Branches—Dealers Everywhere

Any automobile agent or dealer can get the DISCO Starter for you and put it on your new car or your old one. We also have the following branches:

The Aristos Co., 250 West 54th St., New York City—651 No. Broad St., Philadelphia, 1002 Boylston St., Boston, and at Pittsburgh, Baltimore and Washington.
The Disco Pacific Co., 316 California Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.—601 Van Ness Ave., San Francisco, and at Seattle, Spokane, Portland and Tacoma.
Wyeth Automobile & Supply Co., 316-324 N. 2d St., St. Joseph, Mo.
Memphis Motor Car Co., 201 Washington Ave., Memphis
The Omaha Rubber Co., 1608 Harney St., Omaha, Neb.
The Aristos Co., 1501-1503 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
The Watson Sales Co., 56 Edgewood Ave., Atlanta, Ga.
Geo. O. Seeley, 316 California Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.
McCrae-Whirl Co., 2045 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio
Disco Auto Starter Co., 117 Nasby Bldg., Toledo, Ohio
The Disco Sales Co., 253-255 Jefferson Ave., Detroit
Wiemeyer Motor Co., 3132 Park Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Russell Motor Car Co., Ltd., West Toronto, Canada
More Bros., 417 Front Street, Fargo, North Dakota
John R. Ball, 41 Patton Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.
Jas. G. Barclay, 720 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.
H. G. Seeley, Hotel Frye, Seattle, Wash.
Disco Montana Co., Butte, Montana
The Von Hamm-Young Co., Ltd., Honolulu
FOREIGN BRANCHES at London, Paris and Hamburg

DISCO Has But 12 Parts. Weighs But 4 Pounds.

Turn this handle once, press the button and your engine runs—no matter how long standing—no matter what weather.

There are no moving parts—no complications. The DISCO requires no oiling or attention, needs no changes made in your engine, nothing to tear down. It weighs but four pounds—has but twelve parts. It will last as long as the motor runs.

The DISCO Starter operates with acetylene gas from your lighting tank. Turning the little handle admits a small charge of this gas to the cylinders, where it is mixed with the air there and forms a correct explosive mixture. Press the button and your engine starts.

With this simple device a child can start an engine of 100 horse power. A lady can drive the largest touring car anywhere alone. A gentleman in evening dress can motor to the opera without the embarrassment of cranking the motor before starting home. The DISCO is the finishing touch of automobile comfort.

The extreme simplicity and absolute reliability of the DISCO Self-Starter explain its adoption by the experts of the motor world. Most manufacturers have approved and adopted it only after the most careful study and rigid tests.

IGNITION STARTER CO. 726 Dodge Bldg., DETROIT, MICH.

Largest Manufacturers of Self-Starters in the World

Sent Express Paid and Satisfaction Guaranteed

Orders sent us on this coupon will be shipped within 48 hours, express paid anywhere in the U. S. or Canada. If installed and operated according to our directions, we guarantee the DISCO to give satisfaction. If you are not perfectly satisfied at the end of ten days' fair test, we will take it back and return your money. Catalog if you wish, but better order NOW. You take no risk.

EXPRESS PAID COUPON

Date _____ *1912.*

IGNITION STARTER CO.,
726 Dodge Power Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

Gentlemen:—Enclosed please find . . . ($50 for one Four / $60 for one Six)

cylinder DISCO Starter, for my _____ *car*

Year and Model _____ *Ignition System* _____

Name _____

Address _____

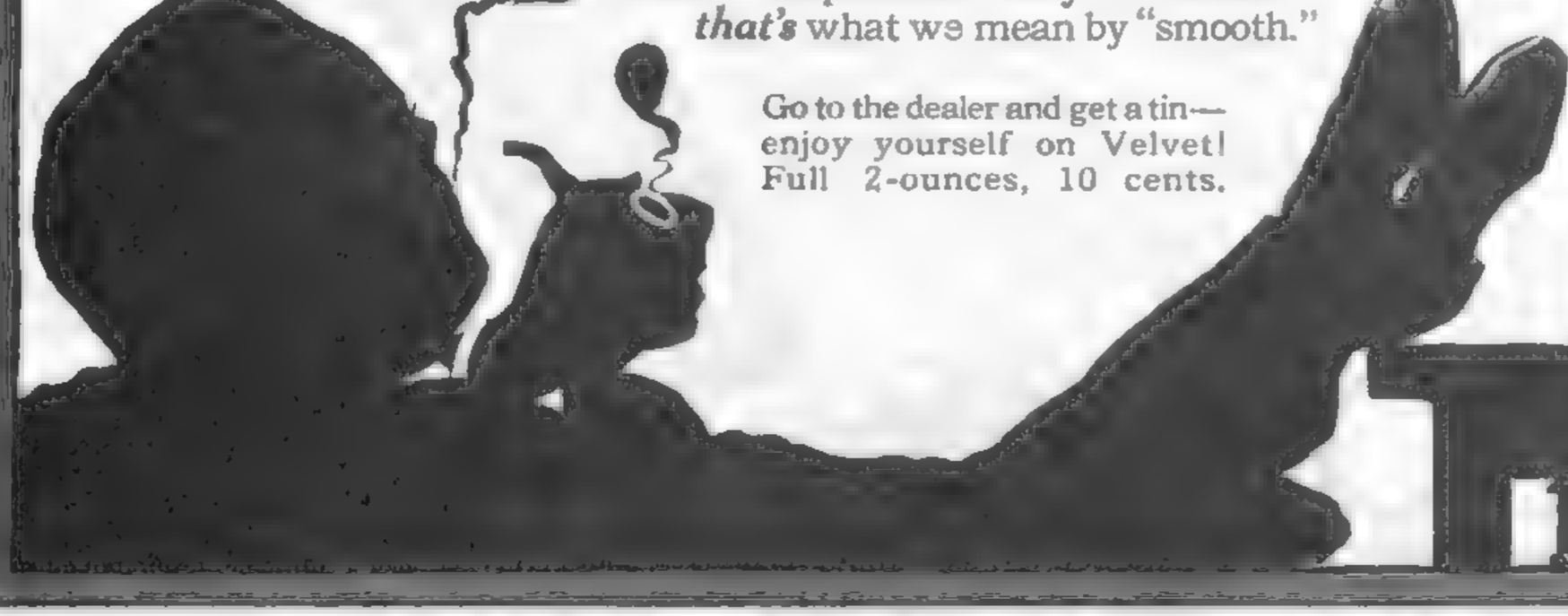
My Dealer is _____

Velvet

THE SMOOTHEST TOBACCO

PICTURE *yourself* entertained by this greatest of all pipe smokes. Velvet is Burley middle leaves—two years of aging—a maturing process rare in these days—a mellowness that can be had *only* by this slow process. All harshness leaves the leaf, and the flavor stands out smooth and sweet. You can smoke all day and never experience any irritation—*that's* what we mean by "smooth."

Go to the dealer and get a tin—enjoy yourself on Velvet! Full 2-ounces, 10 cents.



Never rub the dirt in—Always wash it off

Never rub dirt off with a dry handkerchief

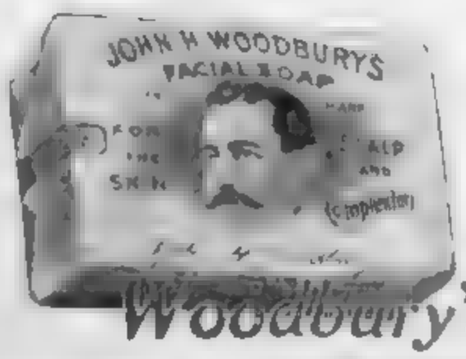
During the rainy season, the air is heavy with smoke and soot which the pores of the skin are constantly breathing in. These conditions, which must be endured, soon ruin any skin unless precautions are taken to intelligently *counteract* their effect.

Never rub this dirt off with your dry handkerchief. If it were not for the oil in your skin, which protects it, you soon would ruin the texture of your skin by the irritation of rubbing the soot and dirt over it. Instead of this way, which throws an unnecessary burden on the skin and tends to overtax it, use this treatment:

Apply your hot wash cloth, lathered with Woodbury's Facial Soap, for several minutes. Then when the pores are thoroughly open, rub in a fresh lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap. It dissolves the dirt, makes it almost melt away without the slightest irritation. Then close the pores and arouse the circulation in your skin by a cold water rinse.

Use Woodbury's regularly. It costs 25c a cake. No one hesitates at the price after their first cake.

For 4c we will send a sample cake [illegible]



Woodbury's Facial Soap

For Sale by Dealers Everywhere

The Story of *Welsbach* Service

Fourth:—Maintained Candle-Power

The brilliance of a gas mantle will last just as long as the chemical lasts that gives the power of incandescence.

In making *Welsbach* mantles we allow the fabric to soak up all the lighting fluid it will hold. The result is a mantle that will maintain its candle-power throughout its life.

Get the genuine *Welsbach* mantle—be sure to look for the "Shield of Quality" on the box.

Sold by all Gas Companies and Dependable Dealers

Welsbach Company

Ask for our free booklet "The Story of Welsbach Service."

TRADE MARK INSURES Welsbach SERVICE

Sunshine of the Traffic Squad

(Continued from Page 25)

thing yourself." She made a tiny furrow in her brow as she said once more: "Tomorrow morning at seven. Now I'll be sure to be awake. Good-night, Billy."

The Empress Stables' groom had been as good as his word. When young Hopeleigh reached the express-car siding at six on a gorgeous holiday morning—he walked to the station, arousing no one but the Gordon setter in the hall, which made a half-hearted pretense of wishing to accompany him—the stableman was rubbing down Sunshine, late of the Traffic Squad, who was sniffing almost suspiciously at the smell of green things growing. This was an entirely different country from that where he had touched hoofs before. Perhaps memories of pasture days in Kentucky stirred a bit. At all events, every muscle was quivering as his new owner approached, slapped him on the flanks with a firm hand that gave pleasure, and let him hunt and find those lumps of sugar that the horse had come to associate with kind words and a friend.

"He sure is one good-looking hoss," said the stableman. "Look at his feet! They take care of 'em in the perlice. See, his number's burned into that off hoof. To look at them there hoofs you wouldn't think he was more than a yearling. And it's the hoofs that's the life of a hoss—but I don't need to tell you that, sir. I've seen you play polo. You knows hosses."

"He's a bundle of nerves this morning," said Billy, not unflattered by the stableman's recognition. For a compliment from a man who knows horses is always a compliment to a genuine horseman. "Sergeant Hogan told me this animal had never seen country grass since he was a colt."

"He's all right," said the stableman. "It was the noise of the shifting engines. They bumped us round the yards something fierce last night. I put him in just before dark, and then I locked the car door and lay down. I don't blame him for feeling nervous; but he's been fed and watered, and after he has a bit of a gallop he'll be fit. They had him in the stable for two weeks before the sale. They never take 'em out after they've been condemned. What he needs is a workout. And I brought your saddle along as you told me. They give it to me at the riding academy. The sergeant come to look him over before I took him away. He's dotty on the hoss. He says you won't need the curb unless you chases runaways. But I've put it on. If I was you, sir, I'd use it until he was worked out."

"All right," agreed young Hopeleigh. "And now, Sunshine," he said after the police horse had been walked up and down to take the kinks out of his legs, and saddled, with a final polishing rub, "now we'll see if Sergeant Hogan told the truth."

The stableman watched them start, admiring the firm yet half-careless seat of the rider, who gave the animal its head at once and disappeared with a pounding of hoofs that sounded almost like one of the runaways Hogan had talked of. "Them polo bloods always ride hell-leather," he said.

And when, a half hour later, Sunshine came cantering back, sweating the least bit but with all the nervousness gone, young Hopeleigh said: "He's a wonderful horse!" And he gave the stableman something which made him remember that Fourth of July a long time.

At seven, the ex-police horse waited at the road turn where you drive with a mashie from the tenth tee to clear the oiled macadam. There was not long to wait, for soon there came a drumming. "She's coming, Sunshine," said Billy Hopeleigh, while his mount pawed understandingly. If there was one thing Sunshine knew all about it was other horses. This wasn't the noise that had put his nerves on edge in the express car all night long. It was the sound of hoofs. He was being sent out to patrol a bigger park than usual, one that he never remembered having seen before—apparently bigger even than the one which the motor car and carriage procession invaded every afternoon, with occasionally a foolish animal getting frightened and bolting.

"Good morning," called Billy, as Wakerobin flashed round the curve. "A merry Fourth of July to you, Miss Marriner!"

"Why, Billy Hopeleigh! Where did you get that perfectly lovely old charger?"

He was glad the girl he intended to marry could tell about a horse at first glance. "She meant it as a compliment, Sunshine," he said, while Wakerobin was reined to a protesting halt and the two animals poked politely curious muzzles toward each other. "There's a story that goes with the horse, Rheta."

And, sitting at ease in their saddles, with the deserted links stretching on each side, and all the fresh sounds—the little noises that are so pleasant—of the just-begun day surrounding them, Miss Marriner heard, and Billy Hopeleigh told, the story of Sunshine.

"It was fine of you," she said when he had finished, "and I'll take good care of him. I'd trade with you for the ride back, but you're a bit too heavy for Wakerobin, you know. He's a fussy creature and he's been behaving badly of late. I think a groom must have abused him. He shied yesterday—something he never did before."

"I hate to think of spoiling this perfect day," said young Hopeleigh. "Just think—here we are at seven, with things fresh and cool, and in two more hours there will be a string of hooting motors going by, with a handicap-tournament crowd chopping the greens to pieces yonder, and ——" He paused in astonishment, for not very far off he heard the hum of an automobile and, woven through it, a soprano yelping that was unmistakable.

"Heavens!" cried Miss Marriner. "It must be those awful twins! They've followed me. I thought I heard a noise on the landing as I tiptoed down the stairs." Then the hum of the car and the shrieking were augmented by a faint rattle of crackers. They've opened that case of fireworks. They've broken their parole, Billy. They must be punished."

Young Hopeleigh laughed, but inwardly he sighed. He liked those twins, even if Percy Winslow did regard them as fiends incarnate. And now they had plotted to spoil his chance, for he had meant to add a postscript to his Sunshine story.

Describing a devil-may-care arc at the tee turn, the runabout rattled up, Margaret braking suddenly with practiced hand. Both youngsters gave tongue shrilly as they saw their quarry; and Mabel, whose stick of punk was omnipresent, touched off several fresh strings of crackers that depended from the rear seat. Now was the time for Billy to be wrathful; and he might have been had not the antics of Wakerobin claimed his attention and also Sunshine's, who wondered why the foolish black was fidgeting because of the rat-tatting of a few crackers. They were only those harmless things that he'd often seen when he was doing duty along Broadway or the avenue in campaign procession-time. This black fellow would never do for the squad. Sergeant Hogan would soon discover his weakness and weed him out, thought Sunshine.

Miss Marriner sat her rearing mount skillfully enough, and even seemed to have him in hand; but her attention was divided between Wakerobin and the children in the runabout.

"Go home this instant!" she ordered. "You've broken your parole. I'm ashamed of you!"

Then Billy heard Margaret shout:

"Don't light a Roman candle, you goose! We're saving them for tonight."

Too late. The energetic punk stick in the rear seat had done the deed. The first red ball from the paper tube—a very pale red by daylight—whizzed so near Sunshine's nose that the wise old horse pranced with indignation. This wasn't playing the game according to police regulations. Where was Sergeant Hogan and his ready tongue, to stop it? Mabel, unhappy author of the crisis, sat spellbound, the hand that grasped the candle rigid, while fire-balls darted at the pair on horseback. Wakerobin withstood the first three; but the fourth ball fizzed close enough to his shoulder to sting. And, with a shudder, the black wrenched loose from Billy's grip and was off like a rabbit scrambling up the low rise, where the highway had been cut through the meadowland. In another second Miss Marriner was careering over the golf links, even her accustomed young wrists powerless to make her frantic animal understand there was no cause for fright.

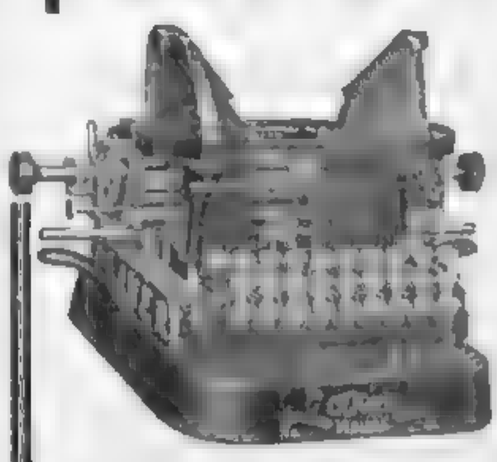
Even as Billy leaned to gather Sunshine together for the road leap, he heard Margaret scream to Mabel:

"Now we've gone and killed them both! Darn the Fourth of July!"

Billy remembered what Sergeant Hogan had told him about runaways. He touched

The delicate, sweet butter taste that "makes the mouth water" is always present in Meadow-Gold Butter. Pure, wholesome, appetizing, delicious. Try
Meadow-Gold Butter
on biscuit or hot cakes and see what a good humor it puts you in. Made only from rich, pasteurized cream. Protected by a patented, air-tight, odor-proof package.
A Dealer's Pointer—Meadow-Gold Butter appeals to all who love good butter. Trade grows naturally. Opportunity is looking you in the face. Write for address of nearest distributing house.
MAKERS AND DISTRIBUTORS
East of the Mississippi River
The Fox River Butter Co.
Chicago, Ill.
West of the Mississippi River
Beatrice Creamery Co.
Lincoln, Neb.
Distributing branches in principal cities.
Meadow Gold Butter

$5.00 Per Month



Buys This Visible Typewriter

Here is the offer that astounded the typewriter world:

The Famous Model No. 3 Oliver—The machine with the type bars that strike downward—that has made the "write-in-sight" principle practical. It is so simple children can readily and quickly learn to operate it—practically unlimited in speed—faster than the fastest expert can operate—possesses unusual strength and durability.

You Can Make It Yours So Easy—it's a shame to do without it.

No Cash Until You See It—until you try it in your home or office, then you make your decision—no salesman to influence or hurry you—if you keep it you pay only $5 down—it will earn its own way thereafter.

Stop Paying in Ten Months—Only $55 in All—no interest—no chattel mortgage—no collectors—no publicity—no delay. Positively the best typewriter value ever given—the best selling plan ever devised.

If You Own a Typewriter Now—trade it in to us as part payment—we will be liberal with you.

Send your name and address on coupon and we will tell you more about this unusual offer—more about this splendid typewriter—it won't cost you anything and you will be under no obligation—we won't send a salesman.

Tear out the coupon now—you might forget.

Typewriters Distributing Syndicate
159 L M N. State Street, Chicago

Typewriters Distributing Syndicate
159 L M N. State St., Chicago

You may send, without placing me under any obligation, further information of your typewriter offer.

Address

My old machine is a_____ No._____

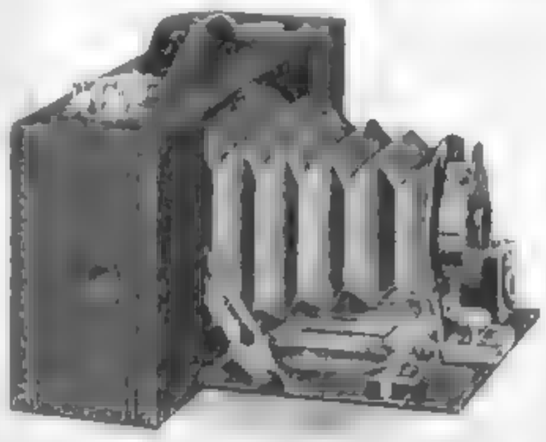
Take along a
BROWNIE

The Brownie cameras are capable and reliable because they are designed and made by men with whom honest workmanship has become a habit. The Brownie price is only made possible by the experience and efficiency to be found in the Kodak factories where they are made.

Like their cousins, the Kodaks, the Brownies load in daylight with Kodak film cartridges, have carefully selected lenses and are simplicity itself in operation. Anybody can make good pictures with a Brownie.

Take for instance the

No. 2A FOLDING POCKET BROWNIE



Inexpensive, devoid of all complications, extremely simple to understand and to operate, this dainty little instrument brings the Brownie into the field of pocket photography

It slips easily into any ordinary coat pocket, and it will produce good 2½ x 4¼ pictures the all-by-daylight way. Adapted for snap-shots, bulb or time exposures, it has reversible finder, two tripod sockets and automatic focusing lock. The shape of the picture it makes is suitable for any style of composition, and the Kodak Portrait Attachment may be used with this instrument with excellent success. Has our Pocket Automatic Shutter, Meniscus achromatic lens, two tripod sockets, automatic focusing lock, and reversible finder. Carefully finished throughout with covering of imitation grain leather and nickeled fittings.

THE PRICE, - - $7.00.

Other Brownies $1.00 to $12.00
Catalogue of Kodaks and Brownies free at your dealers or by mail.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,
ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

If Your Summer Vacation is not yet in sight

write to us. Thousands of young folks who long for a vacation trip will stay at home next summer just because they feel that they cannot afford the outlay necessary to cover the expenses. Hundreds paid for such trips last summer with money earned through

The Curtis Plan

Most of these will do so again this year and you can be among the number

If you are willing to look after the local subscription business of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*, we will pay you a liberal salary besides commission upon each order forwarded. Why not try it? You can't help making money even if you have only an occasional hour at your disposal.

Agency Division
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
Philadelphia

the police horse with his heels and spoke: "Catch them, Sunshine!" And no cross-country hunter ever fenced more cleanly than the veteran of the Traffic Squad which took the road barrier and galloped after the wayward Wakerobin.

It couldn't be a long chase, young Hopeleigh knew. There was fair going for three or four holes, with obstructions that even a runaway might clear; but then there was the "Moundbuilders," a pet hazard of those who like to embroider their sport with baffling details.

The "Moundbuilders" is a series of conical hillocks, with a sandtrap beyond, over which you must pitch to lie dead on the green of the sixteenth hole. If you fail you are lost, for there is no hope in the maze of hillocks and trap, and there is underbrush on the opposite side.

Just once Rheta Marriner looked back—that was as she swept past the fifteenth hole, Wakerobin skimming a low bunker as neatly as if it were in Horse Show competition. Billy, closing up now in earnest as the old police horse put every ounce into his leaps, called to her, but knew that she did not hear. The "Moundbuilders" seemed racing toward them rather than they were plunging toward it. In a moment, unless the crazy Wakerobin swerved, there would be broken bones and worse among the hillocks. And if the black tried to fence them anything might happen—he'd blunder horridly and kick to pieces everything within touch.

Wakerobin had heard the thud of following hoofs at last and wavered, swinging to the left with a lurch that gave the bay the chance to race alongside for an instant. Sunshine's head shot out, the long lips curled far back. It was as if he had given an ugly grin before his teeth snapped wickedly at the black's mane. Then the little hillocks seemed to rise up and envelop Hopeleigh. But he had touched the girl's riding jacket.

When he became slightly interested in things once more he rubbed his eyes and saw Miss Marriner, trying to smile and leaning against the mound facing the one that supported his own shaken frame. Sunshine had stopped in full stride as they reached the hazard, bucking his rider and the girl he was grasping over his head. The bay was a few yards off, cropping more of this fresh grass he found so good. It had been a bit of a race, to be sure; but Sergeant Hogan had taught him that this was the sort of thing for which he got his oats and a rubdown twice a day. After all, it had been good sport—but surely that silly black could not qualify for the squad after today.

"Billy," said Miss Marriner languidly, "tell me, am I all here, every bit of me? I feel like a picture puzzle that some one has shoved off the table."

"Rheta," replied young Hopeleigh, deciding that he, too, would lean against his portion of the "Moundbuilders" a moment longer, "I refuse to answer your question until you answer one of mine. I shan't have another chance. The twins spoiled the one I made. Will you marry me?"

"Billy, dear, haven't you forgotten your prologue?"

"I love you, Rheta. And I'd have told you this ——"

He sank back with a groan. For there was a sound of scurrying beyond the clustered bunkers. The twins were down upon them again.

"There's Billy's new horse!" screamed Margaret agonizedly. "And I saw Wakerobin running down the road. Rheta wasn't on him!"

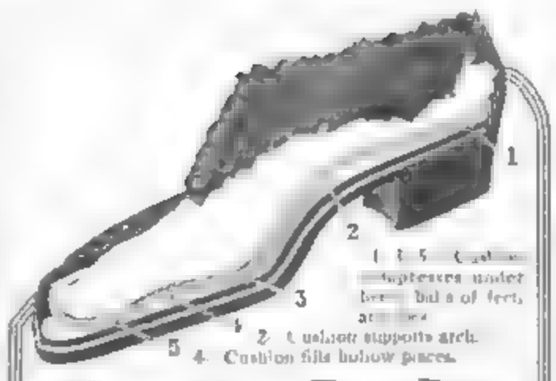
"We've killed them both!" Mabel shrieked in reply. "I never dreamed we'd grow up to be murderers. Let's not look behind the bunkers right away. They're probably lying cold and dead!"

Apparently Margaret was endeavoring to comfort her sobbing twin. "Anyhow, I'm glad I brought the kodak," she said. "We can take one last picture of them to keep forever. Then we'll telephone Percy Winslow where to find them—he's horrid, usually, but nice sometimes when you're in trouble. And then we'll go off in the runabout and spend our lives among strangers, doing good."

"The darling!" exclaimed Miss Marriner, shakily standing upright.

"I wish you'd call me that," complained young Billy Hopeleigh, staggering to his feet also.

"I wonder if that young woman is trying to find all the sugar in my master's pocket," thought Sunshine, who saw the tableau.



Keep Your Feet Dry Without Cumbersome Rubbers

March with its changeable weather is a month when serious ailments begin if you neglect your health-safety.

Here is the only leather shoe made that will surely protect your feet from dampness—a most important thing in the cold, raw, rainy, sloppy days of spring.

Dr. A. Reed Cushion Shoe

TRADE MARK

is actually insulated against cold and dampness. The soft, luxurious cushion sole receives the foot comfortably, and allows it to sink naturally into the yielding cushion instead of spreading out to be pinched and squeezed by the upper. The blood circulates freely, the nerves are not compressed, the foot maintains its natural temperature. No dampness can possibly reach the sole of the foot, to induce colds, grippe, pneumonia, sore throat or rheumatism.

The 1912 spring Oxfords in Dr. A. Reed Cushion Shoes are [illegible] Wear these and for once [illegible] know how comfortable an Oxford may be made.

Write us today for our Free Style Book E, which pic[illegible] and valuable features of [illegible] If your dealer does not handle them we will be glad to tell you who does.

The genuine are identified by the name of the makers woven in the pull strap.

J. P. Smith Shoe Co., Makers, Chicago
Made in all styles—high and low shoes

Have Your Own Steel Fireproof Garage

Any Man Can Set It Up

$72.50

Have your own [illegible] car without your knowledge. Save $25 to $35 monthly garage charge. Save $50 to $100 cost of building by ordering

Edwards Fireproof Steel Garage

Shipped complete, F. O. B. Cincinnati, on receipt of $72.50. Any man can set it up, ready for the [illegible]. Blue print plain and simple directions come with shipment. Sizes come 10 feet wide, 14, 16, 18 or 20 feet long, 10 feet high. Ample room for largest car and all equipment. Absolutely Fireproof, Weatherproof, Indestructible. Locks most securely. An artistic structure any owner will be proud of. Booklet with full description and [illegible] (65)

EDWARDS MFG. CO. 640-650 Eggleston Ave. Cincinnati, Ohio

Moth-Proof Cedar Chest

This Red Cedar Chest on 15 Days Free Trial!

Freight Prepaid!

A Piedmont Southern Red Cedar Chest [illegible] the eye and soul. Beautiful, decorative, unique, useful. [illegible] Perfect storage. Moth, Mouse, Dust and Damp Proof. [illegible] Write for handsome catalog showing all styles in cedar chests.

PIEDMONT RED CEDAR CHEST CO., Dept. 59, Statesville, N. C.

10 CENTS A DAY

[illegible] One Pittsburgh Visible Machine Free [illegible] No [illegible] necessary.

To Get One and to learn of our easy terms and full particulars regarding this unprecedented offer, say to us in a letter "Mail your FREE OFFER"

The Pittsburgh Visible Typewriter Co.
Dept. 29, Union Bank Bldg. Pittsburgh, Pa.

We Buy You This

WE are certain, madam, once you know the advantages in *Diamond Crystal Cooking Salt* (Flaked) that you'll use it always thereafter. So we are making the following unusual offer:

We will buy you a full size 10c package of this new FLAKE Cooking salt when you buy your next 10c package of SHAKER TABLE SALT.

Cut Out the Coupon

below, sign it and present it today to your grocer. We pay him for the FLAKE salt. Your grocer thus makes his regular profit, so don't hesitate to claim your package.

We offer to the housewives of America a wonderful new salt for COOKING. It took us four years of ceaseless experimenting and improving to prepare for this announcement.

DIAMOND CRYSTAL COOKING SALT is now ready for you. It is as different from ordinary GRAIN salt as *snowflakes* are from *hailstones*.

For Better Cooking

The superiority of this new FLAKED salt is not alone in its *purity* (our salt is over 99 per cent pure) but in the *better cooking* which results from its use. Because of its thin, flake-like character, it *dissolves instantly* and flavors all parts of the food *evenly*.

Our First Two Tests

We now make 8 different kinds of salt. We give our employes the salt they use in their homes. As soon as DIAMOND CRYSTAL COOKING SALT was perfected they all *tried it*. Now, for cooking purposes, they will use nothing *but* this salt.

Next, we tested DIAMOND CRYSTAL COOKING SALT in two widely separated parts of the country—practically *without advertising!*

We simply let housewives, in those two localities, *discover* the new FLAKED cooking salt. We awaited the result with intense interest. It came—*quick and decisive*.

The new salt won favor at once. The sales grew *rapidly*.

Women who once *tried* a package, ordered again and again. They learned its advantages by actual results.

What This Cooking Salt Does

The flaky character of Diamond Crystal Cooking Salt makes it dissolve *instantly*. Hence it is perfectly, evenly distributed all through the food. Hard GRAIN salt, on the contrary, dissolves *slowly, and with it perfect distribution is impossible*. Some parts are made *too salty*—others left *flat* and *insipid*. The "pockets" of salt in portions of the food often spoil an otherwise excellent dinner.

DIAMOND CRYSTAL COOKING SALT saves good cooks from all such exasperating results.

Our new brand of salt, we sincerely believe, is one of the greatest cookery aids ever offered to the housewife.

Our Costly Third Test

We want the opinion of *millions* of housewives on the merits of DIAMOND CRYSTAL COOKING SALT. We want *your* opinion, madam. Try a large package at our expense. We think it is the best cooking salt in the world. It is made in a plant where we take from salt daily more than *five tons of impurities*. *We* think it worth while to spend half a million dollars for special machines to make it.

Get your free package today. You need only buy a 10c package of Shaker Table Salt. There will be no charge whatever for the full size 10c package of DIAMOND CRYSTAL COOKING SALT. This offer is limited to March 31st next.

So present the coupon *at once* to make *sure* you will get the free package.

NOTE TO GROCERS: This offer applies in all parts of the United States and Canada. It includes Texas and the Pacific Slope, where the *round* box is sold. It applies also to the Inter-Mountain territory where, because of freight rates, dealers must get more than 10c per package. We will redeem all properly-signed coupons at the *local retail price*.

DIAMOND CRYSTAL SALT CO., St. Clair, Mich.

You Buy This

SHAKER
DIAMOND CRYSTAL
SALT
DIAMOND CRYSTAL SALT
SALT is one of the necessities of life, entering into every part of the body and being used in almost everything cooked. Health demands absolute purity. Ordinary Salt is, without doubt, one of the most impure and therefore most dangerous foods used.
FOUR STATES have analyzed it and
AGRICULTURAL EXPERIMENT STATIONS
the leading brands of salt sold within their borders.
ALL FOUR SHOW
DIAMOND CRYSTAL
Not Good Unless Used Before March 31, 1912
FREE COUPON
This certifies that I have bought from my grocer a package of Shaker Salt and that he has delivered to me, free, one full size 10c package of Diamond Crystal Cooking Salt—also that I have never before accepted this offer.
Name
Address (in full)
GROCER'S NOTE Each family is entitled to redeem one of these coupons. We will pay you 10c for this coupon when properly signed, if returned on or before April 30, 1912, to Diamond Crystal Salt Company, St. Clair, Michigan.
Grocer sign name here
Address
DIAMOND CRYSTAL SALT CO.
ST. CLAIR, MICH. U.S.A.
GUARANTEED BY DIAMOND CRYSTAL SALT COMPANY UNDER THE FOOD AND DRUGS ACT, JUNE 30, 1906. SERIAL NO. 6437.

This illustration (which is actual size) shows the square carton sold in most parts of the country. In Texas and on the Pacific Slope, however, we sell a *round* box, with a label similar to the above.

"Firestone"

Tires hold the world's record for durability and speed.

FIRESTONE'S WAY of getting extra mileage out of a tire is to build extra mileage into it.

That is why "Firestone" Tires cost considerably more to build than others — stouter construction, more durable rubber, more rigid inspection — and why they have never had an off-year.

The small price difference commanded by "Firestone" Tires over tires made the ordinary way is paid back, many times over, in extra miles of service — the Most Miles per Dollar of cost.

THE FIRESTONE TIRE & RUBBER CO.

"America's Largest Exclusive Tire and Rim Makers"

AKRON, OHIO, AND ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES

SENSE AND NONSENSE

Dugout Ideals

LIEUTENANT HENRY MITCHELL, of the United States Cavalry, tells a story of a woman he once met in Northern Idaho, sixty miles from the nearest habitation. She and her husband were holding down a homestead claim that looked as if at a pinch it might support a herd of goats—that is, if it were not too large a herd and the goats' appetites were not too active—while her home was a sod dugout set up against a cutbank.

When the lieutenant and his companion rode up to the door the woman remarked that they were the first white people she'd seen in eight months' time, then inquired curiously: "Say, where are you fellers from?"

"We're from Philadelphia," the officer answered; whereat the lady of the dugout drew a deep breath, and first exclaiming, "Gee!" added with an air of the utmost pious conviction: "My land, but I'd hate to live so fur away!"

It Sounded That Way

THE ticket agent at a small station down South had gone to dinner, leaving a helper to hold down the job in his absence.

A peppery-looking old gentleman stepped up to the wicket.

"When is the next train for the North due?" he asked.

A regular railroad man would have said it was due at one-fifty-eight; but the youth in charge was green.

"At two to two," he answered.

"What's that?" demanded the old gentleman.

"Two to two! Two to two!" repeated the helper chantingly.

"Young man," demanded the old gentleman irritably, "what are you trying to do—imitate that train?"

A Convenient Code

FRANK I. COBB, chief editorial writer of the New York World, used to be a reporter in Detroit and knew intimately a former governor of the state of Michigan who was renowned, among other things, for his ability as a free-hand swearer.

One night Cobb was dining with the ex-governor and his family. A messenger came in to tell the host that one of his pet political schemes had just been defeated through the bungling of a lieutenant. The old man ripped out a string of dark blue ones.

"Now, pa," said his wife, "you promised me you would quit cursing."

"Maria," said the ex-governor, "I'm not cussing—this is just the way I talk!"

Casey at the Polls

DURING the last city election in New York a bunch of trained repeaters marched into an East Side polling-place.

"What name?" inquired the election clerk of the leader, who was redhaired and freckled, and had a black eye. The voter glanced down at a slip of paper in his hand.

"Isadore Mendelheim," he said.

"That's not your real name and you know it!" said a suspicious challenger for a reform ticket.

"It is me name," said the repeater, "and I'm goin' to vote under it—see?"

From down the line came a voice:

"Don't you let that guy bluff you, Casey. Soitinly your name is Mendelheim!"

Some Liar

SENATOR SHIVELY, of Indiana, can tell a story. A coterie of his Hoosier constituents surrounded him in a Washington hotel recently and one remarked, naming a statesman who had failed to secure an appointment for a friend, that the statesman was the biggest liar he ever knew.

"You should have known a man who lived in Logansport," replied the Senator. "He was always talking about a fine horse he said he owned, when as a matter of fact he never owned a pound of horseflesh in his life; but he talked about it so much that he got to believe it himself—until one day he went to Indianapolis and bought a saddle and bridle!"

The Florsheim SHOE

Look for name in strap

The Zenith

End Your Foot Troubles

and reduce shoe expense by wearing The Florsheim Shoe. There's a shape to exactly fit your foot in a style to suit your taste—Florsheim quality does the rest. Never before could you secure as much shoe service, comfort and style as you can today in The Florsheim Shoe.

Ask your shoeman for Florsheim "Natural Shape" shoes and oxfords, or send us your order and we will have it filled by our nearest dealer.

Price $5.00

"Imperial" Quality $6.00

Write for illustrated loose leaf booklet containing 25 of the leading styles—it's free.

The Florsheim Shoe Company
571 Adams Street, Chicago, U. S. A.

"A Kalamazoo Direct to You" Stove and Gas Ranges Too

Cash or Credit

Freight Prepaid

Will You Write a Postal to Save $5 to $40?

That will bring the Kalamazoo Stove Book FREE with full particulars of the $5 to $40 saving, the $100,000 bank bond guarantee, 400 stoves priced and described.

30 Days' Free Trial

360 Days' Approval Test. Prompt Shipment. 170,000 customers testify this is the greatest stove offer and the Kalamazoo the finest stove made. Ask for Catalog No. 252.

Kalamazoo Stove Co.
Manufacturers
Big Free Book Kalamazoo, Mich.

CHALLENGE
WATERPROOF
COLLARS & CUFFS

LINEN STYLE AND FIT without its bother and expense—they keep cleaner and wear far longer than linen.
At dealers. Collars, 25c; Cuffs, 50c. Style Book Free.
The Arlington Company *Established 1883* 725 Broadway, N.Y.

MARVEL SOLDER
INSTANTLY MENDS ALL LEAKS

In all kinds of household utensils—enameled, tin, iron, copper, brass, etc. *Solders Without Heat.* Just squeeze from tube and spread over hole or crack with fingers. Hardening, it makes solid, smooth surface. Patches all machinery. Fine for motorists.
Send 10c for trial tube.
MARVEL SOLDER CO.
1937 Broadway, Dept. 9, New York

AGENTS WANTED
QUICK SALES. BIG PROFITS

Styleplus

PUT YOUR FINE EGGS IN AN APPCO SHIPSAFE

The pneumatic cushions protect them from chilling, from shocks and breakage in the Daily Turning. Seal and ship anywhere, certain that the eggs will arrive SAFE and hatch.

15 Egg size, doz. $1.20 50 Egg size, doz. $2.50
30 Egg size, " 1.90 100 Egg size, " 4.00

Appco Shipsafes for Day-Old Chicks
25 Chick size, doz. $1.25 50 Chick size, doz. $1.75
100 Chick size, doz. $2.90
No Less Than One Doz. Shipsafes Sold.
APPCO Paper Run Brooder (patented), each $2.00
Write for "Poultry Bulletin." No matter what you ship—Ship Safe. Use an APPCO Shipsafe.

AMERICAN PAPER PRODUCTS CO.
227 BREMEN AVE.
ST. LOUIS, MO.

2 H.P. ENGINE $39

Ready to Install

COMPLETE
For All Kinds of Boats
With Fittings, Including Propeller and Shafting, Stuffing Box, Wiring, etc. Absolutely reliable. Extra power and extra wear. Compact, silent, low running cost. Perfect 2-cycle reversing engine. 2-Year Guarantee. So simple a woman or child can run it. Thousands in use in every civilized portion of the globe. Our Marine Engine Catalog describes the complete line. Free on request. Also Stationary Engines in all sizes. Catalog Free.

2, 4, 6, 10 H. P.
Proportionately low priced.
Special prices to boat builders and agents.

Northwestern Steel & Iron Works
306 Spring St.
Eau Claire, Wis.

ALADDIN READI-CUT HOUSES SAVE MONEY

COMPLETE FIVE-ROOM HOUSE $298

The Aladdin method enables you to buy all the material for a complete house direct from the original producer. It saves many profits on the lumber, millwork, hardware AND LABOR. You keep the usual contractor's profits in your own pocket.

DWELLING HOUSES, BARNS, SUMMER COTTAGES

Quick Shipment

Aladdin Houses are shipped everywhere. Every piece of material comes to you cut and fitted and ready to nail in place. No skilled labor required. Permanent, attractive, warm and lasting. Not portable. Price includes all lumber cut to fit, shingles, doors, windows, glass, patent plaster board, interior trim and finish, paint, nails, locks, hardware and complete instructions. Immediate shipment. Houses from 2 to 12 rooms. Save several profits by buying direct from the mill. If interested in farm buildings, send for our special pamphlet on this subject.

Send Stamps for Catalogue W-1.

North American Construction Co., Bay City, Mich.

Shipments are now made direct from our mills in Michigan, Florida, Texas, Oregon and Ontario.

"Autocrats" of the Road

There's as much solid comfort in the two-passenger Touring Roadster and four-passenger Tourabout as there is in our seven-passenger cars.

The contour of seats and cushions;
the depth and quality of upholstering;
the room allowed for legs and elbows;
the protection from dust;
the arrangements for ventilation;
the wheel-base and drop frame;
the large wheels and tires;
the springs and shock-absorbers;—

plus the long stroke, smooth running engine,—all produce Comfort, in superlative degree.

Formerly one expected luxury and room in limousine and touring cars—but a certain amount of dust and cramped quarters in a roadster. Oldsmobile designers, however, studied the possibilities of these smaller types for a long time, and each year an advance was made, culminating in the Autocrat models shown above;—literally the "last word" in cross-country luxury!

Tourabout $3500
Engine and Chassis the same as for Autocrat Touring and Limousine bodies

Exclusive features worth noting are:—the dust-screened wind-scoop and "sky-light" in the hooded dash; patent Oldsmobile ventilators in fore doors; enclosed, bull's-eye side lights (wired to battery), and the convenient luggage and spare tire arrangements.

Touring Roadster $3500
Equipment absolutely complete and of the highest possible quality

The Oldsmobile catalogue is a handsome book, showing all types and styles of Oldsmobiles. It will be sent gratis, on request.

OLDS MOTOR WORKS, LANSING, MICHIGAN

Branches in the Principal Cities. Dealers in every section from Coast to Coast.

Copyright 1912, Olds Motor Works.

Silverware that Harmonizes

Particular people—wishing table silver to conform with what is correct in fashion and good taste—buy 1847 ROGERS BROS. silver.

This silverware you will find faultless in design and workmanship, and it will harmonize perfectly with the most daintily set table.

Whether the style be simple, as exemplified by our Priscilla or Faneuil patterns, or more ornate, as embodied in the Charter Oak or Sharon designs, it can be had at your dealer's.

SHARON
DESSERT SPOON

1847 ROGERS BROS.

"Silver Plate that Wears"

is the heaviest grade of silver plate, and the only plated ware with an unqualified guarantee that is backed by the actual test of 65 years. Genuine worth and beauty is assured in spoons, forks, serving pieces, etc., bearing the 1847 ROGERS BROS. trade mark. Our process of finishing closes the pores of the silver so that it is worked into a firm, hard surface that will stand many years of the severest wear.

For sale by leading dealers everywhere. Send for beautifully illustrated catalogue "Q-90."

MERIDEN BRITANNIA COMPANY, Meriden, Conn.
(International Silver Co., Successor)
New York San Francisco Chicago Hamilton, Canada